THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS FEBRUARY 1964 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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They DREW their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

By REX TAYLOR

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. At 13, he quit school to support his family. But he never gave up his dream of becoming an artist.

Although he was working 12 hours a day, he began to study art at home in his spare time. At 22 he was earning $500 a week as a commercial artist. Dorne rose higher and higher—until he became probably the most fabulous money maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags-to-riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school when he was 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan. Robert Fawcett, known as "the illustrators' illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs once lived in a cold-water flat, now has a magnificent contemporary home over 100 feet long.

ALBERT DORNE—one of the top money makers in commercial art. From window of his luxurious studio high above New York, Dorne can see the slums where he once lived.

A plan to help others

In 1946 these men met with six other famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, and John Atherton.

Dorne outlined to them a plan for sharing their good fortune with others. Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. And thousands of men and women wanted very much to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. Looking for a way to explain drawing techniques to students who would be thousands of miles away, they turned to the modern methods of visual training. They made over 5,000 drawings especially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. And after they had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

NORMAN ROCKWELL—this best-loved American artist left school at 15.

Finally, the men spent three years working out a revolutionary, new way to correct a student's work. For each drawing the student sent in, he would receive in return a long personal letter of criticism and advice. Along with the letter, on a transparent "overlay," the instructor would actually *draw*, in detail, his corrections of the student's work. Thus there could be no misunderstanding.

School is launched; students succeed

Thus was born the Famous Artists Schools—whose classrooms are the students' own homes and whose faculty is the most fabulous ever assembled in the history of art teaching. Today the School has thousands of active students in 62 countries. The twelve famous artists who started the school as a labor of love still run it and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

John Busketta is a good example. He was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled. Now a fashionable New York Gallery exhibits and sells her paintings.

Don Golemba of Detroit stepped up from railroad worker to the styling department of a big automobile company—by showing his work with the School. Now he helps design new car models.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "show," where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied art at night. Today he is a successful advertising artist, earns seven times as much . . . and is having a new home built for his family.

"Where are tomorrow's artists?"

Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous," he says. "We continually get calls and letters from art buyers. They ask us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm firmly convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think that they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art . . . if we can only find them."

Unique art talent test

To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged $1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation.

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Love Letters to Rambler

Mr. H. M. Jackson

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Pleasant Shooting

The most important factor covered in John S. Tompkins' article on the AR-15 (*Our New Blitzkrieg Rifle That's Clobbering Communists*—December) is stated in the last few words: the .222 makes shooting pleasant and enables the soldier to carry enough cartridges to engage in a full auto fire fight when the need arises. In military decisions the brass pay too little attention to the personal aspect of the individual soldier. Going back to the first war, all the boys hated the grueling kick of the Lee-Enfield .303—they shot as few shells as possible and missed plenty because they winced when pulling.

All the boys agree that you do better shooting with a .222 than the .30-06 used in World Wars I and II because you naturally hold a .222 right on through the pull, while you wince with a .30-06. I'll bet that a straight run of 100 soldiers will be forthright in their preference of a .222 for shooting, and they will get more bull's-eyes with it than a .30-06.

—*Norman W. Byrne, Q.C.*
Hamilton, Ont.
Canada

Uncle Sam has just bought a big piece of that action, Norman, having given Colt a $13,300,000 order to turn out AR-15's for the Army.

Divorce Question

Members of United States Divorce Reform, picketing the California Bar Association convention in San Francisco, were much surprised to find 90 percent of the lawyers agreeing with them that divorce reform is long overdue. The $64 question is—why don't these lawyers do something about it? Many lawyers stated they were already aware of USDR because of the article *Divorce: The Swindle That's Breaking Men's Backs* by Max Gunther in the May issue of True. There has been a great demand for reprints of this article, which may be obtained by writing USDR.

—*George Partis*
National Chairman
United States Divorce Reform, Inc.
Kenwood, Calif.

Taxax Tally

The problem is to get the people who are for Taxax to the polls. The bluenoses, church groups who do not represent the majority of church-goers, and do-good women's (not ladies') organizations composed mostly of frustrated spinsters, maiden aunt types, etc., control these issues by voting and getting votes against them. The ones *for* gambling sit on their duff and hope everyone else is voting for them. Apathy and laziness defeat most of the "delicate-type issues" brought to a vote.

—*William Joseph*
Federal Way, Wash.

True readers voted in gratifying numbers, Bill. For results of Taxax poll, see *It's a Man's World*, page 10, this issue.

We here in Montana are trying to get an amendment to legalize gambling on the ballot in '64. A petition is being circulated, but I doubt if enough signatures can be obtained. This seems to be caused by a lack of understanding by the voter. Your fine magazine has done more for the promotion of this effort than perhaps any other single factor. By all means keep up the good work. If possible, a mention in True of the effort being made in our state to legalize gambling would be appreciated by all of us straight-thinking *true* Montanans.

—*Louis McCarl*
Bozeman, Mont.

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[Continued from page 2]

***It's a Man's World* covered the struggle to legalize gambling in Montana in the January issue.**

Bear Facts

I have enjoyed Gene Caesar's fine articles ever since I became a True reader, but Gene really snafued this time with his story *Four-Year Stalk for a Monster* (December). Not only did Ben Lilly eventually kill the bear which he had so obstinately tracked for four years (Ojito Canyon, New Mexico, fall, 1923), he lived off its meat and later sold the skin to a tourist in Taos, New Mexico. As to the whereabouts of the record bear's skull, rumor has it that it was given to a man named Stokeley Ligon.

—J. S. Garrigues
West Lafayette, Ind.

Caesar's account is not based on what "rumor has" but on unassailable sources, chiefly Lilly's own letters, and is confirmed by the authoritative biography, J. Frank Dobie's *The Ben Lilly Legend*. Caesar's story is above suspicion.

Black Segregationists

The only thing that surprises me in reading about the Black Muslims (*A Phony Islam's Unveiled Threat*—December) is that more Negroes don't feel the way they do. Considering how we whites have oppressed, tormented and exploited Negroes, it is a miracle demonstrating the inherent goodness in human nature that most of them have remained law-abiding, constructive citizens. We whites can thank God that the majority of Negroes, in their just struggle for complete freedom, have elected to follow, not the bitterness of Elijah Muhammad, but the saintliness of men like Martin Luther King, who prays for his enemies and practices non-violence.

—Glynn Richardson
Chicago, Ill.

I agree with the Black Muslims in one respect: "Don't integrate with him, separate from him." I'm sure every "bad" white Christian would gladly share the cost to send these savages back to the Dark Continent where they belong, and they can worship their black god and have a real ball.

—C. A. Norbery
San Antonio, Tex.

Your letter looks pretty silly in print, don't you agree, C. A.?

Black-Blast on Birds

I have many times been enraged at bird-brained replies to some very fine articles in a fine magazine. But, until I opened the December issue to page four and read two replies to Max Gunther's article *Help Stamp Out Birds* (September), I have not been so absolutely, breathlessly angry as to make a reply of my own.

To Mr. Klecker I say, may you be aboard the next jet or turbo aircraft which crashes upon take-off or landing due to birds being sucked into the air intakes. Nuts to you, bud.

To Mr. Herrsher I say, how many Navy flying types would it take to equal all of the damn albatrosses in the Pacific? Not one, pal, not one.

—George A. Blakney
Grindstone, Que.
Canada

Guzzling Gunners

I have just finished reading the article by Hart Stilwell and Gayle McNutt about Dick Dowling and his "Whisky Warriors" (*The Whisky Warriors vs. the Fearsome Fleet*—December), and I must admit that I enjoyed it thoroughly since Dick Dowling has been a longtime boyhood hero of mine (although American history teachers at Dick Dowling Junior High School in Beaumont, Texas, always neglected to mention Lieutenant Dowling's civilian occupation). I seem to recall that Captain Crocker at first refused to surrender to the boyish Dowling and asked that he be allowed to surrender to the commander of Fort Griffin, at which Dowling saluted somewhat mockingly and replied, "R. W. Dowling, First Lieutenant, Confederate States Army, at your service, sir."

—George P. Kirkpatrick, Jr.
Kountze, Tex.

If that's the way they tell it at Dick Dowling Junior High, that's the way it was.

Pixilated Plane

After a few nights of searching, I've uncovered a few additional facts about the Christmas Bullet (*The Wackiest Warplane of World War I*—December). It's listed as being built by the "Cantilever Aero Company" of Long Island, New York. Its Liberty 6 engine was rated at 185 hp and a top speed of 175 mph is claimed. Its length and wing span were 21 feet with a 12-foot span of the lower wing. Records only list one as being constructed. The "Christmas Strutless Biplane," as it was also called, had a feature not mentioned in the story. When the aircraft sat on the ground, the wings drooped to a 7° negative dihedral, and it was claimed

[Continued on page 8]

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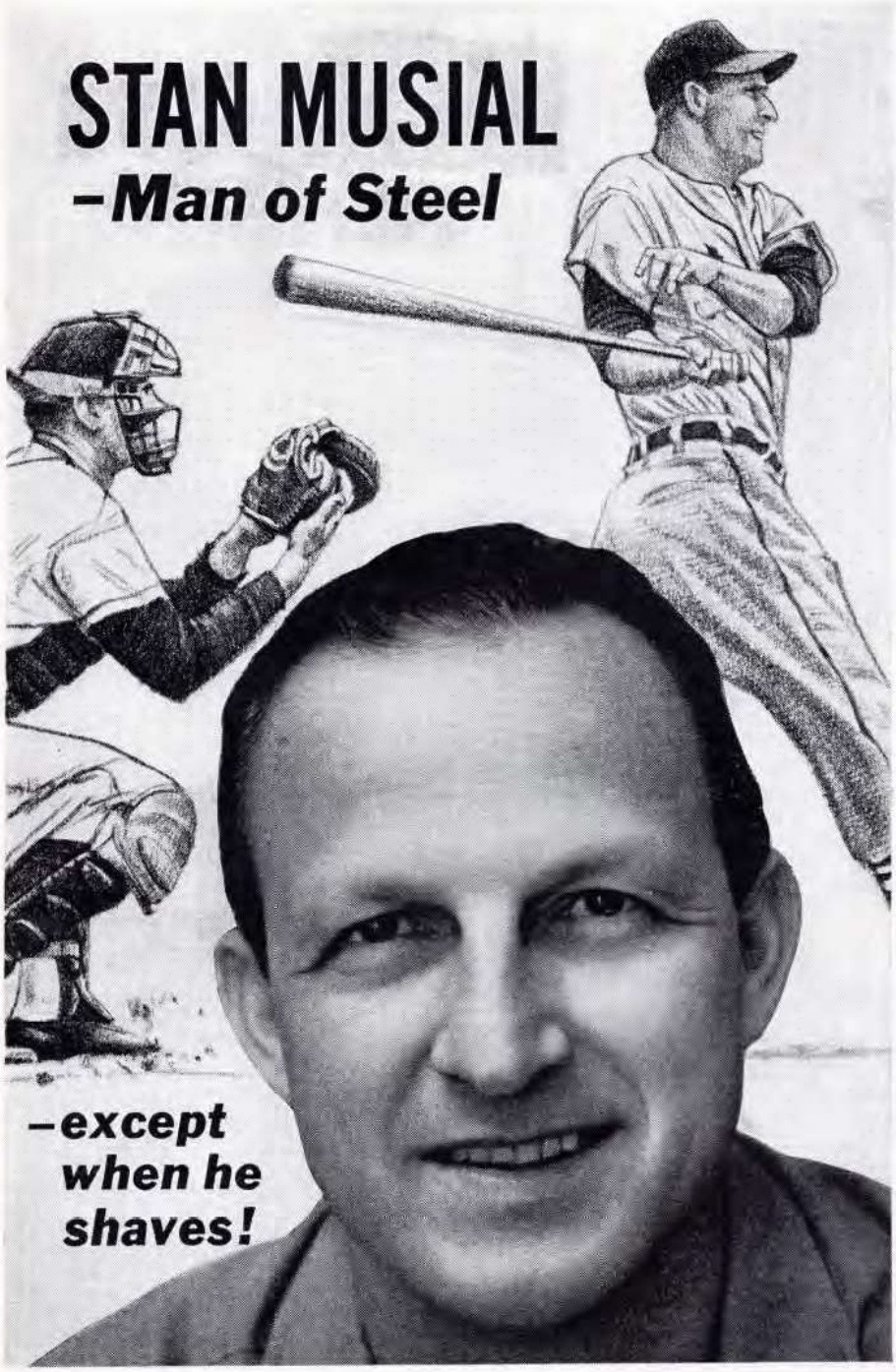

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14—Rt., Wide World
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19—Left, Wide World; rt., UPI
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TRUE

FEBRUARY 1964

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VOL. 45 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 321

UPSET STOMACH?

If you've never tried Alka-Seltzer® BRAND you don't know how speedy relief can be!

When you have an upset stomach there's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer.

Alka-Seltzer contains a soothing stomach alkalizer, ready to go to work instantly to soothe and settle upset stomach.

Headache, too? Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever.

Take two Alka-Seltzer tablets before bed and wake up feeling better!

RELIEF IS JUST A SWALLOW AWAY

(Advertisement)

The Amazing Potentialities of Memory

I LITTLE thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary, and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes about Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures.

Borg then told me that his power of memory would probably amaze me—and I had known him, while we were studying law together in Paris, to have the most deplorable memory!

So he went to the end of the dining room and asked me to write down a hundred three-figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, *Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down and then in reverse order, that is beginning with the last number. He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers: for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd, and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all of my questions at once and without effort, as if the figures which I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.*

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said: "The thing you have just seen and which seems so remarkable is, in fact, quite simple. Everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty."

He then revealed to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret—without mistakes and without effort—as you, too, will master it tomorrow.

But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember, with unbelievable facility, the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met—even if it was only once—as well as their addresses, and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. *Finally, I discovered after a while that not only had my memory improved, but that I had also acquired greater powers of concentration; a surer judgment—which is by no means surprising since the keenness of our intellect is primarily dependent on the number and variety of the things we remember.*

If you would like to share this experience and to possess those mental powers which are still our best chance of success in life, ask R. D. Borg to send you his interesting booklet *The Eternal Laws of Success*—he will send it free to anyone who wants to improve his memory. *Write now—while copies of this booklet are still available.* Postage is 7¢ for a postcard, surface mail, to Ireland. Here is the address: *R. D. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Highfield Road, Dublin 6, Ireland.*

L. CONWAY.

"You're peeved about something—I can tell."

. . . she probably forgot to give him a subscription to TRUE. Don't let this happen in your house. Check one of the boxes below and place your order TODAY.

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[*Continued from page 4*]

the wings had a three foot movement at the tips.

—*Don Vidra*
Ontario, Ohio

ARCTIC SLAUGHTER

I just finished reading your article *My Life With Arctic Wolves* (November) and it made me so mad I could have bitten myself. It's frustrating, so damned frustrating, not being able to do anything about it. Being an American, I can't write to the Canadian Parliament and tell them to start listening to their people that they send out to study wolves and not to a few ignorant, self-centered trappers. I'd like to tell them to start cracking a few game wardens' heads who allow those phony s.o.b. "sportsmen" to collect their trophies the way mentioned in the article. I'm an avid hunter, and live from hunting season to hunting season, but I'll boil in cat urine before I'll ever hunt the way they do. As for the ones who use poison on any wild life, I would like to run them through all those torture methods you mentioned in one of your earlier issues.

—*Thomas F. McKinley*
Alexandria, Va.

If only the Canadian government would take a page from our history, then perhaps the caribou herds will not go the way of the American bison. I am also reminded of the passenger pigeon, whose great flocks once darkened the skies for hours. I sincerely hope that the colossal slaughter, the greed and waste that shamed this continent will not be repeated in the Arctic.

—*Robert Connally*
Bartlesville, Okla.

SOCIAL INSECURITY

In your *It's a Man's World* section of October TRUE, you're critical of social security posters that ask, "Over 62 and Still Working?" (*Job-Wreckers at Work*). There's no plot afoot to influence people to stop working. We're not trying to get anyone to stop, or even reduce, their work. In 1961 Congress changed the social security "retirement test." (Formerly a male wage-earner had to be over 65 to claim social security benefits.) Now, many older workers don't have to retire completely to get at least some of their social security retirement checks. These are people who are "over 62 and still working." The posters you saw and objected to represent one of the ways we're using to try and tell these folks that they no longer have to retire to draw their social security. However, your comments are very valuable to us. It's important for us to be told that we're not saying what we think we're saying to the public.

—*Lawrence E. Hendricks*
District Manager
Department of Health, Education, and Welfare
Knoxville, Tenn.

If the author saw sinister and malignant elements in any of our signs and posters mentioning the possibility of the payment of social security benefits at the tender age of 62, he either completely misread the intent or has become morbidly touchy at the mention of any age over Jack Benny's "golden 39." . . .

—*Roy L. Swift*
Information Officer
Department of Health, Education, and Welfare
Baltimore, Md.

We think the slogan "Over 62 and Still Working?" has a pretty grisly ring to it.

KEELER-DEALERS

Senator Proxmire (*The Tainted Cost of Getting Elected*—November) says a candidate who doesn't play ball with special interests "has as much chance of getting elected as Christine Keeler has of making the Green Bay Packers." I don't know if he means the whole squad or just the first team, but I think even the larger task would be within her capabilities.

—*C. H. Westfall, D.D.S.*
Niles, Ohio

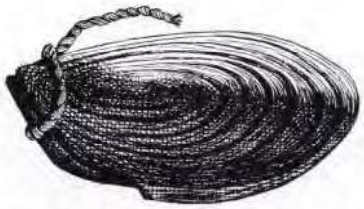
PEOPLE-EATERS

I find *Countdown for Cannibal Convicts* (November) utterly disgusting and consider it a serious error on your part in permitting such trash to be published.

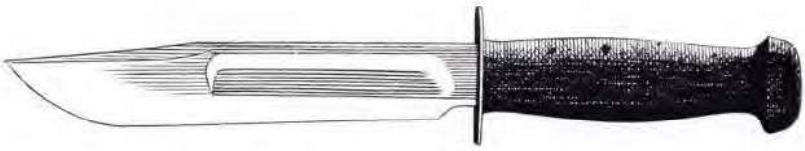
—*E. Kissel*
Woodland Hills, Calif.

We consider it a serious error on your part to read a magazine that obviously isn't edited for squeamish people.

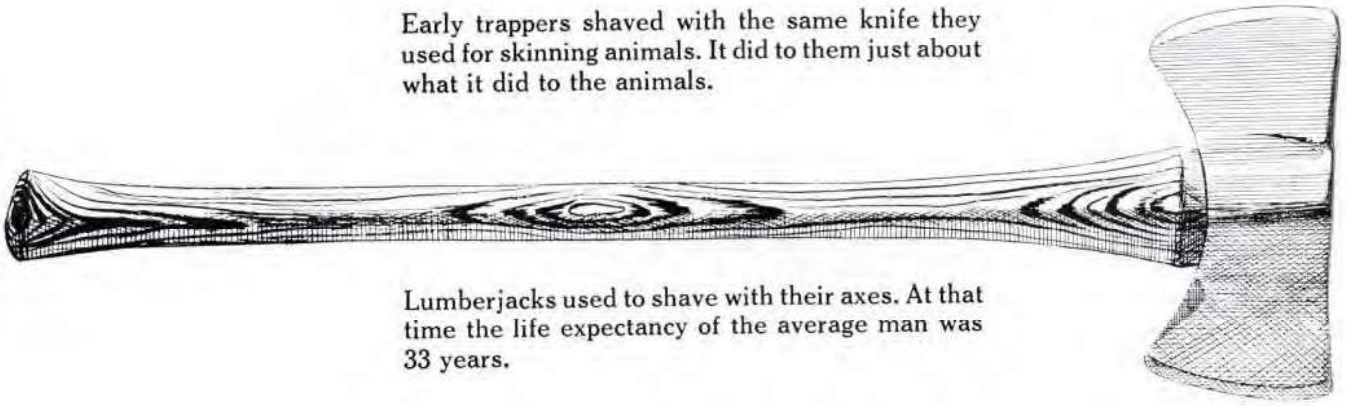
A short history of cordless shavers



The Indians clamped a shell on a whisker and actually pulled it out. They had a word to describe this kind of cordless shaving . . . "ugh".



Early trappers shaved with the same knife they used for skinning animals. It did to them just about what it did to the animals.



Lumberjacks used to shave with their axes. At that time the life expectancy of the average man was 33 years.

Straight razors and blade shavers were great for shaving in the deep forest . . . if you happened to have a sink and soap and lather handy.

Then the cordless REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II brought civilized shaving to the out-of-doors.

Built-in rechargeable energy cells deliver power for shave after shave. 348 cutting edges of surgical high-carbon steel (stronger, longer-lasting than stainless steel), slice whiskers off cleanly. 4 Roller Combs on the shaver head adjust to any skin and beard. Roll skin down. Pop whiskers into cutters.

To recharge energy cells, just plug in the cord when you get home. With a cord, without a cord, you're never without a close, clean shave.

Now you understand why the REMINGTON® LEKTRONIC II costs a little more than most other electric shavers. But it's worth it.

LEKTRONIC: Trademark, Sperry Rand Corporation

REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVER, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

TAXAX NEWS

Sen. Jacob K. Javits of New York dropped a bombshell in the laps of bigwigs of his political party the other day. He declared that the State Legislature has a clear mandate to authorize off-track betting in New York City. The senator is not personally in favor of off-track betting. He voted against it. But he recognized the overwhelming will of the people expressed in the fall elections. New Yorkers voted 3-to-1 in favor of legal off-track betting, via the creation of a commission to study its mechanics.

"The call is so clear," the senator said, 'that the legislature will have to deal with the question of how and when it should be done rather than whether it should or should not be done."

Since the senator is the state's top Republican vote-getter, there is consternation in the ranks of colleagues who are "unalterably opposed" to off-track betting. If the voters' will prevails, some of these colleagues may be absent from the legislature after the next election (that's why there's consternation). Too many voters just can't understand why pari-mutuel betting at New York tracks, with a tax bite going to state and city, is moral, while the same betting off the track, with profits going to the under world, is immoral.

TRUE magazine believes that the public interest will be served best by taking the profits from gambling out of the hands of gangsters and applying them to good works, with some reduction of the tax load that crushes the average citizen. This was the theme of TRUE's Taxax Plan, presented for balloting to readers of this magazine. Readers were invited to express their opinions about TRUE's Taxax Plan, using ballots published in this magazine, to which they signed their names. Here is how TRUE's readers voted:

	Yes	No
Do you favor a national lottery?	98.4%	1.6%
Do you favor off-track betting?	82%	18%
Do you favor Monte Carlo-type casinos?	66%	34%

The mandate of the people, when they are given a chance to vote, is clear.

CLOTHES STALLION

Is a man something like a neck scarf or rhinestone clip, "assisting or acting as a subordinate" to woman's vanity? That's a dictionary definition of "accessory," and it refers to man in an odious campaign built on the theme: "a woman' s most important accessory—her escort." The campaign is aimed to sell tuxedos through women who want to give some spit-and-polish to the shabby organic trinket they wear at parties. The pitch is, "Who decides when a tuxedo is obsolete? The woman." We doubt it. More to the point, who decides when a woman is obsolete? A man.

GRUB A LA CARD

When Stanley Joseloff and his wife sailed on the **Leonardo da Vinci** in 1960 they were swamped with Bon Voyage baskets of guava jelly, champagne, preserved kumquats and stuff which, he says, "we needed like a hole in the head." When they arrived in Rome, friends invited them to dinner at Hostaria Dell' Orso. The dinner was delightful and cost their hosts no more than a Bon Voyage bucket. Thus the idea for a unique business was born in Joseloff's agile mind. Out of it came a world-wide operation called "Be My Guest," now affiliated with a credit card outfit. The idea is simply that you can prepay a dinner or a night on the town for guests almost anywhere in the world.

"You'd be surprised," Joseloff says, "at the staid banking executives who give their staid associates gifts like La Dolce Vita Evening in Rome" ($85 for two).

We thumbed through the Be My Guest directory and found some $4 dinners as well as others for gourmets, or, in more highflown language, grub connoisseurs. A Monkey Gland Steak is served at The Edward in Durban, South Africa, and your guests in Tokyo can ingest a Jinghiskam barbecue or, in Venice, scampi alla Madame Bovary.

The real gimmick, though, is that the host is not present, to the dismay of neither party. Thus a tired man can simultaneously play host to a dozen sets of guests around the country while he enjoys a restful, restorative evening with a glassful of old popskull and a good magazine. Like TRUE.

MIDWAY TO CULTURE

What do men remember about famous World Fairs of the past? Sally Rand and her fans at Chicago in 1933. Little Eva and the can-can girls in grandpop's time. In short, the glorious Midway. We can tell you that no State Fair in the prairie states was ever without one. A fellow soon got tired of eying the prize-winning vegetables from Blue Earth county and skittered off to where the barkers were barking. The culture bug is draining the blood out of World Fairs and leaving a sterile shambles of aluminum, glass, anodized facades and restaurants that go round and round. Robert Moses has promised the citizenry that the New York World's Fair will have "fun as well as culture and industry, but no cheap Midway." The nearest authority we could contact was Ann Corio, the elegant stripteuse who is starring in "This Was Burlesque" in Greenwich Village. She gave us a quick answer as snappy as a G-string.

"Could the reason that Mr. Moses doesn't like the Midway be that they are not built of cement and there is no money in constructing them? Midways are traditionally built of lumber, sawdust, talent and fun."

It may soon be too late to save the Fair from Total Culture, than which nothing is more lethal when a man's feet are killing him. We commend to Mr.

(Continued on page 12)

She may be the champion back-seat driver in America.

Renee O'Leary navigates, while her husband, Dr. Jack O'Leary drives a car in Sports Car Club of America national rallies.

Their car: a modified Chrysler 300.

Until recently, European sports cars took most of the honors in SCCA rallies. Few believed that a comfortable full-size American car could beat them at their own game.

Chrysler 300's have done just that, winning 9 out of the most recent 11 rallies. The O'Leary's won 2 of them.

A typical SCCA rally is 500 to 600 miles long. Over winding hilly back-roads. Against precise time schedules over a route the drivers know nothing about beforehand. (That's where Mrs. O'Leary's skillful "advice" comes in.)

Rallies confirm the soundness of Chrysler engineering and design, developed through years of research and testing. They demand excellent performance under miserable driving conditions. Handling ease is a major factor. So is durability, dependability and safety.

These same demands are exceedingly well met in all the new cars from Chrysler Corporation.

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CHRYSLER CORPORATION

SEE BOB HOPE AND THE CHRYSLER THEATRE, NBC-TV, FRIDAYS

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 10)
Moses a remark by a famous architect, Sir Basil Spence, who designed the new Coventry Cathedral: "A certain amount of vulgarity is necessary to make the average person enjoy himself." Call us average, Bob.

MODERNIZE OUR MONEY

Have you had a good look at a $10 bill lately? We recently scrutinized one which the owner held tightly at both ends. The backside, which is to say, the reverse of a Federal Reserve sawbuck has a tiny engraving of what appears to be Jack Benny's old Maxwell. It's a squarish ancient sedan with running boards and what might be the radiator that Walter Chrysler brought out around 1929. Antique-car aficionados with a microscope can have fun trying to identify components of the relic. We spotted this jalopy after reading that a constituent of Rep. Claude Pepper (D., Fla.) complained that it gave a poor picture of U.S. progress. Treasury people asserted that it showed the stability of our economy. Stability is running boards? The engraving was made in 1929 and T-boys say it would cost too much to make a new one—to which we say, fie! Think what an image of backwardness a 1929 car conveys to recipients of foreign aid. They're laughing at us in the Congo. And what will they think of us on the moon when our lunarnauts arrive with old-fashioned currency along with beads and wampum for trading purposes? Get some 1964 models in the works, Mr. Dillon, and make 'em big. The velocity of currency, in our experience, is such that everything has to be seen in a flash.

BAREFOOT GIRLS

A politician with a streak of courage a yard wide is Paul Van Dalsem ("Prince Paul" to his constituents) who represents Perry County in the Arkansas legislature. Van Dalsem recently told the Optimist Club of North Little Rock how the county is kept free of frustrated women with nothing to do but meddle. Down thataway obstreperous women are kept in their place by giving them an extra cow to milk or more garden to hoe, and "we keep them pregnant and barefoot." This is an ancient cure for tendencies of the shod and unoccupied female to make a nuisance of herself, well known to Caesar, Charlemagne and princelings before them. But you would have thought Van Dalsem invented it, from bleats that went up from some of the dolls who thought he was scornful of women, when he was merely paying tribute to their highest talents. A few girls borrowed some footgear and got together to demand that he "retract that slur, sir."

Van Dalsem's prescription might yet save the country from going to pot. All it needs is a little verbal embroidery. Say, "we keep our wives busy day and night giving tender loving care to little ones." Accentuate the positive, and maybe the D.A.R., the League of Women Voters, and female groups organized to put brassieres on Greek statues or McGuffey's Readers into the schools, will have an outlet for their frustrations and men won't be tripping over them while running the world's affairs. Too many wives have shoes and go out and get jobs in them. One-third of the country's married women have outside jobs, and what's worse, they outnumber single working girls three to one. The single working girl is useful at simple tasks, and often ornamental, and we hate to see her nudged out of employment, or even into a fate worse than death, by wives who will never know what contentment is until a forceful husband keeps them barefoot, creative—and busy all day figuring which can to open for the master's dinner.

YES, YOU'RE INDISPENSABLE

George Meany of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. is staggered by corporations' plans for expansion because "every one of them calls for more and more push-button operations with machines to push buttons, if you please." The Bell System has introduced a push-button telephone in Carnegie, Pennsylvania, which cuts down dialing time by about five seconds and thus adds about an hour of extra leisure to the average woman's day. With automation springing up everywhere, we were consoled to learn that people will always be indispensable in handling the English language. Computers don't really understand English. Two Harvard scientists fed 20,000 words and 3,000 rules of grammar into a computer and got some odd results. The electronic brain did as well as people with a simple sentence like "people read English." But another simple sentence, "time flies like an arrow," made it stutter incoherently. It couldn't decide whether it should determine as fast as it could how fast flies fly, or whether a certain kind of flies, called time, are fond of arrows. The scientists could program it to translate one way or the other, but then the machine couldn't handle a sentence like "fruit flies like bananas." The conclusion is that "some human intervention will always be needed in parsing sentences," and we feel better about the future already.

THE QUEEN BUSINESS

We've been toying with the idea of promoting a Beauty Queen contest for girls between 4 and 4¼ years of age, and could probably get a manufacturer of dog food or wetting dolls to put up $10,000 prize money for a scholarship in a university for tots of talent. But the age-slot is probably pre-empted by some maker of gruels for toddlers, so we abandon the idea and report with pleasure that a shocking gap in realms of beautymanship has now been filled. It was long overdue. We now have a Miss Teenage America. She is 17-year-old Judy Doll of Akron, Ohio, who merits her name in more ways than one. We wish her the best as she beautifies the country in her new convertible. In some emerging countries a teenager can hardly get an old convertible. However, we are disturbed by certain endocrine impediments to fairness in running teenage contests. The teens begin at age 13, and the unburgeoned of this tender age are allowed to compete. But to prevent their being disadvantaged by older competitors, none of the contestants wore bathing suits. The least a conscientious sponsor can do is to give a twin prize for contestants who are amending their constitutions. Civil rights has a long way to go in this country.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

Beef cattle will guzzle over 1 million gallons of alcohol this year. It fattens them up faster.

A man who broke up a battle between husband and wife was awarded $145 to replace his clothing, torn in the fray.

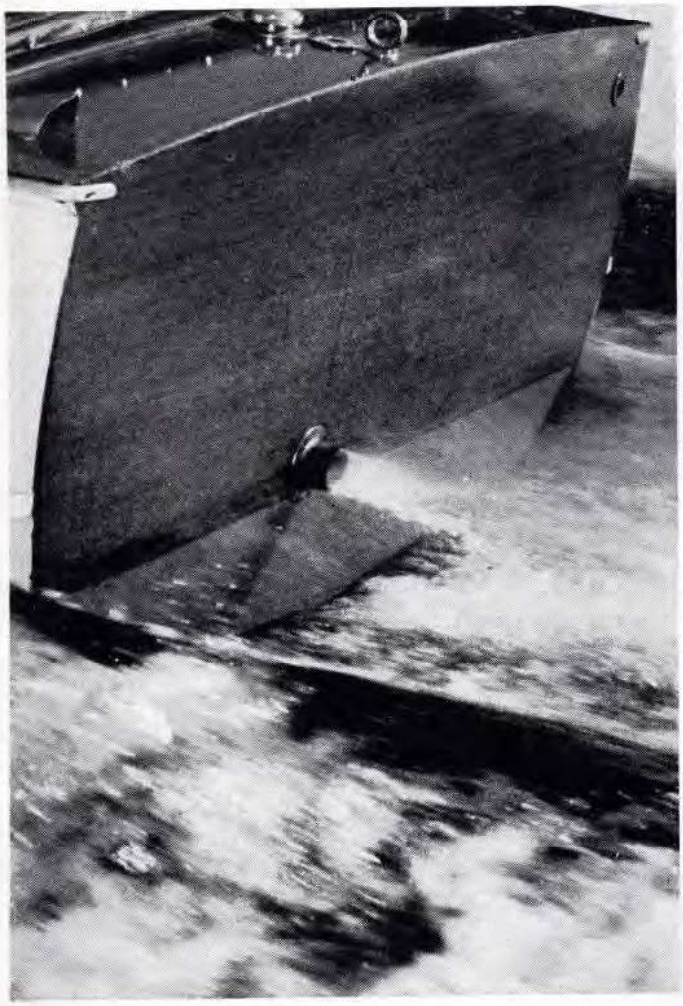
The Salvation Army picketed a bathing beauty contest in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

In the St. Clair Hotel in Chicago a sign says "Men's Room. Ladies After 2 p.m." The Men's Room is a bar.

The cost of a funeral is included in the cost-of-living index issued by the government.

In Kenosha, Wisconsin, a man who threw a power mower through his mother-in-law's picture window forfeited $50 bail. Seems a bargain.

—THE EDITORS



Ordinary inboards grumble and growl when they're exhausted

Boats powered by MerCruiser I never make the rumbling, roaring, slopping noises that come from the exhausts of ordinary inboards.

MerCruiser I has Jet-Prop exhaust. This means that the exhaust gases are fired through the center of the propeller into the vacuum pocket that forms in the propeller slipstream. Jet-Prop exhaust literally drowns exhaust noise and, at the same time, improves the engine's breathing and reduces underwater drag. Jet-Prop exhaust is the *real* way to eliminate dangerous and nauseating exhaust gases. Smoke and fumes are buried below the surface so that they rise far back of the boat.

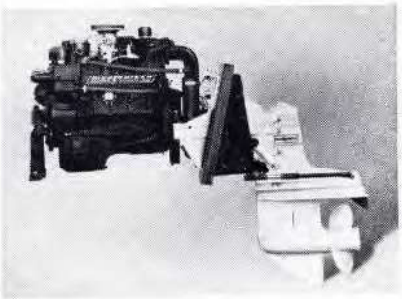
Jet-Prop exhaust gives MerCruisers automotive-like silence as well as other advantages. Since the exhaust and water intake are an integral part of the stern drive unit, only one hole is required for installation . . . no extra holes in the stern, *none* in the bottom of the boat.

Boats powered by MerCruiser Stern Drive Power Packages give you the prestige of an inboard, the power-range and fuel economy of 4-cycle engines . . . plus the impact protection, convenience, maneuverability and propulsion efficiency of an outboard. Full power features are available for all MerCruisers . . . power shift, power tilt, power steering.

More than 165 manufacturers are now building boats powered by MerCruiser Stern Drive Power Packages . . . a far wider choice of boats than you can get with *ordinary* inboards. See your MerCruiser dealer and choose the boat and power that suits you best.

MerCruiser 120:

. . . 120 hp, 4-cylinder in-line engine and MerCruiser I Stern Drive. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Shearproof propeller protected by a live-rubber safety clutch. Dashboard-controlled power tilt-up of stern unit. Dual water pumps. Weedless water intake. Adjustable anti-corrosion trim tab.



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110, 120, 140, 150, 190, 225, 310 hp gasoline and 60 and 100 hp diesel

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HOLLYWOOD'S TERRIBLE-TEMPERED STONEFACE

He may fly through the air with the greatest of ease, but he's still "the hardest actor to work with." Burt Lancaster is part rebel, part narcissist, but even his enemies agree he's a hell of a performer

Lancaster made Trapeze *with Gina Lollobrigida.*

Lancaster, Elizabeth Taylor won Oscars in 1960, he for Elmer Gantry.

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

HOLLYWOOD

■ In 1946, a few months before Burton Stephen Lancaster arrived in this neon-lighted monument to the inventor of stucco, before he had any notion that some day he would be a millionaire actor-producer, he was an ex-soldier and ex-acrobat scuffling along in a Broadway play called *The Sound of Hunting*. They were paying him $75 a week, which he was accepting gratefully.

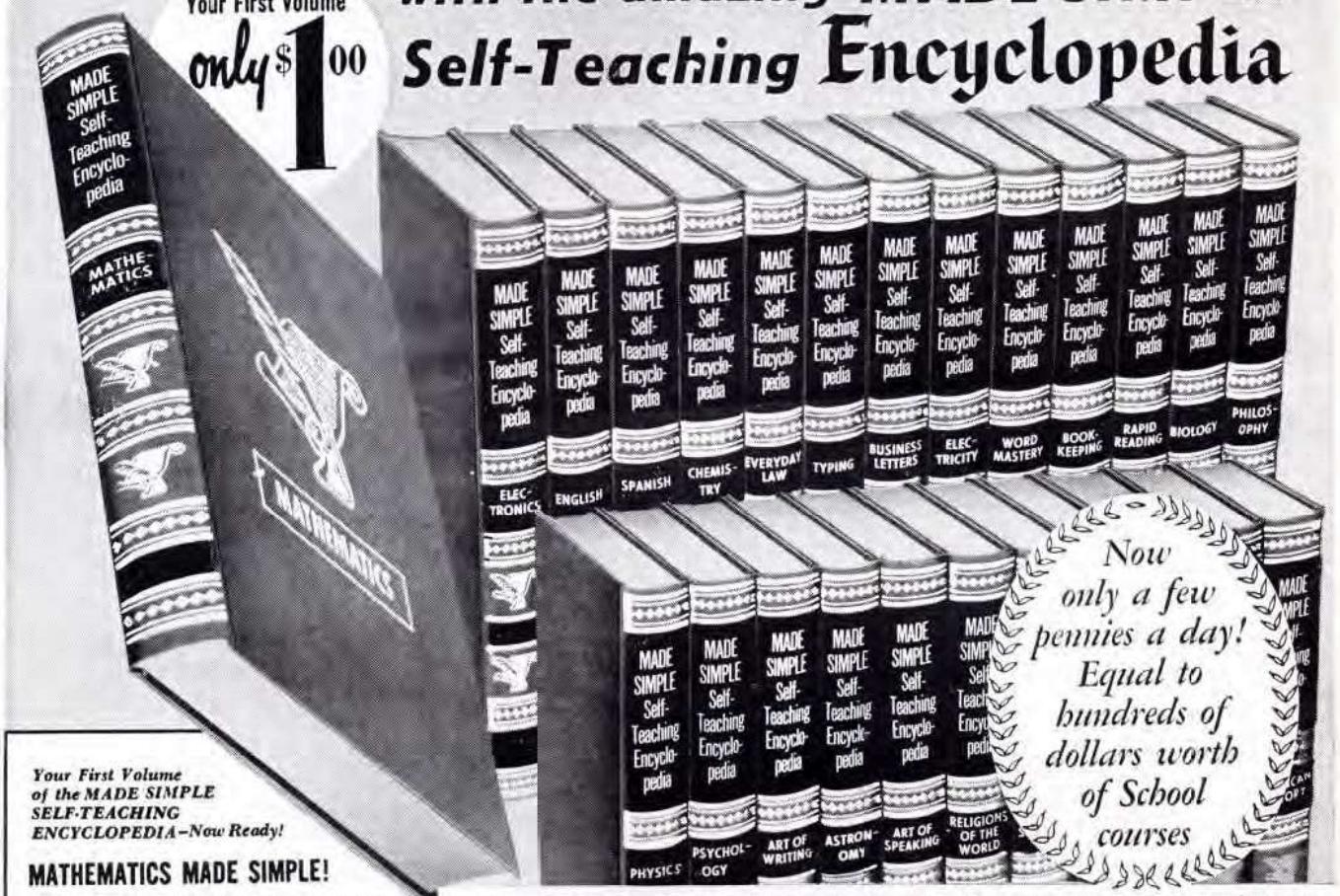
Lancaster then was 33, but careful, adoring attention to his face and figure had kept him much younger-looking. This love affair with his own physique and visage has never diminished in heat; today, at 50, he still looks 33.

Hal Wallis, the movie producer, saw him in the play and signed him to a contract. To celebrate, and to let the former tumbler know how it felt to associate with the great, Wallis took him to dinner. Afterward, as they were walking through Times Square, Wallis pointed to a marquee in front of a movie house. "That's one of my pictures," he said. Another actor would have stopped, examined the stills in front, cooed and perhaps even drooled. Lancaster burst out, "I saw that picture, and I thought it stank."

In that anecdote are contained some of the elements that make Burt Lancaster one of the

His stock-in-trade is a go-to-hell attitude. He once marched off a live television show when the interviewer asked a question that angered him.

Fill the Gaps in your Family's Education with the amazing MADE SIMPLE Self-Teaching Encyclopedia



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His wife is the former Norma Anderson, a USO girl he met in Italy. They've been married for 18 years.

In 1961, Lancaster's $500,000 Bel-Air mansion burned, leaving only the chimney. He surveyed ruins with daughter Joanna.

most interesting actors in Hollywood. In Lancaster's astonishing variety of performances over the last 17 years are the proofs that he is one of the most versatile actors out here. And in Lancaster's own ego, and his dedication to the preservation of The Burt Lancaster Image, are the factors which entitle him to be called The Compleat Actor.

An actor, someone once remarked, is an island of insecurity surrounded by a sea of ego. Some uncertainty about himself, his own personality and being, makes the actor find the guts to be another person when he is performing. This makes it necessary for him to act even when he is not acting. Everything he does is pointed toward preserving his own self-centered image. There is an old joke in which an actor says, "Now let's talk about *you*. What did you think of my last picture?"

Lancaster always has played it that way, but he has played it craftily. His *shtick*, a word that show business people use to mean "dramatic device," is a go-to-hell attitude. He is uncompromising in his insistence on doing things his own way, uncooperative with the press when it asks personal questions, and unfeeling toward associates and fellow workers when he believes they are getting in his creative path.

This adherence to his own hard method has made enemies for him, but it also has made him eminently successful. Hal Wallis' subtle revenge for Lancaster's explosive remark on Broadway was to put him in a film called *Desert Fury*, which was so bad it was put on the shelf for a time before it was released, apparently in the hope that age would act on it as it does on wine. When it did come out, the fury came mainly from audiences who deserted theaters in mass evacuations. Meanwhile Wallis punished Lancaster again by pretending to ignore him; instead of using him in another Wallis epic (which was probably lucky for Lancaster), he lent him to the late Mark Hellinger.

At that point Lancaster's dramatic ability consisted chiefly of a number of different ways of showing his teeth. But he had rugged power, or magnetism, or whatever it is that reaches out from the screen—enough of it to convince Hellinger that he could be not just an actor but a star. The trouble was, the young man had no professional name. Wallis had been fooling with the idea of calling him "Stuart Chase," but one of his friends, one who could read, mentioned that there was a well-known writer who had that name. Then, one day, Wallis telephoned Hellinger in great and enthusiastic excitement.

"My secretary has a great idea," he said. "She says, 'Why don't we use this guy's real name?' "

Hellinger agreed that this idea, while revolutionary, indeed almost unknown in the annals of Gooville, might just do. From then on even Wallis began to accept Burt Lancaster, for Hellinger put him into *The Killers*, and that made him. Since then Lancaster has been in 35 pictures, the most recent

of which have been *Birdman of Alcatraz, A Child Is Waiting, The Leopard,* and *The List of Adrian Messenger.* He also has been a producer, establishing his right to that title with the immensely successful *Marty,* which he made for the Hollywood equivalent of 32 cents. That did not prevent it from winning four Academy Awards and grossing millions.

Instant success did nothing to sandblast the rough edges from Lancaster's granitic personality. He continued to make himself just as charming as he had been on the post-prandial walk with his discoverer. At a party one night his patience was taxed by a windy writer, possibly because the man would not let him get a word in edgewise (Lancaster is a marathon talker). He walked over to the man and said, "You're a phony," and departed. Another time, in the middle of a luncheon interview with one of the bloated old queens of the Hollywood press corps, he suddenly got up and strolled away. His press agent's anguish verged on the suicidal. "Why'd you do that, Burt?" he asked later. "I couldn't stand her," Lancaster said.

Such stories marked Lancaster from the beginning as an unusual personality in a land where conformity is as ever-present as the mind-numbing sunshine. He is an emotional man who appears well-adjusted but who nevertheless often acts on impulse. One morning I was in a shoe store on Wilshire Boulevard. Lancaster materialized in the doorway, lithe, broad-shouldered, springy of step and suntanned. "I need shoes!" he announced, dramatically, and said, "Let's try those," pointing to a pair of loafers before the flustered clerk could babble, "Yes, Mr. Lancaster." The actor tried them on without assistance, took them off, tossed them to the clerk, said, "Send a half-dozen pairs to the studio," and leaped out of the shop.

This brief personal appearance may have been impulsive, but it nevertheless was highly theatrical, as is nearly everything that Lancaster does. He makes himself appear at his best at all times, even when he is playing scenes that require him to be beat-up or disheveled. Leroy Nieman, the artist, once was sketching Lancaster while he was filming a fight scene. Lancaster was not aware of his presence. Nieman watched in stunned fascination as Lancaster, after tearing through the roughhouse scene, would rush off to one side, pick up a comb and a hand mirror, and concentrate on repairing his face and head, making certain that every hairstrand and eyebrow were in place. "I'd never seen a man pay that much attention to himself," said Nieman.

Glimpses of Lancaster such as that are rare. Visitors seldom are permitted on his sets. His secretary brushes aside requests for interviews by explaining that he is "very, very busy." She gives the impression that he never takes time to sit down and refuel that splendid body—he is one of the best specimens in films, standing 6-foot-2 and weighing around 180. Lancaster pays her and other protectors well to keep outsiders from finding out what kind of man lives inside that structure.

Whenever he has a new film about to open, which happens, he says, "about one and a half times a year" (he means he ordinarily makes three films in two years). Lancaster goes out on the road to various cities to hold press conferences. Reporters invariably are frustrated at these exhibitions. Lancaster talks with a hand-flailing intensity—which he picked up from Italian kids in the New York slum neighborhood in which he was raised—with such force and apparent conviction that listeners get the impression that he is a totally candid, self-revealing man. Later they realize he has said nothing whatever about himself. Two hundred reporters attended a party he gave in a New York restaurant for a preview of *Birdman.* They all asked questions. But "No one invaded his personal life," *The Hollywood Reporter* columnist later said sadly.

Mike Wallace, the television personality, once invited Lancaster to sit for a taped interview. Wallace's staff had dredged from the files of magazines and newspapers some reports of Lancaster's bad temper. Armed with these notes, Wallace first asked if Lancaster and Maximilian Schell had quarreled on the set of *Judgment at Nuremberg,* which they had, in full view of any number of witnesses. Lancaster said that question was "unkind and cutting," but did concede there had been "an altercation." Then Wallace asked, "Do you have a temper?" Lancaster said, "I imagine I do," and tried to change the subject. Wallace persisted. He said his questions were "perfectly sensible." They went on like that, Lancaster struggling to keep himself under control, Wallace goading him. Lancaster then rose and walked off the show. Wallace later said, "It was the first time in 17 years of interviewing that a guest ever walked out on me."

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William Bradford Huie's compelling exposé of an international cause célèbre,

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE HIROSHIMA PILOT

BONUS BOOKLENGTHER

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Most reporters usually feel like walking out on Lancaster, principally because what he tries to sell as theory comes off as conceit. He talks endlessly about himself as an actor and producer, the film he is making at the moment, or the one he is plugging. Few things absorb him more than these subjects, and he has developed a spurious objectivity about them that is a marvelous mechanical fabrication; sometimes, when he is speaking of Burt Lancaster the Screen Personality, it is as though he is discussing one of his boyhood idols—which, come to think of it, he is.

Last spring, when his latest film, *The Leopard,* won first prize at the Cannes Film Festival, the 20th Century-Fox publicity department put out a press release that quoted Lancaster as saying that he considered his part in it "the crowning achievement of his career." He can make such statements without a noticeable twinge of self-consciousness, but he cannot bring himself to reveal the smallest fact about his personal life.

"Nobody gets close to this man," a press agent who once worked with Lancaster told me. "There's some sort of basic fear in him that needs that vanity so he can keep a grip on himself."

As noted previously, all actors have this fear-and-vanity in varying degrees, but Lancaster carries it to inordinate extremes. He treasures his privacy the way the Shah of Iran looks after those priceless crown jewels his father plundered from the people. Lancaster will not permit reporters to interview his wife, his five children (three girls and two boys, ranging from 18 down to 8), his employees, his servants at home, or anybody else who might shed light on him. He gets furious when ex-associates talk about him candidly. "I don't need personal publicity," he said to me. "My life is my own, and it's nobody else's business."

This would be an admirable attitude, or at least an unusual one, if it were actually true. But Lancaster would die if people did ignore him. One of the most puzzling aspects of his personality is that he seems to want to be gregarious. He likes to sit around and talk until all hours with the few friends who get invited to his house. He is a savagely enthusiastic bridge player. But those who play with him say he is quite capable of merely *acting* enthusiastic. They never are sure if it is real.

"I've known Burt since we did *The Killers,*" says Edmond O'Brien, an extraordinary actor by the simple virtue of having a brain or two in his head. "But even though I just made *Birdman* with him, I can't say I know him terribly well." Harold Hecht, the producer, originally an agent, and as such a man who gave Lancaster considerable help early in his career, will not go so far as to suggest he does not know Lancaster, but his statements, extolling such obvious qualities as Lancaster's phenomenal acting ability, his capacities as an executive, and his acrobatic energy, nevertheless indicate that there are elements of Lancaster's makeup that he does not understand or does not wish to explore for publication. Hugh Marlowe, who has known Lancaster for 17 years, and who for five years has been one of his intimates, has said, "There is a side to Burt that *nobody* knows." To this, Shirley Booth added that while they were making *Come Back, Little Sheba,* she felt his mind was "always working ahead, always divided over many thoughts." Audrey Hepburn, who worked with him in *The Unforgiven,* said later that she never got to know him at all: "Because he can be quite reticent."

Kirk Douglas, who has worked with Lancaster in three films, told me, "Whenever we do one together, we have a ball. There's nothing devious about this guy. If he feels like being a slob, he is one. That's why we've never had any trouble.

[*Continued on page* 68]

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SUPREME SNARER OF CEPHALOPODS

He was bait but he had reason. What Abner Doubleday was to baseball, O'Rourke was to octopus wrestling. Here's a long overdue tribute to the father of a booming sport

BY H. ALLEN SMITH

ILLUSTRATED BY LOU MYERS

■ The American people are blessed with a near surfeit of athletic pursuits, both indoors and out, and it is today a difficult matter to bring a new form of sporting activity to public acceptance. I need only call attention to how boomeranging didn't make it, and how quickly the hula hoop petered out. And yet today a new and thrilling sport is developing, and showing staying power, along the golden California littoral. I refer to octopus wrestling.

There would appear to be enough novelty as well as sufficient real hazard in this sport to allow it to achieve great popularity. At the present writing, however, I'm not inclined to think it will ever become as big as football, baseball, deer killing, golf, bowling or fish fishing. It cannot outdistance these firmly established sports for one basic reason: there are not enough octopuses. I mean within ready reach.

Nevertheless, I hope and pray that this new sport will prosper and become an important element of the American cultural pattern. I hold such hopes for the reason that I have in my possession an outline history of the man who would surely become celebrated as The Father of Octopus Wresting. I would be the one to tell his heroic and inspiring story. His name was O'Rourke. I don't know his given name. But he is to octopus wrestling what Abner Doubleday was (or wasn't) to baseball, what Dr. James A. Naismith was to basketball, and what Lord Halliwell Jefferies was to crokinole, sometimes known as squails.

I first heard about the great O'Rourke from my friend Idwal Jones, the California critic and historian. Mr. Jones knew O'Rourke and furnished me with most of the details of his story, and I picked up additional information about him in Los Angeles and San Francisco. All this historical data has been reposing in my files for nigh 20 years. I had, indeed, forgotten about O'Rourke until just recently when I heard about the rise of octopus wrestling on the Pacific Coast.

Idwal Jones met O'Rourke through a man named Vanderhoeven, a soldier-of-fortune who looked and acted the part; he was a crack shot, a gourmet, a boulevardier, an explorer, somewhat interested in girls, and he wore a pointy beard. Back in the 1920's this Vanderhoeven came upon lean times while living in Southern California and it became necessary for him to find employment. The idea of steady work was revolting to him but he had to do something.

During sober consideration of his need for funds, he recalled the fact that the meat of the octopus is a delicacy among the Chinese who live in large numbers along the Pacific Coast, and he knew that there was always a shortage of this commodity. He schemed out a plan, and kismet moved into the picture, and he made the acquaintance of our hero O'Rourke, a former diver in the Coast Guard, who also was on his uppers. Idwal Jones described O'Rourke as being "a kobold with one eye and vast brawn, 5-foot-5, built like a redwood stump."

The dashing Vanderhoeven and the hebetudinous O'Rourke put their heads together and organized what was later known as the Octopus Monopoly. They built themselves a large and sturdy raft and acquired some old diving equipment and a rusty windlass. They informed themselves about the areas of the Pacific which were the known haunts of the eight-armed monsters, and they set out to get them in quantity.

Vanderhoeven was the brain, the mastermind, of the project and O'Rourke had what would appear on the surface to be a somewhat lesser role. He was live bait.

The operation was simplicity itself. The two men took their raft into the octopus grounds. Once over a likely field, O'Rourke stripped himself naked and fitted a diving helmet over his squarish head. Then Vanderhoeven, puffing on a stubby briar pipe, manned the windlass and lowered his partner to the ocean's floor.

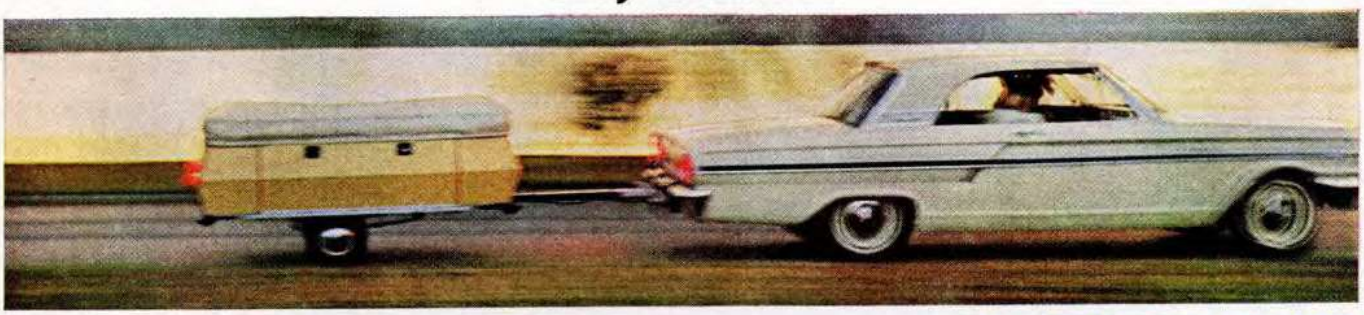
O'Rourke was never sensitive about his part in the business; he did not think of himself as the equivalent, in a sense, of a fishing worm. He'd grope his way along the bottom while overhead Vanderhoeven puffed briar and worked the ancient air-pump. O'Rourke was good at his job. He probed into submarine crevices and canyons, a shining white mark for all manner of hideous sea beasts—the voracious dog salmon, the man-eating abalone, the night-growling grunion and the spike-toothed pilchard. All of these O'Rourke brushed aside, for he sought more profitable quarry. Sooner or later, there in the watery quiet, an octopus would come at him and O'Rourke, a man of magnificent guts, would stand quiescent while the beast began wrapping him in fond embrace. There are no bigger octopuses in the world than those that flap around in the waters off California, and O'Rourke's meaty body sometimes brought forth specimens with an unpleasant reach of 12 or 14 feet.

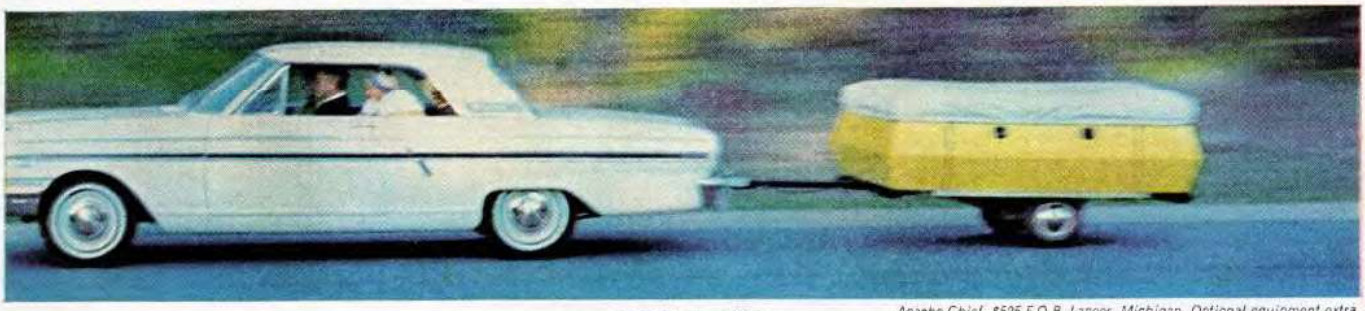
An octopus has great confidence in himself and generally goes about his work with care and deliberation, the same as a boa constrictor. It is never advisable for unskilled personnel to fool around with an octopus, lest they be partaken of. O'Rourke had a natural talent for coping with his prey. He, too, worked with a cool deliberation. After the octopus had got a fair purchase on him, he began to *pretend* resistance, with a series of squirmings and threshings, making as if to throw off the enfolding tentacles. All of these maneuvers were calculated to lead the octopus to tighten his hold. When O'Rourke thought that he was beginning to hear his own bones go crunch, he tugged at the signal cord and Vanderhoeven set to work hoisting bait and catch to the surface.

Once back aboard the raft and still in the grip of those tentacles it was O'Rourke's job to stand quietly while his partner took a *schiavone*, a two-edged basket-hilted sword he had picked up in Italy, and methodically whacked off the arms of the octopus. Witnesses to this operation often spoke feelingly of he delicate touch Vanderhoeven had with that *schiavone*. He could take off a heavy tentacle with a single stroke and never once nick the skin of his bait. After the catch had been removed and butchered, O'Rourke was given a brief rest and then back he went to the floor of the sea.

It was such an original and efficient technique for snaring the succulent cephalopod that the two men were soon wallowing in money. They dried the octopus meat and sold it at fancy prices to Chinese merchants and restaurant-keepers from San Diego to Vancouver. And all this while [*Continued on page* 101]

easy come . . .





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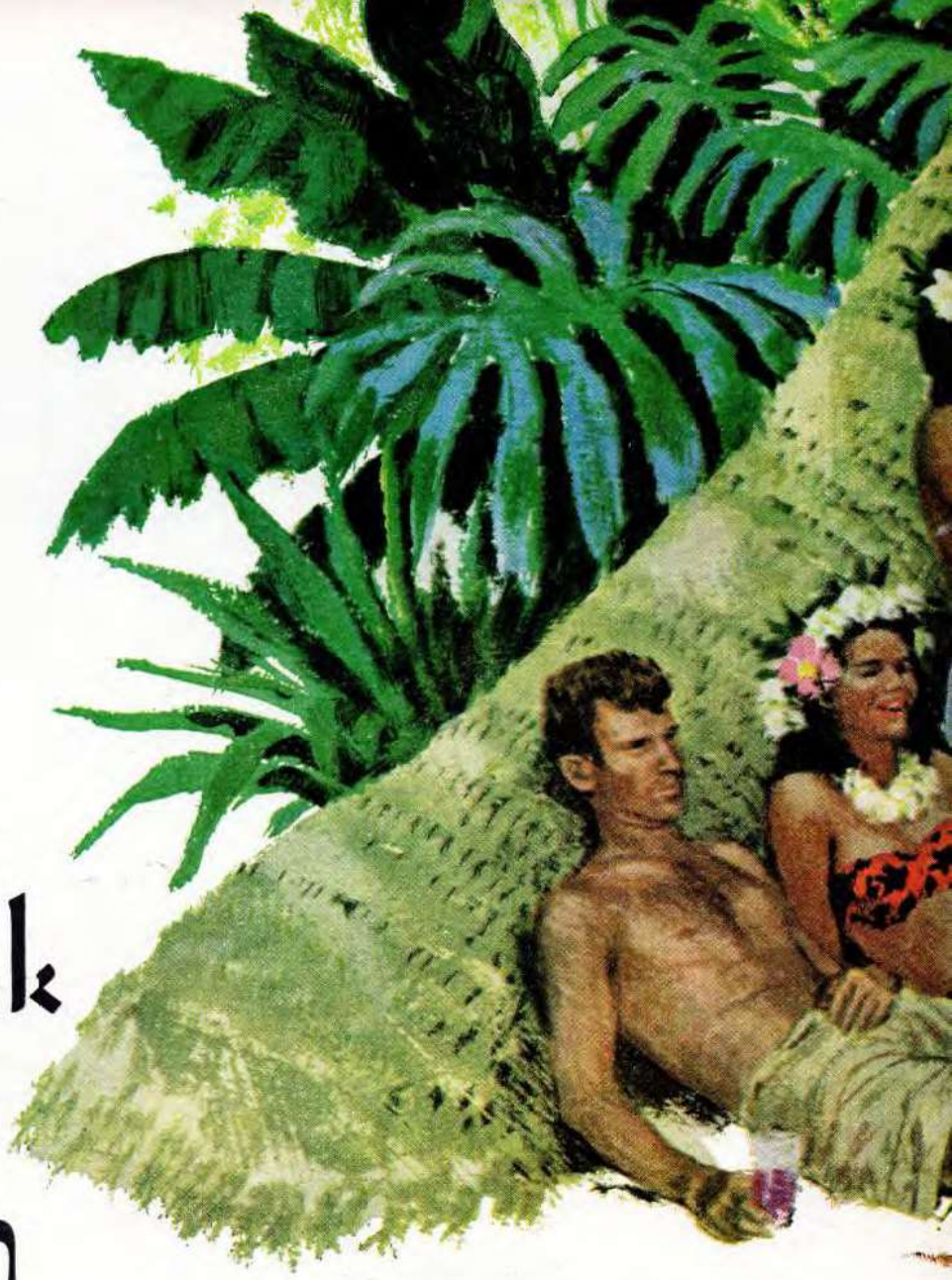

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...which is like no tourist *luau* you ever saw and the *tamare* seduction dance tops Salome any day. All you need to participate is plenty of time and stamina

■ There is one way in which most white men respond to the paradise of the South Seas—they leave. There is something about the lushness of the climate, the unending perfection of the days, the easy compliance of the *vahines* that makes for a soft quality of life which white men think they would love. Actually it drives most of them mad.

A second and smaller group reacts by becoming drunkards, but in a somewhat different way than they would in Paris or New York or San Francisco. Somehow it takes very little to get one drunk in the tropics and the ravages of alcohol work more quickly. I have seen muscular and intact men wither away until they become bony and bleached replicas of themselves in a few years.

A third group reacts by becoming lechers. Dazzled by the easy availability of young Polynesian women, amazed at what such girls will endure, they become professional seducers . . . in a place where seduction means nothing. In a kind of perpetual musth these men buy alleged virgins from any source they find, deflower them and then become bored. This group doesn't last long, for one day the lecher discovers

Tahitian Tamarraa Party

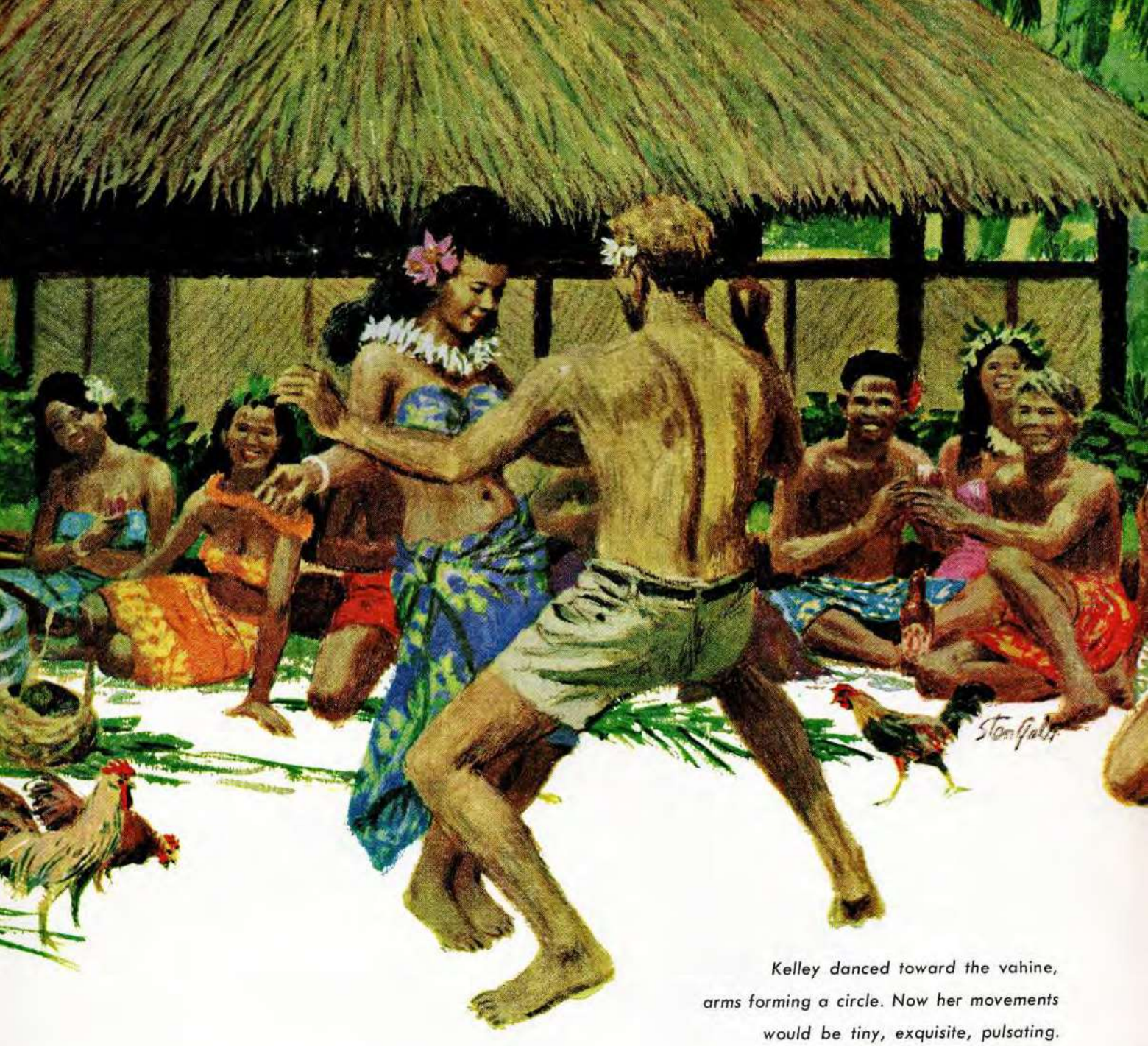
ILLUSTRATED BY STAN GALLI

that he is really just a joke, an actual community fool.

There is a fourth type, scarce and hardy, who manage to live in the tropics successfully year after year. Two such men are Hugh Kelley and Jay Carlisle. Both came from prosperous southern California families and both went to the University of Southern California. There the similarity stops. Hugh is an enormous muscular man, now in his middle 30's, who went to law school after a period in the Navy and became a skilled lawyer. In his spare time he crewed on racing sailboats out of Newport Beach, California, reaching farther and farther until he finally signed on as a crewman on a yacht racing to Tahiti. Jay is a small-boned, dark and extremely intelligent young man. After graduation, he became a stockbroker and a good one. He has a cool and analytical manner and seems to be the last man to be a romantic exile.

It was while Hugh was in Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, that he made the passage of a nine-mile channel which separates the big island of Tahiti from Moorea. It was a crucial passage. Moorea is a small, triangular-shaped island with immense blue-green mountains running down the center, white coral beaches, and is surrounded by a reef which gives off a steady boom every second of every hour and has been doing it for thousands of years. Moorea is a quiet place, famous for its dancers. In fact, the dancing skill and beauty of its girls are one of its only visible exports. The other is vanilla beans.

Kelley promptly fell in love with the place. He returned to Los Angeles, sold out his interests in his law firm, persuaded Jay to join him, and returned to Moorea. In a few weeks they had leased a piece of beautiful property with a hundred



Kelley danced toward the vahine, arms forming a circle. Now her movements would be tiny, exquisite, pulsating.

meters of glistening white sand in front of it and a lagoon full of fish beyond the beach. They hired a few Tahitians and quickly set about putting up a small nipa-type house which over the years has gradually expanded.

They also accomplished something rare among white men —they learned to speak flawless Tahitian. In fact, their Tahitian is so good and their research in the language so constant that they speak better Tahitian than all but a few isolated Tahitians who have not had their language contaminated by white men.

Jay occasionally goes back to the States or to Europe to look over their investments and to take a plunge in the stock market. Kelley lives steadily on Moorea, leaving only when he has to renew his visa.

Kelley is really the new white man in the Pacific. He is not the romantic man of the 19th century. He never expected Polynesians to be paragons of beauty and thus he is not disappointed in a girl who has a gold tooth and big tough feet. He was prepared for the fact that Tahitian men would be poor workers and therefore was not shocked when they worked two days and took a week off. He loves the sun and the sea and is an expert skindiver and surfer, but he also knows there will be a time when the sea and the sun will lose their fascination.

Kelley does not intend to live forever in French Polynesia. He does not intend to marry a Polynesian. He is not escaping from anything. He is indeed a kind of lighthearted and hard-headed hedonist, aware that his glands, body and interests will change. But he means to live life to the hilt while he can.

Tahitians are used to white *[Continued on page 74]*

The "Sherlock Holmes" pub is in old Northumberland Hotel where Sir Henry Baskerville stayed when he met Holmes in "Hound of the Baskervilles."

Holmes fan examines cast of the huge foot of the Hound of the Baskervilles.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY GEORGE DOUGLAS

■ When Sherlock Holmes dashed out at 6:30 on a foggy November night in pursuit of his arch foe, Moriarty, he left behind a partly eaten piece of toast. In the "Sherlock Holmes" pub, in the shadow of Scotland Yard, his Baker Street rooms are preserved just as they might have been when the great fictional detective interrupted his tea for the adventure that ended with his apparent death.

Dr. Watson complained that Holmes was uncomfortable to live with because he kept his things all over the place. His rooms are full of mementoes of his cases from the stacks of alphabetized books containing his lists of crim-

FINAL ACT OF A MAN WHO NEVER WAS

Sherlock Holmes fans preserve "his" rooms like a stage set for a play that never ends

Dummy of himself was used by Holmes to deceive master criminal Colonel Moran into shooting at it while Holmes watched.

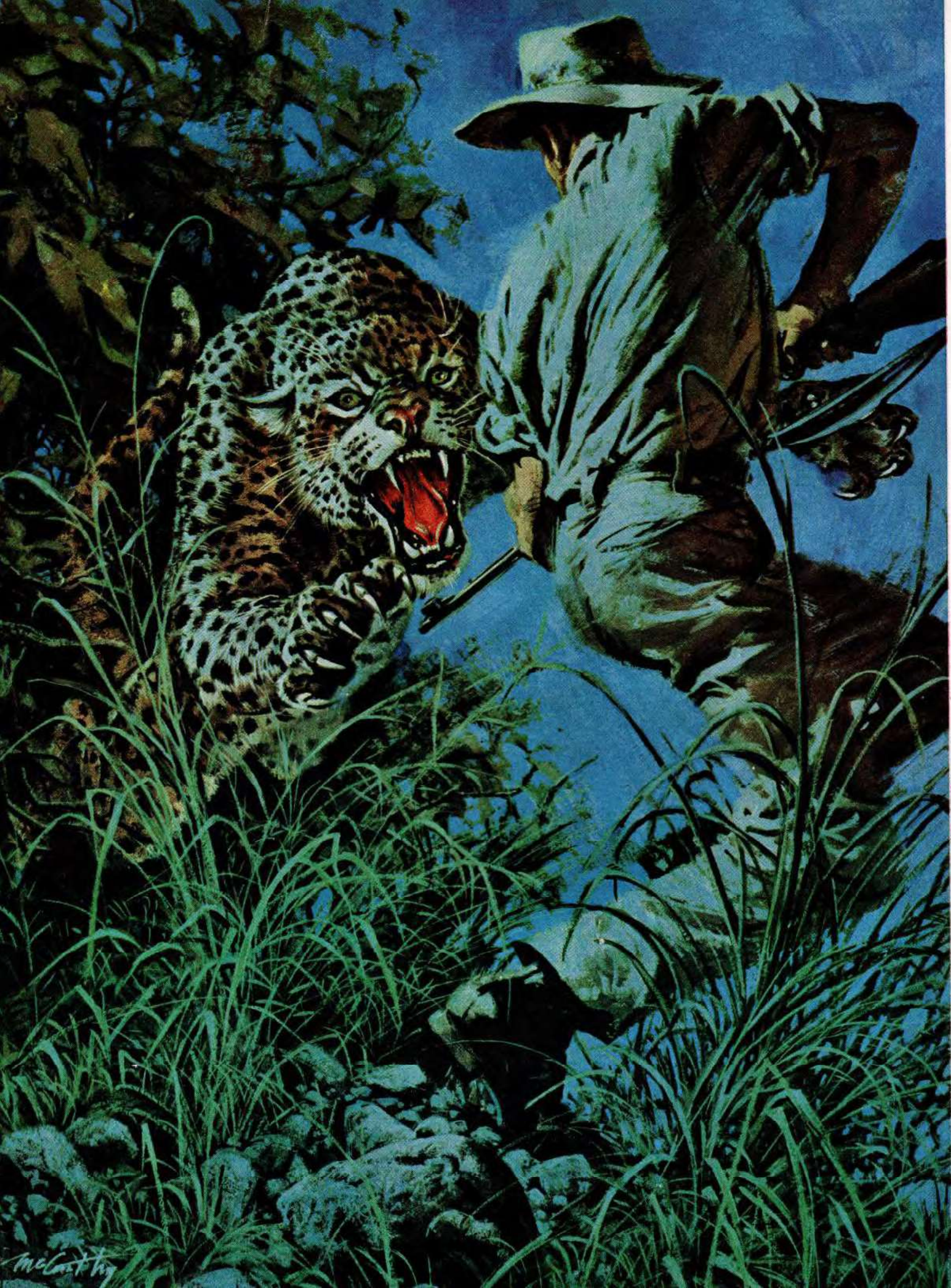
Holmes' famous pipe, favorite Egyptian cigarettes and a pair of handcuffs litter his table along with his hypodermic syringes and book he wrote on beekeeping.

Knife always pinioned Holmes' mail to mantel near his pipe tobaccos.

inals to a preserved swamp adder from "The Speckled Band." The famous deerstalker hat and cloak hang behind the door. Holmes' cigars are still in the coal scuttle where he always kept them; his chemistry equipment, whips, riding crops and violin crowd the room.

Among these props gathered by the pub's managers who are fans of Conan Doyle's famous stories, members of Sherlock Holmes societies come to drink a Moriarty—a black-hearted brew made with rum and black-currant juice. Visitors continue to ask if Holmes is still alive. He would be 110 if he were, but anything is possible for the legendary Sherlock Holmes ■

Plan of fort in India was made by Holmes for case of "Sign of the Four."


McGrath

When is a trophy dead? Not till it's on your wall. And in between miraculous resurrections the hunter must attempt to deal with sudden furies, wild pursuits and mayhem on the hoof

GAME ANIMALS THAT FIGHT BACK

BY ROBERT RUARK

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

■ Perhaps you first go to the deep bush of India or Africa with the idea you might get hurt. Maybe it proves something to the inner man—that you've got guts enough to spit in a lion's eye and walk off winning. And mostly you can . . . until God and circumstance and some critter foul up your luck. Big-game hunting *is* dangerous, and it is well not to forget it. But there are certain calculated risks one takes, of course, and you win them, and you feel pretty smug. Once in a while an uncalculated risk fixes your clock for fair, however.

Because some game such as the elephant, buffalo and gaur is huge, it may seem to the uninitiated to be slow and clottish. And lions? A joke—just like big dogs you shoot once in a while for a friend who wants a rug. Other people get chewed, never you.

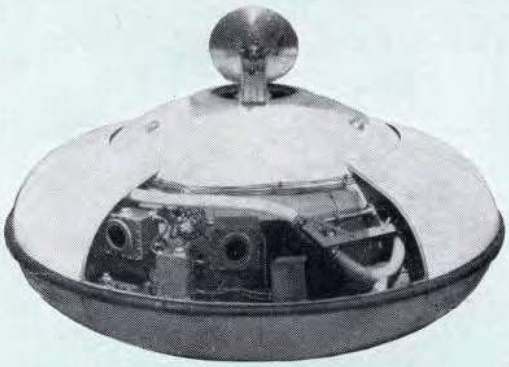
Yet regardless of size, they all can be appallingly quick, strong and tough. I would like to mention a leopard I was wearing instead of a wrist watch last year, and check back on some of the incidents that tell me nobody in the hunting trade can keep winning so long as the animals fight back. I don't care how big they build the bores of the double rifles; I don't care how flat the trajectory on the marvelous new Magnum, or how miraculous is the television picture of a variable-power scope. You play around with these wild critters long enough and one of them will carve a chop off you. A dying lady pig made a pass at me just the other day, and I lost my pants in the process.

The leopard that bit its initials on me was dead when I walked up. It was a little female which I shot out of cold spite because she was in heat and a tom leopard I wanted wouldn't come to the water-buffalo bait. He was arching his neck and caterwauling up and down the riverbed but his mind was *not* on food. We waited him out until black dark and then headed back to the *dak* bungalow, in a most unprepossessing area of India's Madhya Pradesh, to which I was not a newcomer, having shot three tigers and some other stuff there about 10 years before.

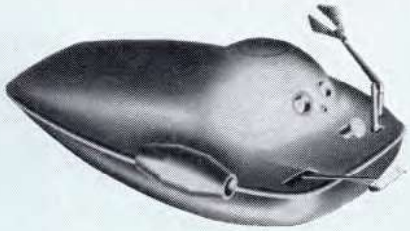
So we head home to our dismal *dak* by the railroad station, and there in the road sits the leopard bitch which caused me the frustration. I broke an old rule about never shooting at night, flashed a torch on her, and walloped her straight down the front with a soft-point .30-06. It was a Remington rifle which had slain a hundred leopards, in my hands and out. She went over backward and almost became a rug.

There is some point to note [*Continued on page 96*]

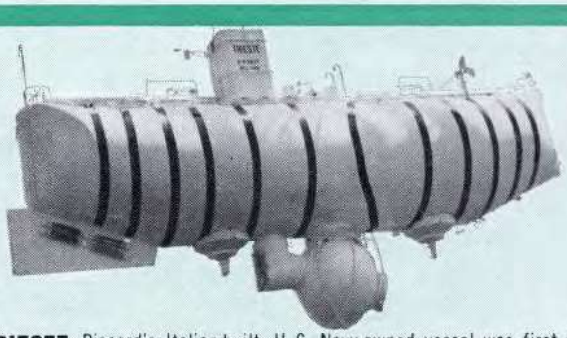
The leopard I found myself wearing instead of a wrist watch was "dead" when I walked up to it.



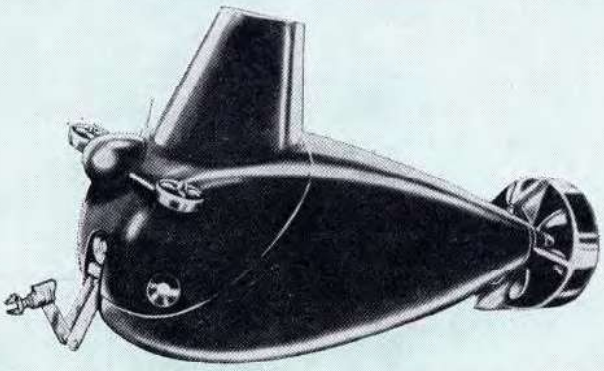
DIVING SAUCER Captain Cousteau's invention holds two, dives 1,000 feet, grabs specimens with outside arm.



DEEPSTAR Westinghouse's three-man sea car will go to 12,000-foot depth, may herd whales.



TRIESTE Piccard's Italian-built, U. S. Navy-owned vessel was first to explore sea bottom, has sunk 7 miles to deepest ocean depth.



ALVIN A deep-sea research vehicle nicknamed Alvin is being developed for the Woods Hole Institution. With two men, it will study Continental Shelf.

By MAX GUNTHER and NORMAN CARLISLE

THE SILENT WAR FOR THE DEEP SEAS

THE RUSSIANS SAY: "The nation which controls the seas will control the world."

PRESIDENT KENNEDY AGREED: "Knowledge of the oceans is more than a matter of curiosity. Our very survival may depend on it."

■ What will World War III be like?

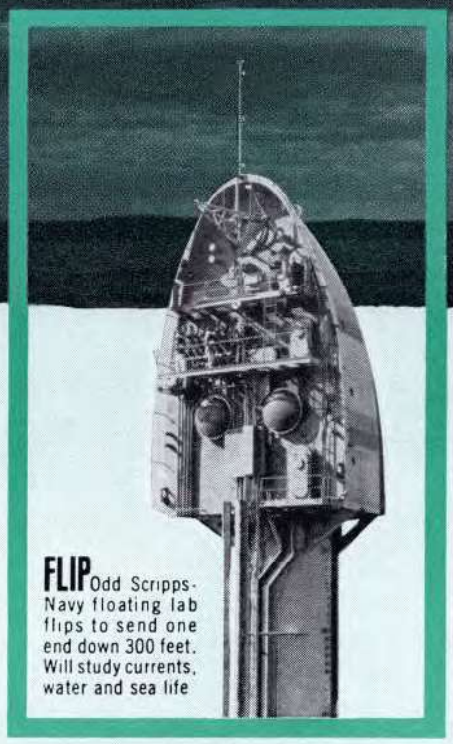
For a decade and a half this monstrous question has haunted the nightmares of mankind. From statesmen to moviemakers to ban-the-bomb crackpots, all kinds of people have tried to envision the conflict and its horrors. Their predictions have differed in detail but not in concept. As they've pictured it, the epic and final struggle between East and West will probably be short. But it will be a war of unimaginable fury and colossal destruction. Whole cities will be smashed by enormous explosions. Whole populations will be wiped out to the last man. Neither side will win. Aggressor, defender and bystanders alike will be consumed in the howling fires of their own do-it-yourself hell. The earth will be reduced in a few days to a smoldering, radioactive wasteland where no living thing moves or will move for ages again.

This is the popular picture of the Third World War. But there are some men in Washington, and quite certainly in Moscow, too, who foresee other directions that a final East-West argument might take. They consider the possibility of a war that might go on for decades before a single missile was launched against a city. By the time the deadly mushroom clouds began to rise, the war might already have been decided; the loser nation might already lie prostrate and utterly doomed. It would be a quiet war. The shooting wouldn't start until the end, as the loser nation made a last desperate bid for life. Most of the war wouldn't actually be fought; it would be conducted.

It would start slowly, imperceptibly. There would be no sure way to tell whether it had started or not. Indeed, perhaps it has started already.

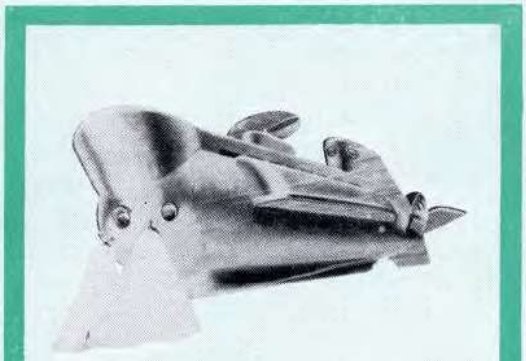
This silent war would be the war of the oceans. The principal weapons would not be man-made, but simply man-harnessed. They would be the gigantic forces and resources of the oceans themselves.

It might be a war of weather. The oceans with their mammoth currents (some of which move more water per hour than 50 Mississippi Rivers) are the main regulators of world climates. The nation that first measured all the ocean currents, mapped them, and came to a precise understanding of their effect on weather, would be in a position to engineer a slow death for an enemy. By interfering with ocean flow through dams or other methods, that nation could

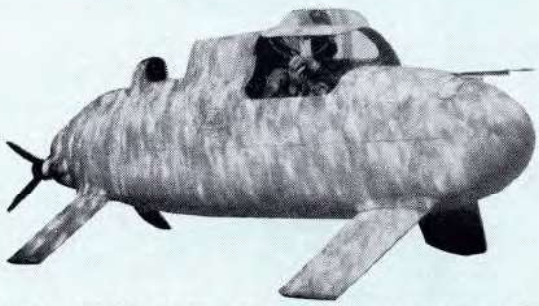


FLIP Odd Scripps-Navy floating lab flips to send one end down 300 feet. Will study currents, water and sea life

RUM Old Marine Corps tank, rebuilt by Scripps for Navy, scans off-coast sea floor with TV. Lighter, more versatile model will replace it.



ALUMINAUT Reynolds aluminum sub will range sea floor 15,000 feet down for 100 miles.



MINISUB Only 8½ feet long, this Aerojet-General scuba craft is foot or battery powered, takes one or two men to lung-diving depth.

THE SILENT WAR FOR THE DEEP SEAS

destroy an enemy's farmlands with blistering drought or Arctic cold. The drought method would be particularly effective against the United States, which is already having trouble finding enough fresh water for its farms and water-gulping industries.

Far-fetched? Ocean experts have been pondering the idea for years. Russian scientists, for example, have a grandiose scheme for damming the Bering Strait. Upsetting the flow of three ocean currents, the Russians say—the Labrador, East Greenland and Gulf Streams—would warm parts of Siberia and Alaska enough to make them farmable. The United States doesn't go along with the plan. Some American oceanographers think it might create a new arid zone farther south. Half the United States might degenerate into a parched desert.

The Soviets have all kinds of other ocean-damming plans—many of which, perhaps, they aren't telling anybody else about. Among their schemes: warming eastern Siberia by damming the Tatar Strait near Japan. The Japanese are worried about this idea. They think it may have the side effect of freezing northern Japan solid.

The ocean war might be one of starvation. Whether or not its farms are withered by a man-made drought, the United States will need much more food from the sea in coming decades. There simply isn't enough farmland to feed the exploding population. The Bureau of Commercial Fisheries guesses we'll need some three billion pounds more fish per year than we're getting now—a 60-75 percent increase—by 1980. The sea looks like our only chance to avoid famine.

Trouble is, the fish aren't always where you want them to be. Some parts of the oceans teem with life, while others are wet deserts—nothing but salt water and sandy bottom. Sometimes fish will desert an area where they've lived for decades. Salmon off our West Coast and haddock off the East Coast both seem to be disappearing. The total U.S. fish haul has hardly increased at all in five years, despite bigger fleets and improved fish-finding methods.

Oceanographers are beginning to understand why certain fish choose certain ocean areas, and why they sometimes pack up and move away. The knowledge could help make the U.S. haul grow to fill the huge needs of the future. But the same knowledge in the hands of an enemy nation might spell disaster. A clever country would have the power to turn its enemies' coastal waters into wet desert.

Too little rainfall and too little food: this is a prescription for a nation's death. It is one good reason why U.S. scientists, prodded by an increasingly worried government, have begun an intensive probe of the oceans and their mysteries. Said President Kennedy two years ago: "Knowledge of the oceans is more than a matter of curiosity. Our very survival may depend on it."

Only 29 percent of this planet is dry land. All the rest is covered by sea water—nearly three-quarters of the globe. Each nation controls a little land, but the vast and restless seas are no man's and every man's. Nobody controls them—not yet. Nobody really knows much about them. Says a report by the National Academy of Sciences: "The water areas of our planet remain the least explored, the least investigated and the least understood areas of the earth."

But as a Russian scientist, Prof. G. V. Petrovich, pointed out to a group of his colleagues last year: "The nation which first learns to understand the seas will control them. And the nation which controls the seas, my colleagues, *will control the world.*"

This is what the President meant when he talked about survival. In the past two years, the race to understand the seas has become just as urgent as the race for outer space. "Oceanography used to be a leisurely sort of science," says marine biologist Bob Eberhardt, who studies deep-sea life for the Lockheed-California Co. "Now we suddenly find ourselves in a flat-out race with the Russians." Eberhardt himself is an example of the [*Continued on page* 102]

To catch a fish weighing hundreds of pounds—that was my dream. But I never imagined how tough it would be till I set the huge hook

By PHILIP WYLIE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH

Suddenly the homemade crane broke and my great tuna crashed into the sea.

THE FISHING DAY I'LL NEVER FORGET

■ Every morning, my alarm clock exploded at 4, and because the New Jersey coast was never becalmed that August, I could hear water talking. Not the angry crash of the Atlantic where it met the stone jetties that protected the Manasquan Inlet but the slap of an uneasy harbor against the sides of fishing cruisers. There was, always, a Thermos of coffee at my bedside. Sugar. Canned milk. So, even before I was dressed, the Thing had possessed me again—the urge to get out there and make another day-long, sweaty, sea-tossed attempt to catch a giant bluefin tuna. My determination to take a huge game fish had been honed fine over years of hard but futile endeavor.

Thermos emptied, clothing donned, I'd let myself quietly out of the hotel and moved out on the Brielle dock where ropes squeaked, fenders thumped softly and outriggers traced patterns against whatever sort of sky hung above.

The *Beachcomber*—the vessel I'd chartered—was easy to spot in the long row of similar craft. And her distinguishing feature had much to do with the adventure awaiting me on one of those predawn-commenced days. Always, too, as I neared that custom-built 38-footer, her skipper, George Fizell, would call, "Morning! Fine day!"

Maybe he always meant it, too! For George was a supersailor. He had a master's certificate—steam or sail—and it finally cost him his life in World War II but that sacrifice brought his name lasting glory.

"Windy!" I'd say, each day.

"Ought to bring up the tuna!" he'd reply.

George was an invincible optimist. Fishing with him in other years, I'd learned that George believed any kind of weather "ought" to bring up fish: windy or tranquil, rainy or fair, a dirty sou'wester or a boisterous northerly piling the Gulf Stream seas half as high as the *Beachcomber* was long. And we'd caught fish, down South, in all sorts of weather, too—sails and white marlin, tawny amberjacks and groupers with mouths the size of volley balls . . . but never a fish of even 100 pounds.

Never for me. And never, thus far, for the *Beachcomber*. So her skipper was, if possible, more determined to boat a big gamester than I. The fact that he'd never managed for me or for any of his scores of other customers seared his enormous pride.

I'd take the long step, dock to boat, and the young, quiet mate would cast off. The *Beachcomber's* engines would burp into action, rousing other skippers to curse us for our foolish start at such an hour . . . and go back to dreaming in

their harbor-rocked bunks as we moved out toward deep water.

Shadowy markers and illumined beacons would guide us between the jetties. Near the place where they ended and a blinker marked the sea verge, the in-charging Atlantic would make itself felt, smacking our bow, twisting us off course.

When we reached the open sea, George would be topside at the controls. The mate would be waiting for his workday to begin and I'd be moving about feeling the full fever of the angler-hunter. *Maybe we'd hang a big one today.*

We'd head north when far enough offshore.

Past Asbury Park, its glamor lights lowered to a sullen, predaylight shimmer along the horizon. On toward our regular destination: the Mud Hole. There, over a cozy bottom a dozen fathoms down, schools of horse mackerel were expected to appear any August day, hunting for schools of food creatures: herring, menhaden or, for all we knew, sand eels. But in spite of our early arrival every day and our late departure for Brielle, and in spite of the chumfeast we had daily spread on the waters, no tuna had manifested themselves.

Today, though, was another day.

Dawn would come as we moved north on the roller-coaster sea and would delineate the bizarre superstructure of the *Beachcomber*, the A-shaped gadget that towered above the canopy between the lashed and vertical outriggers.

The first time I saw it was the first day I met the *Beachcomber* at Brielle. "What in hell," I said to George, after introductions, "is that?"

The corners of his eyes wrinkled. "Derrick," he said.

"What for?"

His answer, as often, was a question. "How much do tuna—record blue marlin broadbill—weigh?"

"Five hundred pounds?"

"Commercial fishermen," George answered disgustedly, "have taken tuna *and* marlin over 1,000 pounds. Someday a sports fisherman is going to break that mark."

I nodded agreement. (The fact that at the time no big-game angler had shattered the half-ton mark will reveal to the knowledgeable reader how very long ago all this took place.)

George went on with another question:

"How many really big fish are hooked, fought to a standstill, brought alongside, then lost when the guides try to get them aboard?"

The answer to that was simple even for me—a man whose biggest fish had weighed maybe 80 pounds.

"Plenty!"

"Right." Then George explained the tall new equipment which had so markedly changed the *Beachcomber's* silhouette, pointing out each feature as he talked.

"That crane's made of two lengths of steel pipe, bolted together at the peak. Each leg swings on heavy bolts from a gunwale. The whole thing can be lowered out beyond the stern by a block and tackle and made fast there. A second block and tackle carries a line attached to the flying gaff. Okay. You get your big fish near the boat. The guide lowers the crane. Once he rams the flying gaff home, all he has to do is heave.

"Your prize fish is lifted clear of the water. No chance to slap itself free by batting the boat—the fish never touches the hull. No chance to fight on, after gaffing, because it's in the air. Then you just swing him in and lower him into the cockpit."

And so each dawn I'd look aloft at the sky-scratching derrick. Always I'd imagine it coming down and soon pulling up with a great fish dangling.

Every day—until this one—we'd anchored at the Mud Hole and chummed till time to return. Chumming, of all fishing methods, is the least aesthetic when done on the scale and in the manner then prevalent. It not only involves lying at anchor the day long in however-sloppy seas—a feature certain to test the seaworthiness of all hands—but it tests them in other ways.

"Chum" is any mascerated fish material or fish gobbets tossed into water to attract bigger fish. Chumming for tuna is a large-scale edition of the basic item. On the *Beachcomber* we fared forth with several 100-pound cases of frozen menhaden. Arriving at our anchorage, we fixed an outsized meat grinder to the gunwale and into its hopper, fish by fish, we dropped the menhaden or mossbunkers as they thawed. Each was duly ground up by a cranking member of the group and dribbled onto the waves.

An hour or so of that process created behind the cruiser a slick comprised of fishbits and oil that rode current and tide into the far distance. This edible pathway was supposed to be intercepted eventually by one or more tuna on their food-hunting gambits. And it was presumed that once they scented a slick they'd follow it to its source where a hook would be presented with a double handful of chum bagged in the neat camouflage of hair net.

The day of which I tell seemed like all the others until, as the sun climbed well up the sky, I observed we were passing the Mud Hole. I was glad. Everything about the Mud Hole from the look of the distant Jersey coast to the occasional passage of commercial herring boats had become tediously familiar. We forged north for a long while on moderate seas until Ambrose Light appeared. We anchored perhaps a thousand yards to the north of the lightship. The mate broke out the chum grinder, hacked open a case of melting menhaden and began to grind.

The heavy rod I had long hoped to use for something more than dockside practice was set in the gimbal of the fighting chair. Its reel, almost ice-cream-freezer size, was a new sort with transparent sides of plastic through which its cogs, gears and brakes could be observed. Our line was 54-thread, breaking point 162 pounds. (The art of taking great fish on light tackle was then unknown.) A piano-wire leader led from line to mammoth hook which lay on the stern in a mass of reeking chum contained by a hair net. Other features invented by George Fizell were ready. The slick we were making began to reach in a lazy zig zag toward Ambrose Lightship. Two hours passed.

However, it was a change from the Mud Hole. For here, hard by Ambrose Light, we were able to watch a near-constant procession of ocean-going freighters, tankers and great liners on their way to and from the piers of distant Manhattan. By and by, the wind picked up and swung toward the south. If George noticed, he said nothing. And after lunch when George noticed something else, he still said nothing.

But by the way he slammed from the canopy into the stern cockpit I realized there was cause for excitement and immediately joined him as he leaned far over the stern, staring down. Nothing to see.

I eventually asked, "What?"

He replied with a curt "There!" and pointed.

On the side of an advancing wave was a novel formation—a miniature whirlpool, spinning, diminishing. Then another. "Boils!" I whispered.

"Boils!" he answered hoarsely.

A magic word in this art. These little drifting vortices meant that down below somewhere the tails [*Continued on page* 112]

However highly aficionados talk of Belmonte, Joselito and the other great toreros, there is one name they mention only with awe: Maera

THE BRAVEST BULL KILLER

BY BARNABY CONRAD

■ From his front row seat, the gaunt 25-year-old spectator in the blue suit grew more and more furious as he watched the bullfight's progress.

"That is no way to fight a bull," he growled to the beautiful woman sitting next to him.

His was an eagle's face; he had an eagle nose and eagle eyes set in deep, sad hollows that never stopped watching the inept action in the ring. The reason he himself wasn't in the arena performing with that bull was told in the splint and bandage on his left hand: yesterday, the stiletto tip of a bull's horn had spiked completely through the palm. Any ordinary man would still have been confined to the hospital from the slamming shocks of the terrible tossing, the searing flesh-ripping wound and the subsequent operation.

But Maera was no ordinary man. Oblivious to the painful throbbing of his hand, he fretted in his seat, angrily chewing on a pencil-thin cigar.

"Stand up to that animal, *hombre!*" he muttered. "Be a man!"

"It's a difficult bull," said his companion.

"He's giving down to it," said Maera. "The animal knows he's afraid—that's why it's a difficult bull and for no other reason!"

Maera anxiously watched the clumsy maneuvers of the substitute matador for a few more agoniz-

ILLUSTRATED BY GUY DEEL

Maera jumped out of the stands into the arena.

ing minutes. Then the matador withdrew from the animal to go to the fence for a towel with which to wipe his green and sweaty face.

"The coward is ruining that brave animal!" Maera said. Suddenly he placed his good hand on the balustrade in front of him and vaulted down into the alleyway. Two steps and then he was over the fence into the arena.

"It's Maera!" Most of the crowd recognized the great matador in mufti. "It's Maera!"

With his jacket he lured the charging animal through five classic veronicas.

The bull was 50 feet away. It wheeled and looked at this strange, natty figure sauntering across the golden sand. The wounded hand was in his pocket, the other adjusted his tie, and the thin cigar jutted defiantly from his mouth. The crowd buzzed with astonishment. Then, with horror, they saw the bull start to charge at the unarmed man.

Maera stopped walking. He took his hand from his pocket. He stood there like a statue, like an interested but uninvolved [*Continued on page* 91]

my life with the little stinkers

There's more to a skunk than meets the nose. His bag of tricks includes a version of six-shooter that will knock your eye out

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

MALVERN, PA.

■ No one can say I didn't get into the skunk business with my eyes open—especially my wife who reminds me of the fact every time she has to have another rug cleaned. It started out innocently enough. I'd dropped in at the Chester County Aquarium in Paoli, Pennsylvania, near my farm to pick up a few live mice as food for my tarantulas and snakes. Formerly, I'd bought my mice from a dear old lady who loves mice and thought I was buying them as pets. When she found out the truth, she not only stopped dealing with me but now, when I go by, stands at the door of her shop screaming, "Murderer!" So I took my business elsewhere.

The Aquarium is run by a Mr. Mel Venti who specializes in exotic pets, many of which also require food mice, and so he has a steady supply. Mel arrived here some two years ago trailing clouds of aardvarks, geckos and genets, and although the interests of the Main Line run mainly to horses, dogs and playing Bridgeport with each other's wives, Mel discovered a market for his wares. As a result, he has prospered and is now doing a flourishing business in the kind of things usually limited to visions seen during the D.T.'s. Generally, I'm prepared for anything at Mel's but I wasn't prepared for the sight of two large skunks that rushed out from under a table with up-raised tails, and busily stamped on the floor with their forefeet.

"Gave you a start, didn't they?" said Mel jovially after he'd caught up with me half way down the block. "Don't worry, they're deodorized. Make wonderful pets and are the ideal conversation piece. Imagine your guests' reaction during a cocktail party when those two walk in unexpectedly. In no time at all, you'll be known as a quaint chap among your friends. I'm selling them for $50 the pair. It's like parting with my own flesh and blood but go ahead and take them—they're yours."

Frankly, I've always been a sucker for skunks. As a child, I had several that were the talk of the neighborhood—especially if the wind happened to be right. Skunks have played an important part in the history of America. Their pelts were considered so valuable that trappers opened new territories in search of them. Skunk trappers founded Chicago, which means "skunk land" in Indian—a fact generally not advertised by the Chicago Chamber of Commerce. Under the impressive name of Alaskan sable, many a wood pussy found itself wrapped around the regal shoulders of a wealthy dowager—and hurriedly cast aside when the dowager wore it out in the rain; dampness brings out the latent odor unless the fur has been carefully prepared. Skunks are fearless—as why shouldn't they be [*Continued on page* 82]

The skunks prefer a wastebasket to any other accommodations.

The pelt is thick, luxurious.

Skunk musk once was used as a fixative for expensive perfumes.

When a skunk cocks his tail and paws the ground—that means trouble.

The author on his Pennsylvania farm with his two deodorized wood pussies. He supposed they'd be easy as cats to care for. He was mistaken.

THE CASE OF

THE CLUES THAT DEFIED GRAVITY

Captain Baumiller had a problem: the dead woman had been found in a wrecked car, but the accident hadn't killed her. What had?

BY ALAN HYND

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD TERPNING

BALTIMORE, MD.

■The two officers in the prowl car of the Baltimore County Police had just turned into hilly Taylor Avenue from U.S. Highway Number 1 when they saw the lights of a car zooming toward them. It must have been hitting around 60, and it seemed headed straight for the highway. Suddenly it swerved, glanced off a telephone pole, careened across the avenue, ran up a slope and turned over on its right side.

The cops, Paul Hardesty and John Eurice, jumped from the prowl car and reached the wreck in a few seconds. The motor of the car, a new dark-blue Chrysler sedan bearing New York license tags, was still racing, the rear wheels spinning furiously. Hardesty reached in and switched off the ignition. Then he and Eurice pulled out the sole occupant, a woman in her mid-30's. They could feel no pulse. The woman, while quite warm, was also quite dead.

In the car and on the body the cops could find no purse, no license. Relaying the news into headquarters by radio, they waited until an ambulance arrived to remove the body. Then they continued their rounds. The Chrysler would be towed to a police garage during the night.

This was the opening scene of what was to go into the records as Baltimore's almost-perfect crime. . . .

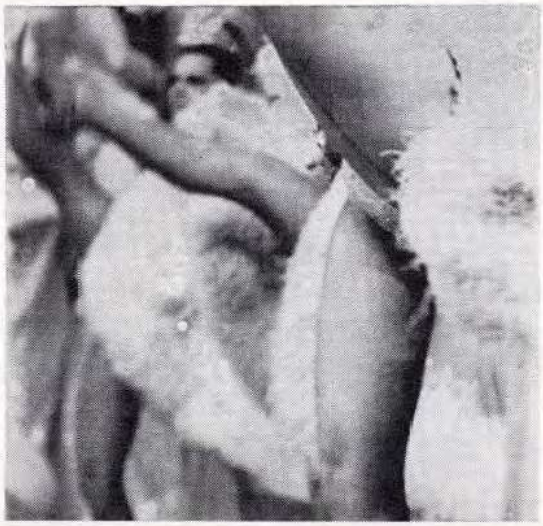
When the two cops went off duty at 7 o'clock the following morning, Wednesday, August 20, 1952, they dropped into the office of Capt. Cyril Baumiller, acting chief of detectives. "Maybe you should go around to the garage and take a look at that car, Captain," Hardesty said. "John and I have been wondering all night why [*Continued on page* 86]

The cops looked into the wreck. The car's sole occupant was a woman in her 30's. She was quite dead.

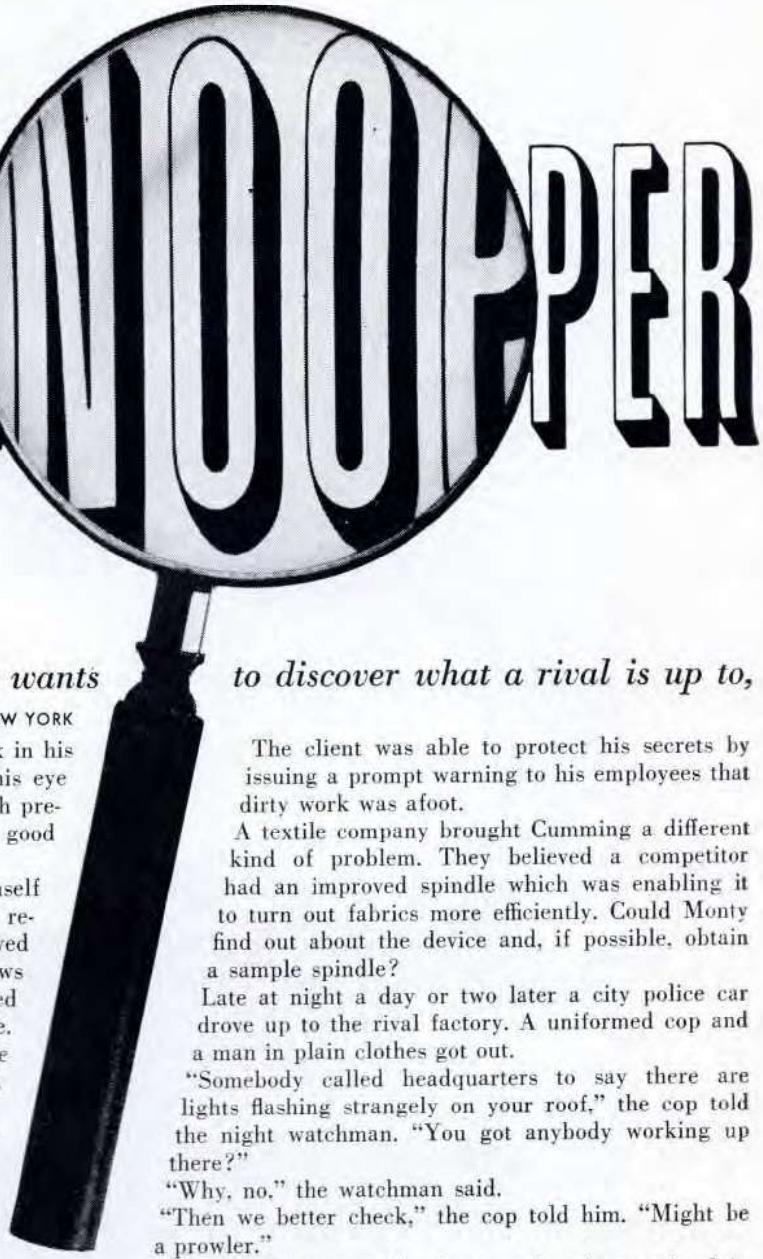
GIRL WATCHING IN LAS VEGAS

In a recent issue of your favorite man's magazine, peripatetic photographer, Bob Halmi, offered TRUE readers a new insight to an age-old game: girl watching. Having covered—or uncovered—the French Riviera's Bikini Beach, he was sent to a newer, lusher field: Las Vegas. Photographer's telegraphic response:

WHETHER YOU VISIT THE STARDUST, DESERT INN, RIVIERA, DUNES, THUNDERBIRD OR THE SANDS, THE GIRLS ARE SHOW-STOPPERS AND EYE POPPERS. S'ELP'ME, MORE GOOD LOOKING GALS HERE PER ACRE THAN ANY OTHER TRACT OF REAL ESTATE I'VE BEEN TO. NEXT ASSIGNMENT, PLEASE!



SUPER-SNOOPER



When a fiercely competitive industrialist wants to discover what a rival is up to,

NEW YORK

■ Home from the office, the industrial engineer settled back in his easy chair to enjoy his favorite evening paper. Suddenly his eye was caught by an ad. A large firm wanted to hire a man with precisely his own qualifications, and the salary offered was a good deal more than he was making in his current job.

Next day the engineer answered the ad and found himself being interviewed by an affable, businesslike "executive recruiter." In fact, in the days that followed he was interviewed several times and at great length. A couple of the interviews took place over excellent dinners which had been preceded by several rounds of Martinis and were accompanied by wine.

Naturally wanting to impress his prospective employer, the engineer talked about the great job he was currently doing. And talked. And talked.

In the end, however, he didn't get the job. For years afterward he wondered why.

The reason was simple enough: there was no job.

The setting had been a fake arranged by the affable "executive recruiter." The original want ad had been designed solely to attract one person—this particular engineer. His own job experience had been carefully studied to make certain that the advertised qualifications fit him precisely; the imaginary salary had been set at a figure comfortably above his own; the ad had been placed in only one paper—the one he was known to read.

The whole elaborate masquerade had been set up as a means of trapping the engineer into talking about his employer's secret manufacturing processes. As a result of the talk, a fully detailed report on those processes went into the hands of the firm's principal competitor.

Ulmont O. Cumming, the nation's Number One business spy, had scored again.

Cumming not only inserts phony want ads in search of information, but he has also been known to answer them. Once a client of his spotted a suspicious-looking ad and promptly called Cumming. Was the ad planted by a competitor in search of information? And if so, were any of his employees biting?

Monty whipped up a phony resume, answered the ad and found himself in the office of a local lawyer who was interviewing applicants. Cumming was able to report to his client not only that the lawyer was fishing for secret information, but that there lay on his desk, in plain sight, an application from the client's plant superintendent.

The client was able to protect his secrets by issuing a prompt warning to his employees that dirty work was afoot.

A textile company brought Cumming a different kind of problem. They believed a competitor had an improved spindle which was enabling it to turn out fabrics more efficiently. Could Monty find out about the device and, if possible, obtain a sample spindle?

Late at night a day or two later a city police car drove up to the rival factory. A uniformed cop and a man in plain clothes got out.

"Somebody called headquarters to say there are lights flashing strangely on your roof," the cop told the night watchman. "You got anybody working up there?"

"Why, no," the watchman said.

"Then we better check," the cop told him. "Might be a prowler."

They were going up in the elevator when the man in plain clothes spoke for the first time. "I'll check the second floor while you fellows look on the roof," he said. "That way we'll be sure to nab him if there's anybody there."

The watchman let him out on the main production floor, then continued with the cop to the roof. When the three men met again a few minutes later, they had found no prowler—but Monty Cumming had one of the new spindles in his pocket.

Such cloak-and-dagger trickery is just part of everyday work to Cumming, a perky, peppery little rooster of a man who is outstanding among the hundreds of business spies operating in the United States today. Some of these men bluntly call their trade industrial espionage, or IE. Cumming prefers to call it "competitive intelligence."

Whatever it is called, the practice is as widespread in modern business as ordinary spying is between nations. A Harvard Business School study of 200 executives revealed that 27 percent of them knew of spying in their own industries.

That figure undoubtedly reflects only a small part of the espionage that actually goes on. By the nature of the business, people who hire spies do not usually talk about it, while the fellow who is spied upon may not even know it. Sometimes a case breaks out into the open, as one did about 20 years ago when Lever Brothers was planning to bring out Swan soap as a competitor

By JAY NELSON TUCK

FOR SUPER SECRETS

he calls in nobody but Monty Cumming, the businessman's spy who spies on business

to Procter & Gamble's Ivory. A couple of P & G agents managed to get a sample of Swan from a Lever employee, enabling P & G to bring out an improved version of Ivory 10 months before Swan hit the market. Lever sued for patent infringement, and in the end P & G had to pay compensation of $5.6 million.

Cumming himself has been a key man in a similar spectacular lawsuit which began nearly 12 years ago and is only now drawing near its end. After World War II a number of companies began to experiment with aerosol products, in which the effective substance is brought out of its container by gas pressure (a method first popularized as the DDT bomb of World War II). Generally, however, they ran into serious difficulty in applying the principle effectively. Among the experimenters was Carter Products, which was seeking to develop an aerosol shaving cream.

Carter finally farmed the research and development work out to Snell Laboratories, whose employees were sworn to secrecy. Snell found the combination Carter wanted: freon gas was used to make a specially compounded cream squirt out at exactly the right speed and consistency. So Rise shaving cream was born.

Then the Colgate-Palmolive Company hired two key employees away from Snell, and in short order Rapid Shave was on the market. Carter suspected that Colgate had obtained its formula from the Snell men and was infringing its rights. It hired Cumming to find out.

Cumming won't tell exactly how he did it in this case, but he came up with the information Carter wanted. That firm brought suit in 1951. Colgate entered a denial, and the case went dragging its way through the courts.

At one point, the Colgate lawyers attacked Cumming's methods and his ethics. A part of Carter's response to this was to show that Cumming's clients included such eminently respectable employers as Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), the Hoover Company, International Business Machines—and the very law firm which had just attacked him.

Eventually the court found that Colgate should pay damages to Carter and appointed a special master to recommend a suitable award. At this writing, he has suggested a payment of $5 million, but the matter is not yet closed.

The Carter-Colgate case illustrates perfectly one reason that industrial espionage has mushroomed in recent years. Under today's murderously competitive business conditions, a single new product can shoot up out of nowhere to dominate the market and bring its maker huge profits, as Crest toothpaste, formulated a few years ago, zoomed up to become by far the leading seller among dentifrices. A single important new product, or a related group of products, can even rocket an entire company from nowhere right into the big time—witness *Ampex, Polaroid* and *Xerox*.

With new scientific developments popping all around us, the effort business makes to take advantage of them by developing new products and processes has multiplied manifold since World War II. American business will, it is estimated, spend more than $10 billion on research and development during 1963. Not surprisingly, then, companies also expend maximum effort to protect their own expensive new secrets and to learn the other fellow's. "Let's face it," Cumming says. "It's dog eat dog."

The expression may be neither elegant nor new, but the appraisal is realistic. Any businessman needs to know what his competition is up to. Macy's may or may not tell Gimbel's some things, but you can bet that Macy's wants to know exactly what Gimbel's is offering by way of a bargain in brassieres so it will not be undersold. That's why department stores maintain staffs of comparison shoppers—a by-no-means disreputable way of collecting competitive intelligence.

In the same way, a manufacturer needs to know many things about his competitors. He must ask himself: Is my rival underselling me by offering hidden discounts? Does his product have some special attribute that will enable him to beat me out of a market? Is he planning some unique promotion campaign that might win away my customers? Does he have some new manufacturing process which enables him to produce his product more efficiently and therefore to price it a little lower than mine?

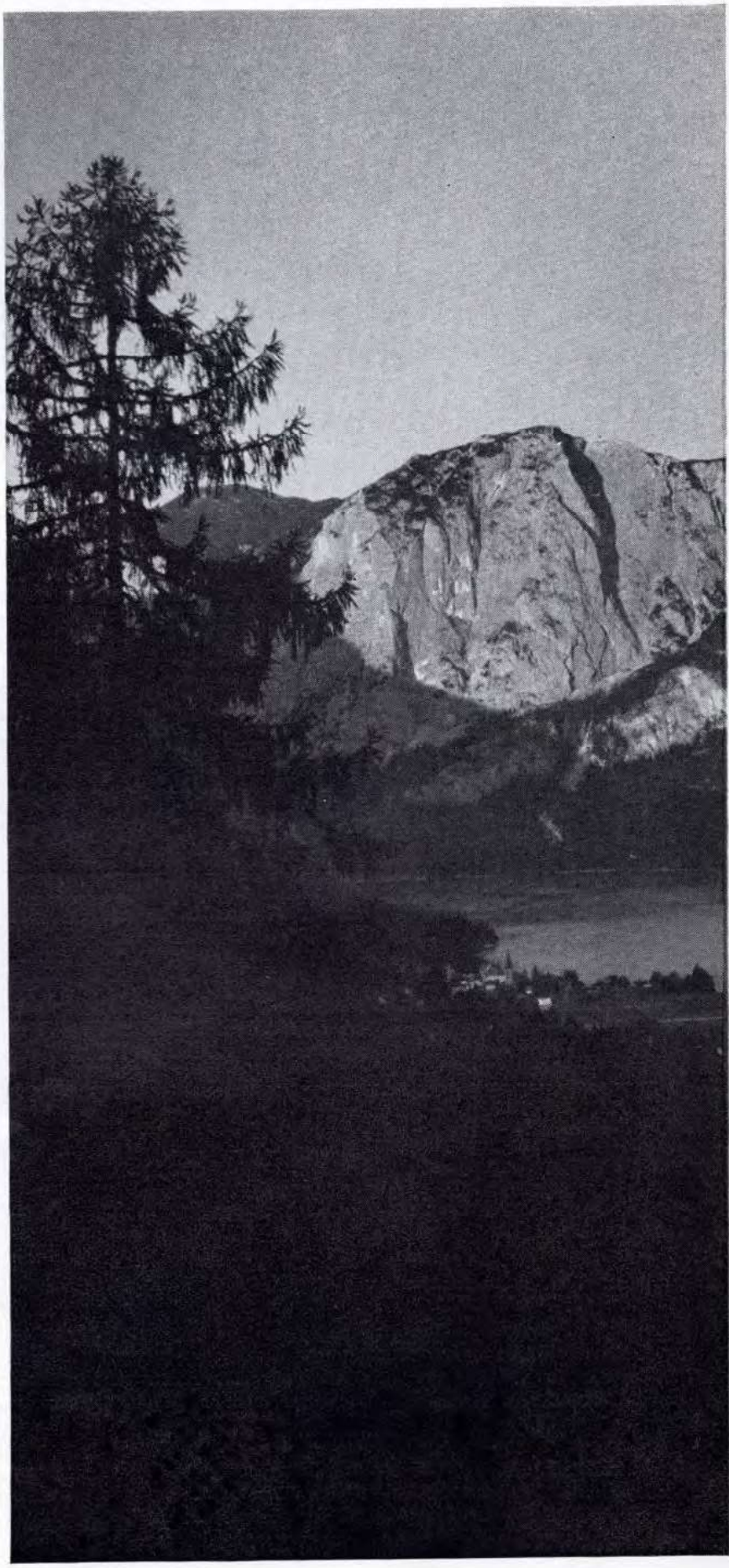
Answers to questions like these are vital, and businessmen will go to great lengths to get them. The mammoth E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., for example, maintains a very elaborate "Commercial Intelligence Service" for collecting such information, organizing it, and distributing it to the appropriate employees. Each piece of "competitive intelligence" is filed on a card in a central headquarters. More than 50,000 of these cards are prepared and filed each year.

Much of this ocean of information, of course, is acquired by means as open and as respectable as comparison shopping. Many companies buy and analyze the products of their competitors. Such common sources as trade papers and companies' annual reports give a great deal of information. Salesmen report back on what prospects say about rival [*Continued on page* 109]

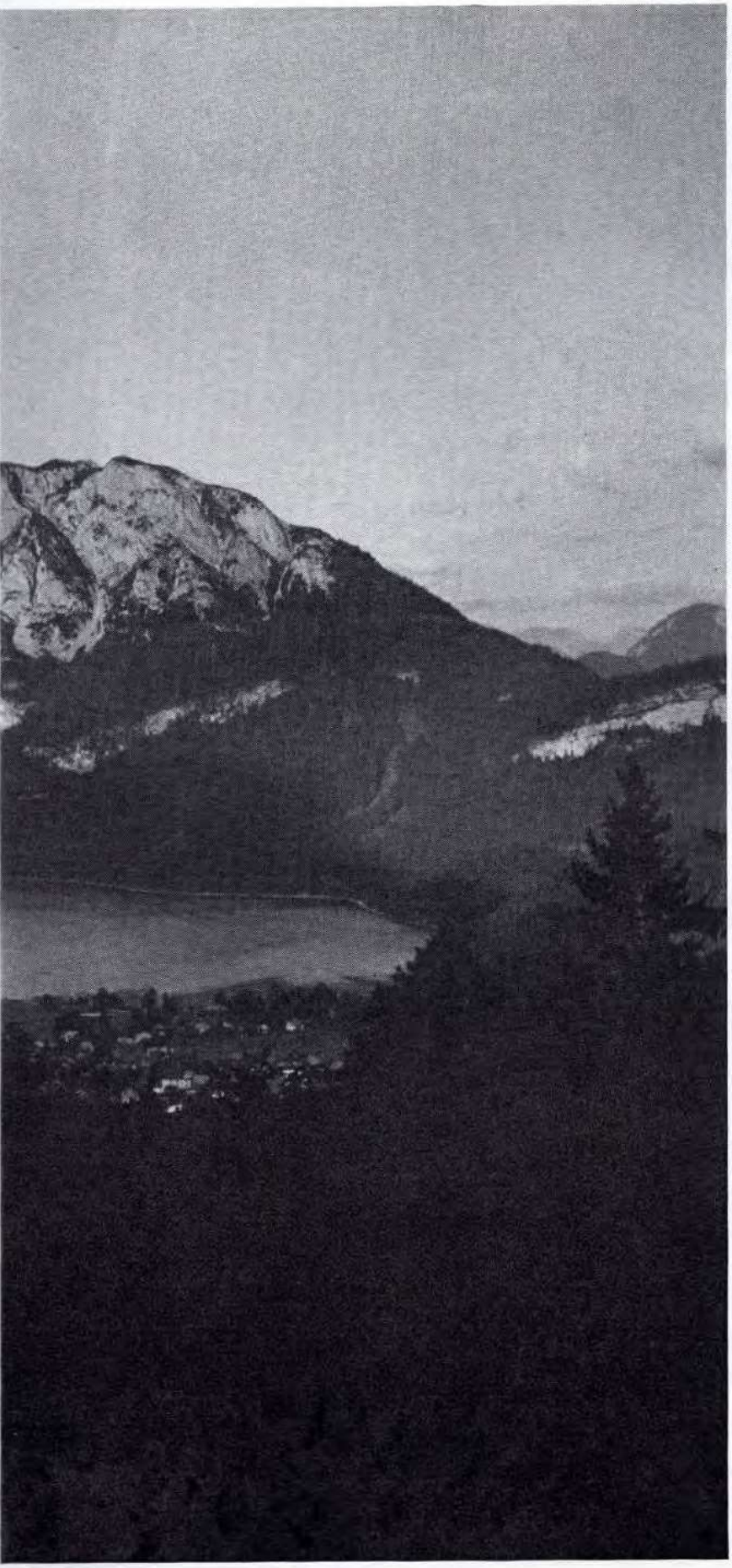
LAST VALHALLA OF THE NAZIS

Fortress, treasure-trove, gateway to the Nazi underground —today the feared Alpenfestung is a legend-haunted monument to Hitler madness

By GEOFFREY BOCCA



Depths of Lake Toplitz still hide Nazi treasures. Alt Aussee, on its shore, was once crowded with Nazi leaders heading for last-stand hideaway.



■ The road up to the ski resort of Alt Aussee in the Austrian Tyrol is winding, but wide and dramatic. The ascent begins at Salzburg, leads through dreaming Tyrolean villages and sweeps past cold, black lakes, into and out of tall forests of birch and pine, and along by the foot of sheer peaks which are snow-capped all the year round. Alt Aussee is a town of rustic inns, fine restaurants and magnificent ski tows. This is the Austrian Tyrol of today, the Tyrol of *gemutlichkeit* and credit cards. In season it is impossible to get a room.

Alt Aussee was crowded 18 years ago, too—crowded with the S.S., with Gestapo agents, with leaders of the collapsing Third Reich. It was known then as the *Alpenfestung*—the Alpine Fortress—or Hitler Redoubt. Here the German army planned a last stand against the Allies. By flashing missiles down from the peaks like the thunderbolts of the old German gods, they would shatter their enemies and gain a 12th-hour victory against all odds.

Today, the great Hitler Redoubt has passed into legend, and the truth about it remains one of World War II's least-known stories. There are those who insist it never existed, even though toward the end of the war the thought of it constantly haunted the Allied high command. The anxiety it caused Churchill and Eisenhower increased as the war progressed, and percolated down to every fighting soldier. Before D-Day no one had heard of the Hitler Redoubt. But as each German defense was smashed in turn, the sinister words throbbed louder and louder in the ears of Allied intelligence officers: *Alpenfestung* . . . Hitler Redoubt . . . and, most ominous of all, Werewolves. These last would be die-hard Nazis who, even after Germany had lost the war, would emerge out of the smoking ruins to terrorize and kill the conquerors.

In *Crusade in Europe* General Eisenhower, describing the days when the Allies were closing in on Germany's western borders, said, "For many weeks we had been receiving reports that the cream of the S.S., the Gestapo and other organizations fanatically devoted to Hitler, expected to block the tortuous mountain passes and to hold out indefinitely. Such a stronghold could always be reduced by eventual starvation if in no other way. But if the German was permitted to establish the Redoubt he might possibly force us to engage in long-drawn-out guerrilla warfare or costly siege and keep alive his desperate hope that through disagreement among the Allies he might secure terms more favorable than unconditional surrender. The evidence was clear that the Nazi intended to make the attempt."

There were other urgent reasons for fearing the creation of the *Alpenfestung*. The "doodlebugs" and rockets (V-1's and V-2's) which showered on London after D-Day showed that

As evidence of fantastic Nazi plot to pay for the Alpine fortifications with forged British currency, five-pound notes were found in lake by Austrian government divers.

Cases containing over $100,000 in fake British notes are sealed by police. Recent private diving expeditions for rumored treasure of Lake Toplitz have had tragic results.

the Germans were years ahead of the Allies in remote-controlled guided missiles. It was known that important experiments with a high German security-rating were being conducted in the Tyrol, chosen for its remoteness.

These were the unpleasant facts which Eisenhower and his staff had to take into consideration. How far, in fact, had the Germans gone in preparing the *Alpenfestung?*

The Nazi who conceived the idea of the Hitler Redoubt was Heinrich Himmler. Without consulting the *Fuehrer*, who was totally preoccupied with stopping the Russians, Himmler gave the job of fortifying a sector of the Austrian Alps 40 miles square, twice the size of Manhattan Island, to Dr. Ernst Kaltenbrunner, the scar-faced, 6-foot-4 head of the Security Police and *Sicherheitsdienst* (the S.D., the intelligence section of the S.S.).

Kaltenbrunner had several advantages to begin with in the area chosen for the Redoubt. By the fall of 1944 whole industries had been moved to the Tyrol from the cities in the north to escape from Anglo-American bombers and the Russian hordes advancing from the East.

Dr. Meindl, head of the Steyrer Works, the largest of all Austrian munitions factories, told Kaltenbrunner that he could move his entire plant without loss of production into caves in the mountains—if Kaltenbrunner could provide the needed caves.

"We will provide them," Kaltenbrunner said, and he moved the whole population of Oranienburg concentration camp to a new camp which he established at Ebensee in the Austrian Alps, about 10 miles north of Alt Aussee. These slave laborers were set to blasting holes in the rock.

Kaltenbrunner, by the end of 1944, had reported to Himmler that the *Alpenfestung* was practicable. Arms and missiles would be produced in the caves, and the missiles would be tested on remote Lake Toplitz in the mountains, where the German navy had already established an experimental station. Access to the outside world could be maintained through the numerous smuggling trails which linked the area to Switzerland and Italy. In the greatest natural fortress in Europe, almost bomb-proof, with neutral Switzerland at their backs, the *Wehrmacht* might hold out forever.

But when all of Germany and most of Austria were in Allied hands, as they soon must be, who would pay for this colossal venture, for the necessary raw materials, for the food to feed the soldiers and the civilian population? That was easy. It would all be paid for in counterfeit English notes.

The manufacture of these notes, $600 million worth of them, is one of the more extraordinary stories of the war. When the counterfeits first began to trickle back to London in 1941 from Portugal, Switzerland and Latin America, the heads of the Bank of [*Continued on page* 71]

THE ADVERTISING MAN

VIP'S MADCAP MARINA

TRUE's zany boat designer presents his custom-built craft contoured to the individual

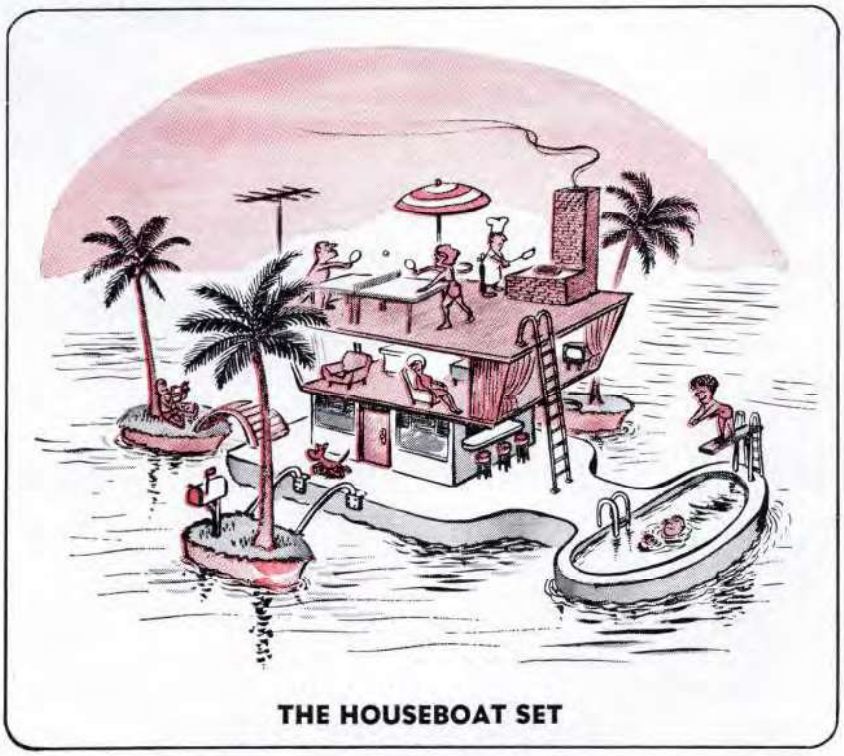
THE HOT RODDER

TURN PAGE FOR MORE

THE EX-NAVY MAN

THE CHARTER-BOAT SKIPPER

THE DEEP-SEA FISHERMAN



THE HOUSEBOAT SET

...here are more of Vip's custom-contoured craft for madcap captains

THE PURE-SAIL MAN

THE BACHELOR

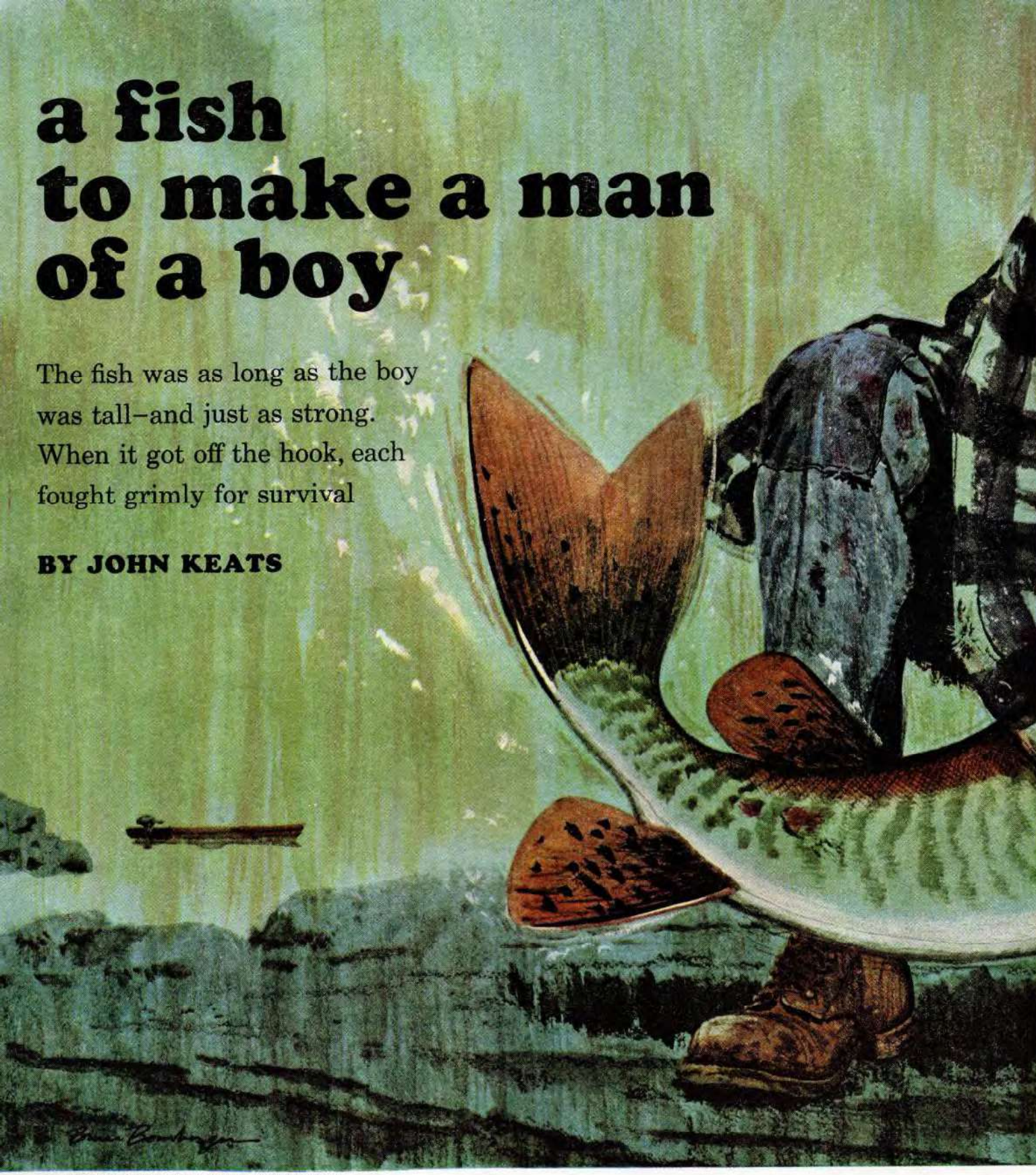
THE EXECUTIVE

THE HEALTH-NUT

a fish to make a man of a boy

The fish was as long as the boy was tall–and just as strong. When it got off the hook, each fought grimly for survival

BY JOHN KEATS



ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE BOMBERGER

ROCKPORT, ONTARIO

■ You know how it is when you have been sitting cramped for hours alone in a boat on one of those drizzling October days when it is not really cold, but when what cold there is eats through you? On a day when you think the fish should be hitting hard, but when you cast in all the best places there is not even a strike? When you use all your baits; fish shallow; fish deep, and still nothing? Then, in the late afternoon, after a wet day of nothing, you come back up-river with the wind and drizzle in your face, sitting stiffly on a thwart—cold, soaked and

Banged about, bruised, half-stunned, knees and hands scraped raw on the stones, he clung as the fish bucked beneath him.

skunked but still hopeful—and because you never lose hope when you are on the water, you troll home, fishing without real hope, but nevertheless hoping.

That is the way it was one fall day in 1955 for a small Canadian. He was hunched in the sternsheets of a leaky horror of a punt that belonged to his grandfather, steering his antique outboard motor with one hand, holding a steel trolling rod in the other, putting slowly up the St. Lawrence River through the Thousand Islands, leaving [*Continued on page* 106]

ESCAPE TO RICHES

A TRUE Report on a Man Who Has it Made

By NORMAN CARLISLE

GAGS TO RICHES

CINCINNATI, OHIO

■ How crazy can you get and still get rich? Pretty darned crazy, judging by Don Poynter's unique escape route to riches.

Take a case in point. Or, rather, a lot of cases. Enough of them to make the eyes of a clerk in a Cincinnati liquor store bug out when Poynter, as casually as a man buying a fifth, ordered 25 cases of prime Scotch, bourbon and rye. The man behind the counter couldn't help asking a couple of questions, like is this guy in the restaurant business? He isn't. Or is he maybe going to throw a blowout to end all blowouts? Nope. Well, if it isn't too personal, what *is* he going to do with all that booze?

"Put it in toothpaste," was the answer he got.

At the time Poynter, then 28 years old, was afflicted with a profound allergy to being stuck behind a desk—even a large, executive-type desk. Yet this was where he seemed to be heading when, after graduating from the University of Cincinnati with a degree in Business Administration, he went through a succession of prosaic jobs and seemed to be getting nowhere.

Then one evening, eight years ago, after his day's toil as a copy writer in an ad agency, Poynter stopped to hoist a few with some convivial friends. They got to arguing about whether Scotch, or any alcoholic beverage, tastes good—or merely has pleasing effects. Poynter defended the taste.

"I'd even like stuff flavored with it," he said stoutly, "like toothpaste."

His fellow drinkers laughed but Poynter began to get a faraway look on his face. "Why not?" he wondered. There ought to be a lot of men who'd like brushing their teeth with something boasting a more he-man flavor than peppermint. He decided to make some.

There were plenty of problems but Poynter tackled them one at a time. First the business of making the stuff. He scrounged around and found a small pharmaceutical company which thought maybe it could make it, if Poynter provided the liquor and paid cash on the barrel head. Of course, a chemist allowed, there might be some trouble working out a formula with all that alcohol in it.

Next Poynter set out to solve the sales end. He wrote letters to various mail order outfits. He made trips to New York and Chicago to see them. He got no place. For awhile Poynter thought he was the only one who could see anything either amusing or saleable in whisky-flavored toothpaste. Then he found one outfit that agreed to take 50,000 tubes on consignment.

This seemed like an item that might do well as a Christmas novelty sold by mail order. The only catch was that Poynter would have to actually deliver the toothpaste before the firm would even start advertising.

Poynter promised he'd have it there in spite of the fact that he didn't have a cent to produce the stuff with. Poynter used direct action: he went to a bank. There he got a surprise. He found a banker who, far from being a cold hearted fishy-eyed character, was a man of warmth who obviously appreciated the finer things of life. He thought the whisky toothpaste would go over. If Poynter would hock his life insurance, the bank would take some risk and lend him the $10,000 he figured he needed to get into production. Poynter walked out in a daze.

After straightening out a few minor hitches, he found himself in business, watching fat tubes of toothpaste emerging from the filling machine. This was a satisfying sight until, on the second day of production he walked over to pick up a tube from the previous day's output. He got a shock. The tube was rock hard. Poynter opened it up. There was the whisky in a little pool of liquid atop what looked like a blob of plaster of Paris. So the chemists changed the formula, adding some stuff to keep the toothpaste soft. The next batch was soft all right, but when Poynter opened a tube of it, a spray of whisky shot out.

Even in a perfectly blended form there might be some question about the saleability of his unique product. But it was a cinch nobody would buy it if it came out and squirted you in the eye.

They finally got a formula that worked and kept working. He made his deliveries on time and then began to sweat. Would the stuff sell? All he could do was wait and fidget.

Six weeks later the telephone rang. Poynter was able to wipe the perspiration off his brow after he talked to the sales company. The orders were pouring in. Whisky toothpaste was a whopping success. Come on in and talk about a big new order.

The profits from his toothpaste—it retails for $1.50 a tube—were sufficient to maintain Poynter, his wife and his four children in comfort. Quite enough, in fact, to provide Poynter with the wherewithal to (a) play all the golf he wants to, (b) travel as much and as often as he likes, to New York, Paris, Tokyo and other enjoyable spots, and (c) spend all the time he cares to in the well-equipped workshop of his big home in one of Cincinnati's better residential sections.

However, with the Poynter exchequer bulging, Poynter did not stop there. If one wacky idea had produced such a pleasant flow of dollars, another one like it might make him rich. And it happened that Poynter did have another, a little item he whacked together in his workshop. You've probably seen one of the things around. There's this little black box. You push a button on it. The lid opens. A realistic hand emerges. The hand pokes a finger at the button, withdraws, and the cover closes again. That's all there is to it, but lots of people laugh at it. And lots of people shelled out $4.95 for it. Sales so far are pushing a million.

Poynter's latest brainstorm is a cobra in a basket, billed as an electronic marvel. You shell out $10.98 for one of these gadgets and you get a plastic flute with it. All you have to do is play the right notes on the instrument and the snake comes slithering out and looks at you with a poisonous glint in his eye.

Then there's the Plastered Plumber. Poynter got to playing around with plastic pipes and rigged up a weird maze of piping, T-joints and elbows, attached the whole contrivance to a liquor bottle. Its contents were dispensed through the pipes in a roundabout and fascinating manner. At $2.98 it has dispensed not only a lot of liquor, but a copious flow of profits to Poynter—another bottled in bond bonanza for the man who escaped to riches because he likes the taste of Scotch. ■

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COOL AND CARIBBEAN

SHIPSHAPE STYLES FOR A HOLIDAY ISLE

Ideal for sailing is a hooded jacket in quick-drying denim, $7.95; popular surfer trunks feature string-laced waistfront, $6.95, by Jantzen.

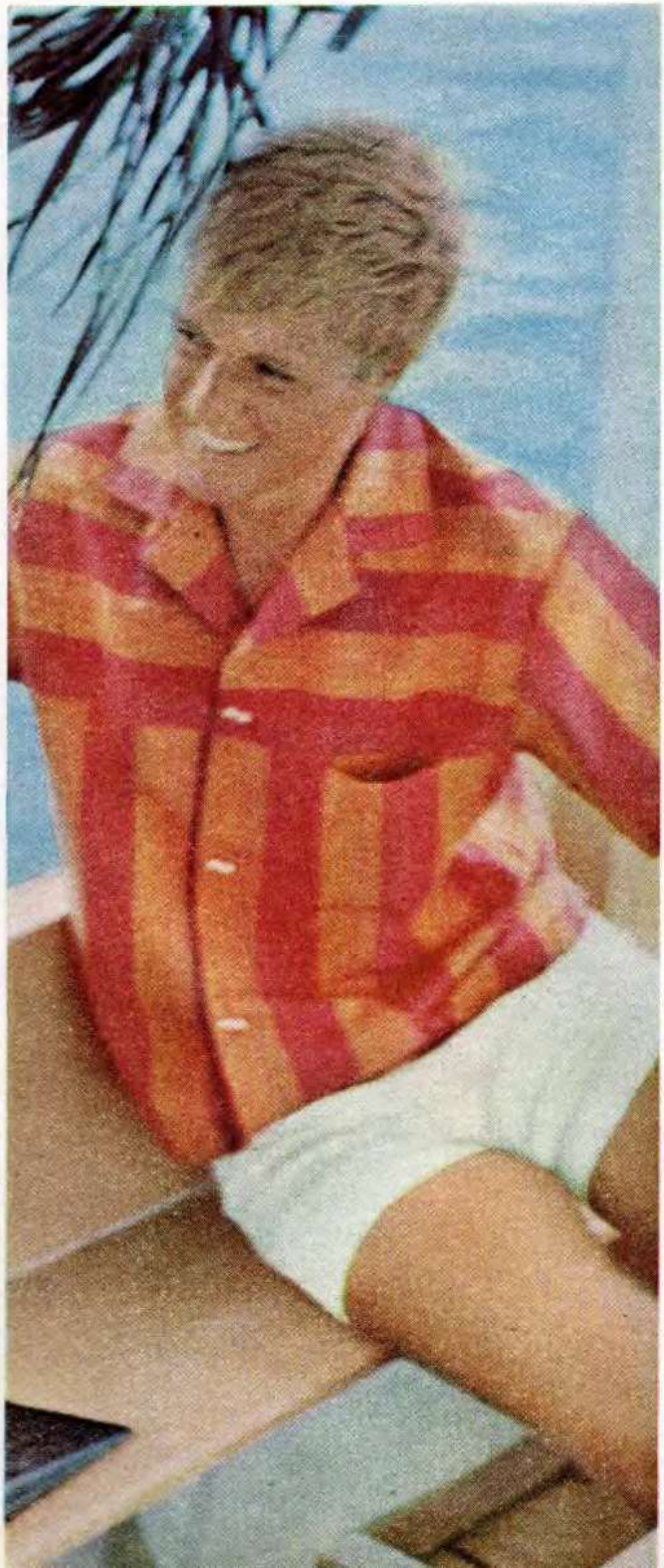
Acapulco beach jacket, at left below, is wash and wear, $7.95, Catalina. Latin influence also seen in beach jacket, right, $5.95; gabardine stretch trunks, $7.95, Jantzen.

From the moment the BWIA jetliner dips its wings and banks earthward toward the airport runway at Antigua's capital city of St. John's, the holiday islander is struck with a color spectacular that challenges any in nature's spectrum—lavish tropical greens, white coral reefs, sand glistening pink, and water the color of jade. The city itself is a giant mosaic of pink and blue and beige and green and white. Small wonder that color, then, is the keynote of style for the island visitor—fashioned in sun splashes and silver bursts of surf.

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

Photographed for TRUE by Richard Waite

Mololo Helmsman beach jacket in batik print is lined in terry cloth, $8.95; matching Hawaiian-length swim trunks, $5.95, by Catalina.



Fine for island evening wear is Paisley dinner jacket of Dacron and Pima Cotton, $34.95; trousers are mohair and wool, $11.95, Ripley Clothes.

Antigua, three and a half jet hours from New York, is a final link in the necklace of islands that spans the Caribbean. Steeped in historical significance, the island was discovered by Columbus in 1493. During the Napoleonic Wars it was the principal naval base for the British in the Eastern Caribbean. Horatio Nelson served here. Today Antigua is lushly hoteled, offering modern convenience with ancient charm. Its coastline is a jigsaw of bays, coves and natural harbors, all fringed with an endless ribbon of reef-protected beach. Water sports predominate, and night life is spiced with the magic of steel drum bands.

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By PAUL AVERY and BILL TALBITZER

MYSTERY OF THE MINOR LEAGUE MOGUL

The "old Yankee third baseman" made a fine business manager for the Oroville Red Sox. But when he died a strange truth came out

■ Ever since the World Series scandal of 1919, professional baseball's big-shots have done their damndest to keep the game and those who play it as free of suspicion as Caesar's wife.

Security measures as stringent as some employed by the FBI have kept dishonesty from the diamond in both the majors and the minors for more than four decades.

But because the sleuthing spotlight is focused more on those who take to the field than on those who toil in the front office, slip-ups sometimes occur, such as the one a few years back when sympathy superseded security and Julian Wera was made business manager of the Oroville, California, Red Sox of the Far West League.

The Far West was one of those Class D circuits hastily formed following World War II that lived and died after a season or so when the fervor for backwoods baseball faded.

Oroville, a hamlet with a history dating back to the Gold Rush days, was selected by the Boston Red Sox of the American League as the site for a farm team, a selection that eventually involved officials of the classy club in a surprisingly successful fraud.

Jack Corbett, one of America's better-known baseball men, was the prime organizer in the move to Oroville, the seat of Butte County in northern California. He succeeded in obtaining a lease on the Oroville baseball park and promised to give the fans a championship club. "One," he said, "that will put Oroville on the map."

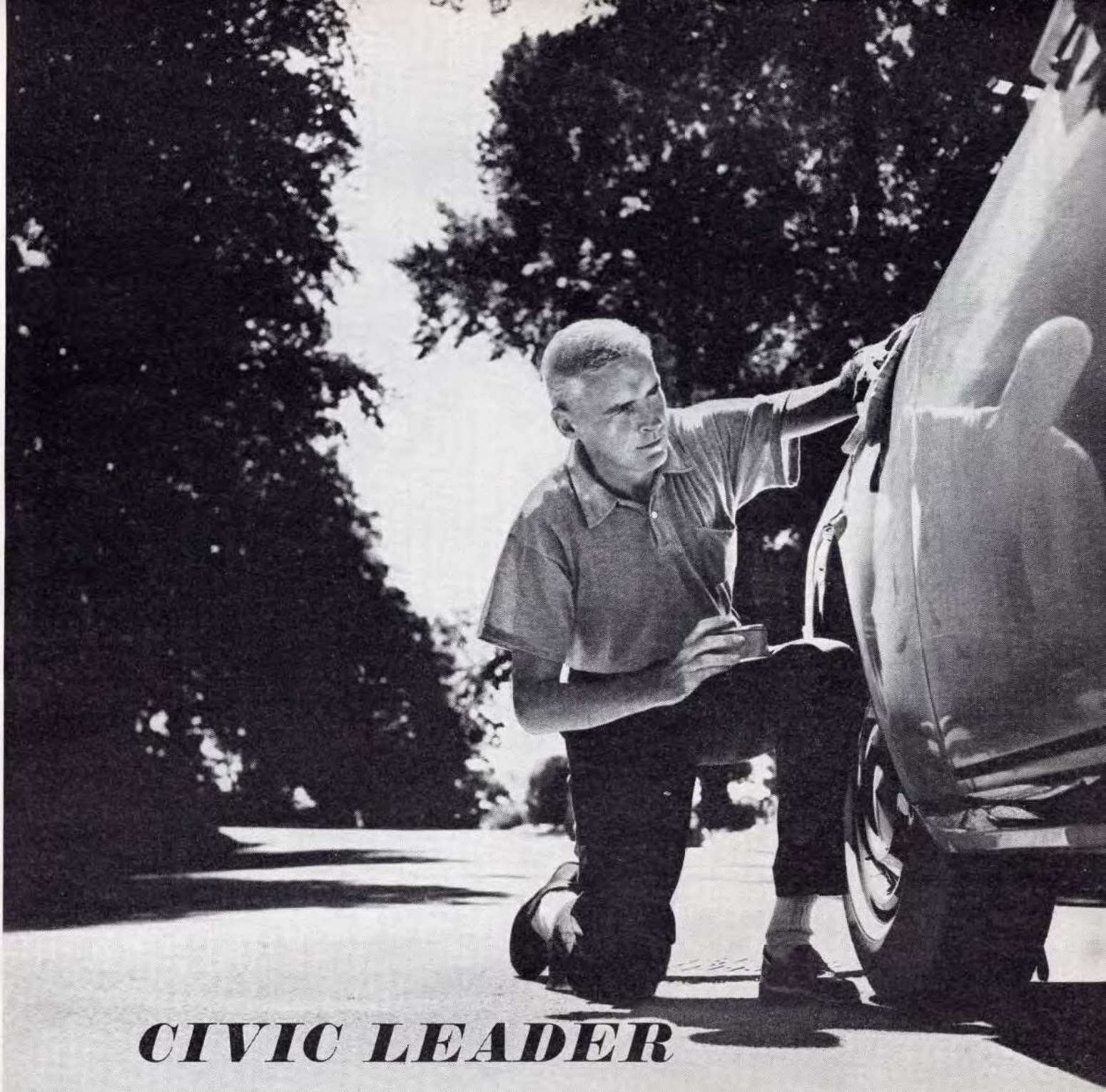
Just before the team arrived in the tiny town to start the 1948 season, Corbett and Charlie Walgren, West Coast scout for the Red Sox, came to Oroville accompanied by a short, stocky, bespectacled fellow whom they introduced as Julian Wera.

He was, they announced, to be the team's business manager, adding that he had been chosen for the choice post because of his rich background in baseball know-how.

Wera lost no time firming up the fine things that had been said about him. He eagerly accepted any opportunity to speak before service clubs and civic groups about his past and the Oroville Red Sox' future. His speeches went smoothly; almost, it seemed, by rote.

Rattling off what was already in league record books and adding a few things apparently overlooked by others, Wera told how he'd joined the New York Yankees in 1926, at the age of 16. As a third baseman he had played behind "Jumping Joe" Dugan and alongside such talented teammates as Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, George Pipgrass, Herb Pennock, Wait Hoyt, and other lesser lights of Miller Huggins' wonder teams.

Among the accomplishments he bashfully boasted



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was a tape-measure homer he'd hit on his first trip to the plate in the majors. The Yanks were playing the Washington Senators that day and Wera's bleacher blow was all the more spectacular because Walter Johnson was on the mound for the Nats.

He remained with the Yankees until the early 30's, Wera said, when he was released to make room for younger blood and bounced from this team to that until he wound up in the minors, hooking up with the San Francisco Seals who made good use of his ability to belt the ball.

When his playing days came to an end, he said, he transferred to scouting and worked at this until World War II came along and his patriotism prompted him to enlist in the Army.

It wasn't long before Wera found himself in the midst of battle as a member of a crack corps of infantrymen in Italy during the big push to cross the Po River north of Rome. Then Wera volunteered for a special and hazardous mission. Its objective: destruction of a German ammunition dump on the opposite side of the Po.

All the task required was for Wera to swim the river, slip by swarms of sentries, set off a timed explosive charge in the center of the dump, and escape.

Only the latter proved to be a problem. Wera easily navigated the Po, evaded the guards, and exploded the contents of the ammunition cache.

But while making his way back, he was captured after a stray slug rendered him unconscious and allowed German soldiers to spot him when the sun rose.

Wera told a shocking story of how the Germans then tied him to a tree and pounded rifle butts into his face in an unsuccessful effort to extract information from him. Finally, he said, they untied him and tossed his battered body into a ditch to die.

But luck was still on his side, Wera said. It came in the form of a British patrol that found him the following morning and carried him by stretcher to safety.

Unable to transfer him to where the American troops were bivouacked, the British put Wera aboard a ship and sent him to England.

Eventually Wera was returned to America and a hero's welcome—and also the first of a series of surgical operations to repair his horribly disfigured face. The operations were a complete success, except for the fact that he no longer even slightly resembled the Julian Wera of pre-war days.

Following his discharge, Wera went to San Francisco hoping to get back into baseball even if it only amounted to selling peanuts at Seals Stadium. He called on the late "Uncle" Charley Graham, one of the game's most revered men, who was president of the ballclub.

The tale of Wera's torture by the Germans convinced Charley Graham that the Red Sox organization needed a man of his courage and caliber. It also erased the confusion that Graham had first felt when he failed to recognize the fleet-footed third baseman who had played for the Seals 10 years before.

Graham got in touch with Joe Cronin, new president of the American League but at that time still the big boss of the Red Sox. Cronin agreed that a position had to be found, or, if necessary, made, for Julian Wera.

Thus, when the Oroville farm team was formed, Wera was appointed business manager. And he proved to be an outstanding one.

The Oroville nine had a lot of young talent and a top-notch field manager in Nino Bongiovianni, a former World Series star with the Cincinnati Reds. The squad went straight to the top of the Far West League and stayed there throughout the season.

Wera, meanwhile, became one of Oroville's favorite citizens. He was guest of honor at most of the area's sports functions where he entertained by telling baseball tales by the hour.

As his fame increased, so did the number of visits from former friends with whom Wera had played in the days before World War II. Friends such as Jerry Donovan, today a ranking baseball executive, who was then president of the Far West League and a onetime roommate of Wera's when the two of them had played for Duluth, Minnesota, in the Northern League some 15 years before.

Donovan and Wera used to sit by the hour exchanging remembrances about the days when they were together 24 hours at a stretch. Wera's memory seemed remarkable; he talked of things that Donovan at best could barely recall. Others who journeyed to Oroville to see an oldtime baseball buddy were Babe Herman, Gussie Suhr and the late Ernie Johnson, Sr.

It was smooth sailing for the Oroville Red Sox from the season's start to its finish. When it was all over the Butte County baseballers were in first place with an eight-game edge over the runner-up. Next came the championship playoffs, in which the Sox easily made their way into the final round. All this time Wera had the team's financial affairs under firm control.

Unfortunately, Wera's personal life was not working out as well as his baseball life. Mrs. Wera, whom he had married only two months before arriving in Oroville, had turned cool to her husband and his acquaintances.

And Julian had taken to the bottle. It was pretty well known among the sporting element of the town that the Red Sox business manager was frequently in his cups. It was a matter of concern to everyone who knew them when Mrs. Wera left town without saying good-by to anyone—including her husband.

On Saturday night, September 11, 1948, the Oroville Red Sox dropped the final game of the playoff series at Klamath Falls, Oregon. When word of the defeat reached Wera as he sat in the tap room of the Oroville Inn, he seemed in a daze . . . but about something other than the outcome of the contest.

When the bar closed at 2 a.m., Wera bid adieu to his cronies and walked slowly along the silent streets to the empty apartment he had so recently shared with his wife.

At 6 a.m. a telephone company operator reported to the Oroville Police Department that the phone was off the hook in the Wera apartment. Officers sent to the scene got no response to their knocking and decided to break down the door.

They found Julian Wera dead.

He was slumped in the corner of a sofa, the handpiece of the telephone lying in his lap. An empty bottle that had contained sleeping pills lay at his side. On a table was a note addressed to his wife, telling her that he could not live without her.

Word was flashed to the wire services that Julian Wera, one of the "Old Yankees," was dead. The story was sent throughout the country and was carried by most of the major newspapers. The Oroville newspaper went whole hog with a front page banner obituary.

Then the roof fell in.

It fell in the form of a United Press story that Julian Wera was very much alive and operating a meat market in Rochester, Minnesota.

That story tore the mask from an impostor who had not only bamboozled the citizens of Oroville, but many of the top men in baseball as well; men who had actually played alongside Wera, had known him, and had closely associated with him.

Out of Rochester came this remarkable understatement: "I think," said the real Julian Wera, "that somebody made a mistake out there." From red-faced baseball brass came an avalanche of explanations of why they had never discovered the Oroville masquerade. None of them were very satisfactory.

An immediate audit of the Oroville baseball books was ordered. All its proved was that the phony Wera had been an excellent bookkeeper. Not one penny was missing. A second audit backed up the first. Someone suggested a third, but that idea was thrown out when auditor number two said it would only be a waste of time . . . and additional expense.

Oroville merchants were canvassed and to a man they reported that the deceased business manager didn't owe anyone a dime. The outcome of the investigation was the undeniable fact that the late impostor didn't have larceny in his heart when he assumed his false identity.

The death certificate was made out in the name of William J. Wera, a professional gambler whose fingerprints, an FBI check found, were on file with the Reno, Nevada, Police Department. William J. Wera, no relation to the real Julian Wera, but obviously a fan of his namesake, had once worked in a Reno gambling casino, a position that required his fingerprints to be filed.

The FBI check further determined that the dead Wera had never served in the Armed Forces.

That was the first, last, and only year of professional baseball in Oroville. But, of course, the town remembered the false Wera and, surprisingly, no one ever said an unkind word about the impostor, either in public or in private.

A man that easy to like is hard to hate.

And, besides, he had done no one any harm. **—Paul Avery & Bill Talbitzer**

Strange but TRUE

by George R. Martin

The biggest crop of beards in the world flourished, some 260 years ago, on Russian faces. Every beard grew wild because the Russian church taught that cutting the God-given adornment was sacrilege. Then a young man who sprouted only a few chin hairs and a thin mustache decided to de-beard the whole country at one stroke. He was Czar Peter—"the Great," as history aptly terms him, for he was a vigorous giant standing 6′ 8″. During a tour of western Europe's advanced nations, he was impressed by their clean-shaven men, and in 1698 he returned to his backward people with a surprise up his sleeve. He sprang it at a reception of *boyars* or nobles. The Czar of All the Russias whipped out a big pair of scissors, and as the bewildered victims approached in turn, he snipped off their beards. At a later affair, the court fool capered with the scissors, clipping chins and boxing the ears of anyone who dared resist. Peter ordered all Russian beards cut. He soon found, however, that he had bidden off more than he could hew. Though countless faces were bared, most stayed hairy. Peter compromised by turning his subjects' whiskers into a cash crop. For some years, peasants wearing a beard paid 2¢ tax to enter cities. Rich men paid $100 annually for a beard license—a metal disk hung at their necks like a modern dog tag. Today the Russian beard survives only on Orthodox clergy, who still feel shaving is irreverent. *By Michael J. Doherty, New York, N. Y.*

Double-ring weddings, in which bride and bridegroom both don similar rings, now constitute the majority of American marriage ceremonies. The rite expresses a "His" and "Hers" equalitarianism that other nations haven't always regarded as suitable. In pre-revolutionary Russia, where all weddings were double-ring, a careful distinction was made. The bride's ring was of silver, since she was the less worthy partner. The bridegroom's ring was of gold, to signify his natural superiority.

Losing their shirts on ball games actually happened to sports fans centuries before the phrase became part of modern gambling slang. Oddly, excited spectators at Aztec *tlachtli* contests 500 years ago could end up shirtless even if they didn't wager—though very few neglected to get a bet down. The game they watched was played by opposing teams in a large sunken court; high on opposite walls projected two carved-stone hoops—vertical, not horizontal—as goals for a 10-inch solid-rubber ball. Probably no harder game has ever been invented. To propel or stop the heavy bouncing sphere, weighing some 20 pounds, *tlachtli* players could use only two parts of the body: knees and buttocks. Even calloused professionals sometimes acquired badly bruised behinds that had to be lanced afterward to reduce blood congestion. Since goals were almost impossible to make, games usually were won on points for moving the ball into enemy territory. But if a player scored a goal, the game ended abruptly and pandemonium broke loose. Custom decreed that the victorious player could take the clothes of the spectators and any possessions they had with them. While the crowd scattered, his friends raced after them to nab as many as they could and strip them of shirts, loincloths and jewelry as legitimate loot for the top athlete of his day. *By Philip L. Smith, New Orleans, La.*

Before Bell coined "telephone" from Greek roots meaning "distant" and "voice," men talked long-distance literally: they transmitted news by shouting between relay stations. The ancient Persians kept call-posts at which men with very loud and shrill voices passed messages from provinces to the imperial court. Julius Caesar found a similar setup in Gaul, where war news traversed 150 miles in 14 hours. Elevated posts were spaced up to 1,600 feet apart and messages intoned in monosyllables. The longest reach of lung-power probably was achieved in 1670 when Sir Samuel Moreland, using a 12-foot-long megaphone he had designed on royal command, made himself understood to King Charles II almost two miles away. It was indeed a far cry, and the king was impressed with the invention. One gauge of human progress is that today a whisper can travel around the world electrically . . . and nobody considers it remarkable. *By Charles Herzheimer, Paducah, Ky.*

Baron Munchhausen, attacked by a huge wolf, foiled the beast by a classic maneuver. As he described it, he plunged his arms down the wolf's throat up to the shoulder, seized the innards, pulled the animal neatly inside out, and left it quivering on the snow. Many have doubted the good baron, but the Lapps of northern Finland—were they ever to hear the story—would recognize in it part of their own wolf-hunting technique. To kill a wolf persistently harrying his reindeer herd, a Lapp skis after it until, floundering in snow, it turns at bay. Bludgeoned with ski poles, the wolf sometimes charges and knocks the man down. Whereupon, in close combat, the hardy Lapp rams a hand into the wolf's throat as far as he can and grips the gullet while with the other hand he draws his knife to stab the animal. A lacerated arm can be shrugged off as much preferable to a torn throat. Turning the wolf inside out however, is confined to peeling off its skin for a useful fur.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

Hollywood's Terrible-Tempered Stoneface

[*Continued from page* 20]

If we get sore at each other for anything, we say it right out, 'Why, you stupid bastard, you can't do that,' or something of that kind. We never have any problems. We always talk them all out, we're always talking, talking, talking. . . ."

These people all have been taken in, to some extent, by that *shtick* of Lancaster's. His personal performance has exceeded in sheer virtuosity any he has made in public. And it is quite conceivable that even his well-known temper—which is becoming as much a part of Hollywood folklore as Sinatra's—is part of his role.

Sometimes the temper smoulders, sometimes it goes off like the original Los Alamos explosion. When he was making *Birdman* he hired John Frankenheimer to direct, having worked with him previously on *A Matter of Conviction*. Frankenheimer himself is an emotional man, fixed in his concepts. Lancaster will not listen to anybody's ideas about Lancaster but Lancaster's. According to a cameraman, Lancaster would turn up on the set each day bent on getting the upper hand before Frankenheimer could open his mouth. "Well, John, what *goodies* have you got for me to do today?" he would ask, teeth bared in a sarcastic smile. Frankenheimer later was asked how he felt about that. He would not put his thoughts into words.

No director will. I talked to four who have worked with Lancaster. One said, "He's the hardest actor in Hollywood to work with and if you quote me I'll never speak to you again." When I asked Lancaster his reaction to that, he got up, supposedly to make a telephone call, and after he had thought out his reply carefully came back and said, "If an actor is asked to do something and it doesn't *feel* right to him, he discusses the areas of *why*. In the final analysis he will have to bow to the director . . . but I allow myself to intrude if I think I'm right."

In this is a splendid example of Lancaster pretending to be something he is not. And perhaps that is one reason for his frantic protection of his privacy. He may be afraid that if the truth about his home life is revealed to all, he will seem less colorful. The ironic part of this is that he has set himself up as a rebel, but isn't rebellious, but wishes people to think he is—and then gets sore if people say he is.

Lancaster's home life is about as glamorous as that of the average meat market proprietor in Winnetka, Illinois. The scent of the satyr hangs over the movie colony, and the perfume of the homosexual. Lancaster is neither—which may make him secretly uncomfortable, since most of the other big actors are one or the other, and this is a land of total conformity. There never has been a snicker of scandal about him. While he was a circus man he was married to a lady performer, but that union lasted only a few months. Then, while a soldier in Italy, he met a USO girl, Norma Anderson, whom he later married. They have been together 18 years. Lancaster is not merely a doting father to his five kids, he is a genuinely participating one. He built a Little League ball park on his Bel-Air estate for the boys. When the Bel-Air fire destroyed the house, he lost all his possessions, including a collection of paintings valued at $500,000, but he was mainly concerned with a pair of dogs the kids had loved. In Hollywood, he tears home after work in order to be with the children. As they would say in this strange community: Father-wise, he is Very Big.

Also, he is a fearfully hard worker. When he is playing a part that requires physical exertion, as nearly all of his do, he goes down around 7 a.m. and runs around the UCLA track. He works out on parallel bars and sometimes astonishes workers on his sets by doing handstands while he is running over his lines.

Lancaster is proud, and justifiably so, of his physical condition. Nearly all he-man Hollywood stars boast that they seldom use doubles in scenes requiring hazardous stunts. Lancaster is one of the few who can back up this claim. While filming *The Flame and the Arrow,* he called in 10 veteran Hollywood stunt men and had them sign an affidavit testifying to what they saw him do. This document, which he presumably plans to put in the cornerstone of The Burt Lancaster Memorial, said, in part: "He executed somersaults and pirouettes from horizontal bar to horizontal bar 20 feet above the ground. . . From last bar dropped 10 feet to balcony and slid to the ground on a pole. . . . Climbed up a 20-foot pole . . . and held himself from the top resembling a flag. . ." And so on.

Lancaster works hard because it is a habit. He has worked hard all his life. He was born with a desire to make good that was intensified by his awareness of the sordid East Harlem, New York City, neighborhood in which his family lived. He wanted to get out of there with all possible speed. A block away from the 104th Street house was the residence of Lucky Luciano, the late vice-ring leader. The streets were full of punks and hoods. This distressed James Lancaster, the father, whose $48 a week from the Post Office did not permit him to move his family to better surroundings. There were five children. Burt, born November 2, 1913, was the fourth. The elder Lancaster was a good provider on his modest salary—"We always had enough to eat," Lancaster told me—and also tried to instill Christian principles into his offspring, redoubling his efforts when his wife died. Lancaster was 15 when that happened.

The worst swamps occasionally throw up hardy, productive vegetation, and that was the way that rat-run, hoodlum-ridden section worked on Lancaster. To this day he is possessed of a social conscience, a rarity in Hollywood, and although he may exploit it for all it is worth, as he did in the hullaballoo he raised over the late Robert Stroud, the *Birdman,* and therefore may cause some of us to suspect that its purity is more for the sake of publicity, it nevertheless is there. And perhaps because his own life was so tough, he sincerely tries to be generous to others who need breaks.

Tony Curtis, for example, was cast continually as a Bronx version of a knight in armor until Lancaster, who saw in him not only a kindred slum spirit but also an actor with more potential than thus far had been encouraged to emerge, gave him a chance to show what he could do in the way of unleashing his emotions. "Burt was the only guy in Hollywood he had any faith in me," said Curtis to

TRUE

"Do you know who we are, in a way? We are modern day Robin Hoods."

me, proving that his new status as an actor had not helped his English any. "First he put me in *Trapeze*, then into *Sweet Smell of Success*." Cynics may contend that Lancaster had his eye on Curtis' enormous gum-chewing following when he gave the former Bernie Schwartz those two parts, but the fact is that nobody else had thought of Curtis as an actor beforehand and that since then his career has gone upward into artistic planes he never might have achieved.

Winds from Smithfield, Virginia, must have been wafting over East Harlem when Lancaster was a toddler. He showed hamlike tendencies early in life, and in fact was even shaped like one. He was a short, pudgy angel in a Christmas pageant at a 104th Street church, and stole the show by being more interested in getting a wad of gum off his shoe than in delivering his single line. The audience laughed and applauded, and from then on, like the finest Smithfield product, he was curable.

Today Lancaster denies that he always wanted to be an actor. He told me, "I didn't say to myself that I was going to be an actor and that was going to be my goal in life, but I've been involved in acting since I was a child, so I suppose that in some peculiar way, one might say, that was the direction I was heading in. But in the sense of a child saying, 'I am going to be a doctor,' no, I didn't." Lancaster always speaks in phrases borrowed from old orators' handbooks: "one might say," "in the sense of," etc. He seems to have great respect for the language, especially that which issues from his own mouth, and he can make a simple word like "entity"—"*en*-tit-ty," he says—sound as though it were on loan from Winston Churchill.

Lancaster's formal education was administered to him at Public School No. 83, but more important lessons came to him in street fights. An old friend says he got in a good many because he was cocky. When he was about 15 he was a locker boy at the Union Settlement House, a youth center. One night two lads came in toward closing time and wanted the use of lockers. Lancaster told them he was too busy, and fists began to flutter. While he was trying to dispose of one boy the other stabbed him in the hip with a pocket knife. He spent three days in a hospital. "Burt wasn't exactly swell-headed, but he had a way about him that didn't go down too good," the aforementioned boyhood friend recalls.

An Australian named Curly Brent was one of the instructors at the Settlement House. He encouraged Lancaster and a friend who lived on 105th Street, Nick Cravat, to work out on parallel bars, rings and swings. Cravat was a tough, wiry boy who was to have 16 professional fights before he was 18. He and Lancaster performed so well together that they became convinced they ought to go into show business. The Settlement House supervisors wangled a scholarship to New York University for Lancaster, but he could not see much future in study. He left in his sophomore

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

By William Barry Furlong

MEUSEL'S BITTERSWEET CHAMPAGNE

■ Mercy, as Shakespeare once said, "blesseth him that gives and him that takes." John McGraw may not have been familiar with The Bard but he knew how to translate such thoughts into action.

Getting along easily with John McGraw was a little like getting along easily with a bear with a toothache. As the last of the great despots, McGraw would fine players on his New York Giants for speaking to players on other teams or even for smoking a cigarette. His power was so complete that when a sports writer—just by way of making small talk—asked a Giant rookie whether he was married, the rookie stuttered, "You—you'd better ask Mr. McGraw."

One night in 1921, Irish Meusel, a slugger who played in the Giants' outfield along with one C. Stengel, went out on an heroic exploration of night life in Chicago with a companion. It led surely and swiftly to McGraw justice. Meusel was fined $100, but his companion, not Stengel, got off scot-free by lying about the episode. Meusel brooded about the situation; he was outraged to find that McGraw would accept the word of a lying man while fining an honest if thirsty one some $100. So he sulked and refused to play while the Giants tried to cover up the reason why. Then one day in Boston, with the pennant at stake, Meusel was asked to pinch-hit late in a game with the tying and winning runs on base. He forgot all about the fine, grabbed a bat, and drove in the decisive runs.

McGraw was so pleased that he asked Meusel to dine with him on the train on the way back to New York. It was like being anointed for beatification to be asked to dine with McGraw. Meusel should have been elated but somehow he still had his mind on that $100. He took the occasion to ask for it back and McGraw took the occasion to tell him "no!"

In the World Series against the Yankees—the first of the Giant-Yankee World Series—Meusel outhit and outslugged the great Babe Ruth. He batted .345, got four extra base hits, drove in seven runs, and played a mighty part in the Giants' victory. So, after the last game, he again approached McGraw and argued that he deserved to get the $100 back. Again McGraw refused to give it to him: rules and morale and all that.

A week or so later, McGraw, Meusel, and a number of the Giants sailed for Europe. At dinner one night with a half-dozen or so of the team sitting around a table, Meusel, feeling emboldened by the sea air, made his final and most urgent bid to McGraw to get the fine back.

"Okay, Irish," McGraw said, half irritably, half expansively. "That's all the pestering I'm gonna take from you. You can have the hundred bucks back but only on one condition—that you buy a drink for the crowd."

Meusel accepted the deal swiftly.

"Waiter," called McGraw, "champagne here for all of Mr. Meusel's friends."

Champagne it was. And the tab came to an even $100.

year. There still may be some feeling of guilt or inferiority in him over having failed to finish his education, and this could account for his attempts at meticulous speech and his intellectual pretensions.

Lancaster and Cravat joined a small circus, Kay Brothers, calling themselves Lang and Cravat. They were given meals, bunks, and $3 a week, for which they were required not only to perform but also to help put up and take down the tent. They traveled all over the East and the South, their journeys punctuated from time to time by quarrels which they now dismiss as "kid stuff." They still are friends today. Cravat is on Lancaster's payroll at (one insider says) $250 a week. "If it weren't for Burt, I'd be a bum," Cravat says.

They both were bums in those depression years. There was not much else that journeymen acrobats could be. They finally left Kay Brothers and went back to New York, where Lancaster took the only alternative open to him. He went on the W.P.A. Theater Project, which tried to give unemployed performers something to do, and wound up in a government-sponsored circus. He was on W.P.A. three years. In 1938 he and Nick went out again, trying their luck in vaudeville, fairs and carnivals. They sometimes earned as high as $50 a week, but their biggest date was a rundown burlesque house in Kansas City. Lancaster finally had enough. In Chicago he tried working as a floorwalker in ladies' underwear at Marshall Field's, acted as an inspector for a company that supplied heat and refrigeration to meat-packing plants, and finally became an advance man for an organization that booked community concerts. By then he had married the lady acrobat and had been divorced from her. In 1942 he was 29 years old when the Army claimed him.

He was sent straightaway into Special Service to be an entertainer. He worked with a GI entertainment unit in North Africa, went along with the troops to Italy, and served some time in Austria. His ability kept earning him stripes and his temper kept getting him broken to private, which was what he was when he got back to the States in the fall of 1946. There he took up again with the U.S.O. girl he had met in Italy, Norma Anderson, who was working for a radio producer. She thought she could get Lancaster a job with the firm. He was going up to her office one day in the elevator when he noticed a fellow passenger staring at him.

"I didn't like the way he looked at me," he recalls. "I thought that if he kept it up I would hand him a good one."

The man's interest in Lancaster was purely professional. He evidently saw the former acrobat go into the office where Norma Anderson worked, for a few minutes later the telephone rang. The man identified himself as a scout for Irving Jacobs, a Broadway producer, and asked Lancaster if he would be interested in reading for a part in *The Sound of Hunting*, a play Jacobs was going to produce. Lancaster read for the part, landed it, and opened to such excellent notices that he became, in a small way, the talk of Broadway. Agents all over town began to call him with offers.

"They were all making wild, fantastic promises," Lancaster recalls today, his voice taking on echoes of the daze he must have been in. "But as much as I wanted to capitalize on what had happened, I was hip enough to realize it was all mostly Sell. I mean, they were saying things like, 'We want you to star with Margaret Sullavan.' Not that I wasn't *capable* of starring with her. . .

"I was lucky. Sam Levene, the actor, he also was in *Sound*, acted as a kind of guide and mentor for me. Sam said, 'Look, we will go the free-lunch circuit. We will go with the agents to Sardi's, to Twenty-One, to all the best places while they woo you to sign contracts with them. You will just nod, look dumb, and you will say, 'It sounds great, I will give it some thought.' "

That was exactly what Lancaster did. He played it, as they say on Broadway, the coolest. Then the mother of Dore Schary, the producer, saw Lancaster in the play. She was a friend of Levene's. She also was a friend of Harold Hecht, an ex-dancer who had turned talent agent. She suggested to Hecht that he ought to meet Lancaster. Hecht was in the process of setting up his own agency. They met for dinner.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Lancaster was wary of all agents. "It had been my experience when Nick and I were on the road that they tended to lose you in the shuffle," he now says. He listened cynically to Hecht at first, and then found himself being won over.

Hecht said, "The truth is I can't do anything for you that any other agent couldn't do. Maybe I can get you into an important picture, but if you haven't got it, nobody can give it to you or get it for you. I'm talking about your talent. I think you have talent, and I'd like to represent you. I can talk just as fast as anybody else in the business, and since I haven't any actor clients right now, I'll work harder for you than another agent might." (Hecht then was primarily representing writers.)

Lancaster reached across the table and shook hands. The two of them began to think about the various offers for screen tests that had come in. Hal Wallis' was the best; he was offering $1,500 a week, which was more money than Lancaster knew existed. They decided to take it.

Before they parted that evening, Lancaster said to Hecht, "You know, I like acting. But I don't want to be just an actor. Do you want to be just an agent the rest of your life?"

"No. I want to produce pictures."

Lancaster's face broke into his best Burt Lancaster smile. "So do I!"

"Maybe, if we're lucky, in five years we'll produce a picture," Hecht said. And they shook hands again.

The firm of Hecht-Lancaster was a going production concern in less than two years. Later they took in Jim Hill, a writer-script editor. They dissolved the firm amiably two years ago, but Lancaster still is making films for Hecht when they can get together on a story property.

The first picture they made, *Kiss the Blood off My Hands*, was not successful. Neither was *All My Sons*, in which Lancaster cast himself after having made *Desert Fury* and *I Walk Alone* for Wallis, and *The Killers* and *Brute Force* for Mark Hellinger. *Sons* cost him $50,000. He did not seem to mind. "What the hell," he said to a columnist, "I didn't have a nickel when I came out here." *Marty* was the one that cleaned up for the firm. Then Lancaster began to click as an actor.

The turning-point was *The Crimson Pirate*. Up to that time he had been playing he-man roles and playing them well enough, but in *Pirate* he decided to poke fun at every *Captain Blood* swashbuckler ever made. Critics began to notice him with real respect. After that he went on to make some very good ones—*Come Back, Little Sheba, From Here to Eternity, Sweet Smell of Success*, and *Elmer Gantry*, and some dreadful ones, including *His Majesty O'Keefe, Trapeze, The Unforgiven* and *A Master of Conviction*. Over and above all that, he always has been characterized by a willingness to buy and try story properties that are a bit off-trail: *The Rose Tattoo, Separate Tables, The Devil's Disciple*, and of course *Elmer Gantry*, which everyone in Hollywood had assured him and Richard Brooks, the writer-director, they could not bring off. It won Lancaster an Academy Award.

Lancaster lives in comparative simplicity, considering his income. He drives his own car, a Mercedes or a Thunderbird, to work each day, and works on the average of about 12 hours. In the evenings he enjoys playing bridge with friends, but mostly reads scripts or novels that might be made into films. He usually stays two or three properties ahead. On occasion he has interrupted one film to make another, as he did when he was making *Birdman* and took time off to do *Judgment at Nuremberg*. While he was making *A Child* he was studying Italian history to make *The Leopard*, and meanwhile working with script writers on a new adaptation of *Freedom or Death*, which will be his next. At 50 he actually just seems to be getting up steam. He still thinks of himself as a growing man. "I now only want to make pictures which are reflections of my own feelings," he said not long ago. "But also, I want to make pictures which permit me to examine my own beliefs and in which I can find out something about myself." This ought to prove rewarding at least to the members of The Burt Lancaster Fan Club, the chairman of which still is none other than The Compleat Actor, Burt Lancaster. **—Richard Gehman**

Last Valhalla of the Nazis

[*Continued from page* 52]

England were flabbergasted. The notes were superb, almost faultless specimens which defied every test, and yet they were false.

Their manufacture—it was called "Operation Bernhard"—was the idea of Reinhard Heydrich, predecessor of Kaltenbrunner, who was assassinated by two Czech underground fighters in Czechoslovakia in 1942. Heydrich spent months with Germany's finest engravers, paper-makers and printers, not hesitating to spring several of them from concentration camps. The operation took six months to perfect, and the phony pounds financed the S.S.'s foreign activities throughout the war.

As the Allies advanced into France from the west and into Poland from the east, the concentration camp workers blasted deeper and deeper into the mountains at Ebensee. The artificial caverns they made are there to this day, left exactly as they were at the end of the war. One needs police permission to visit them, a guide to find them and the stamina to climb to them. Three miles up a mountain path, and suddenly there they are, a yawning monument to Nazi madness.

I myself made the trip to one of them some two years ago. The lightly barred entrance indicates nothing more than a large cave, but inside it hollows out into a hall so high that the beam of a strong torch does not reach the roof. I was told it is three or four stories high. Parallel galleries run around the walls of the cave. Cement and sand lie in coagulated piles, and one can see the rusted remains of fluorescent light brackets. Two thousand feet into the rock the tunnel narrows, and here the holes still remain which were bored for dynamite to blast even deeper.

The presence of Lake Toplitz was another advantage Kaltenbrunner found in the Redoubt area. It is a beautiful but eerie three-mile stretch of water accessible only on foot. The German Navy must have brought all its equipment in parts and assembled it on the spot. All that remains of their experimental station today are a few rotting pilings in the water. Lake Toplitz has a distinct air of menace. Black rocks rise sheer around it so that no breezes riffle the water, and its surface is like polished ebony. One can imagine monsters lurking in the depths—and one would not be entirely wrong. Lake Toplitz has a lethal secret, as has recently been discovered.

On the lake and in the mountains work was still proceeding feverishly in March, 1945, when the Allies stood on the Rhine in the west and the Oder in the east. By this time Germany was a wilderness of ruins, partly occupied, and reeling to its death. As we know now, the war had less than two months to run. But we did not know it then, and such was the monstrous image of the *Alpenfestung* in the minds of Allied soldiers that they scarcely dared think about the end of the war. Nearly every soldier who recalls those days will agree to this assertion. Optimists talked of the war lasting another six months. The more conservative gave it another year. Out-and-out pessimists, picturing an awesome concentration of power in an all but impregnable natural fortress, would say nothing at all. No one could dismiss the possibility of a vast last-ditch battle in inaccessible mountains where the war might drag on indefinitely.

Eisenhower specifically planned his strategy to counter such a possibility. His commanders were ordered, once over the Rhine, to fan out as quickly and in as many directions as possible over the central German plains, to dislocate communications and prevent an organized withdrawal of the *Wehrmacht* into the *Alpenfestung*.

Meanwhile, on the German side of the lines, a military HQ had been set up in Salzburg, gateway to the Redoubt area. Road blocks had been established across all access routes into the region. Plans for resistance were drawn up by Otto Skorzeny, S.S. daredevil already celebrated for his rescue of Mussolini from the Allies. Skorzeny's orders: "Create the nucleus of a Corps for defending the Alps."

Then, suddenly, Germany collapsed. The American, English and French forces swept over the Rhine, occupied Hamburg, invested the Ruhr. The Russians surrounded Berlin. In his underground *Fuehrerbunker* Hitler shot himself. The thousand-year Reich caved in. But, the *Alpenfestung* remained, and even now Eisenhower could not be quite sure. . . .

Himmler, Kaltenbrunner and the rest of the Nazi brass were in a position to know before Eisenhower did that the war was over. The S.S. quite quickly changed their minds about fighting to the death for the *Fuehrer*. They decided not to defend the *Alpenfestung* but to use it to save their lives. It would be the last place in the Third Reich to be occupied. So, as soon as the Allies were over the Rhine the S.S. headed pell-mell for the Tyrol. So did the staff of the German Foreign Office, which quit Berlin in a long convoy on April 20. So did all the heads of the various Nazi satellite states which the *Fuehrer* had created during his great era of conquest.

Besides fleeing Nazis, the convoys making the steep ascent into the *Alpenfestung* carried instruments of survival. Concentration camp inmates, experts in the forging of documents, had a high priority. The S.S. men needed new passports, papers and identification tags. Other convoys brought civilian clothes.

All the long lines of vehicles converged on Alt Aussee. Alt Aussee is 2,000 feet above sea level, and above it soar the 8,000-foot peaks of the Dachstein and the appropriately named Totengebirge—the Mountains of Death. The area was ideal for hiding loot, for surviving and escaping.

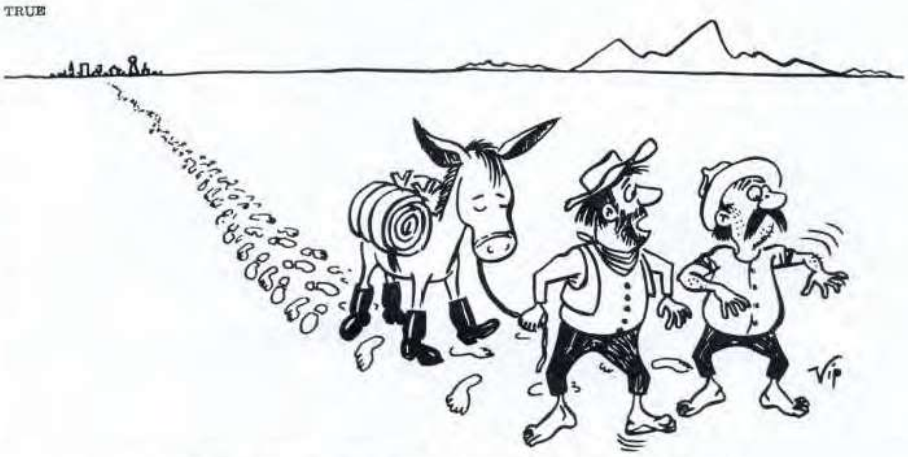
By May 1, 1945, seven days before the end of the war, the population of Alt Aussee had swollen from a normal 10,000 to more than 80,000, most of them S.S. men and notorious war criminals, with a few Fascist Hungarian and Romanian contingents. The fugitives included Ante Pavelic of Croatia, who with Hitler's blessing had ordered the massacre of half a million Serbs, Mihailoff, leader of the Macedonian Fascists, and the slimy Monsignor Tiso of Slovakia.

Heinrich Himmler had elected to stay in the north. Living in his own personal, private cloud-cuckoo-land, he believed that he and only he had the authority and prestige to discuss peace terms with Eisenhower. In charge of the *Alpenfestung* he left its builder, Ernst Kaltenbrunner, who had made his headquarters in a pleasant chalet. Kaltenbrunner was as mad as his master. His own plan was to disappear and lie low until Himmler and Eisenhower had sorted out everything in a friendly manner. Then he would re-emerge and resume his job as Himmler's trusted lieutenant.

He was quite happy with his plan on that first day of May. He sipped cognac and dealt himself a hand of solitaire. He was wearing the blouse of an S.S. general with ski-pants tucked into ski-boots in preparation for his getaway. Outside in the snow-dappled streets men of the S.S., S.D., the Waffen S.S. and various other Nazi cadres mingled, exchanging plans, chattering, drinking, discussing the end of their world of conquest, pillage and Nazi supremacy. The thought of 6 million dead Jews made them laugh hysterically. They knew they were blacklisted by the world. Capture probably meant the firing squad or the gallows.

Then something happened that spoiled

TRUE



"How long do you think before they're broken in?"

the day for Kaltenbrunner. Adolf Eichmann arrived unexpectedly from Berlin. Trim and dandified, he entered Kaltenbrunner's quarters, clicked his heels and extended his arm. "Heil Hitler!"

"Heil Hitler," Kaltenbrunner returned glumly. Eichmann, as chief of the Gestapo's Jewish Office, was one of the highest on the list of criminals wanted by the Allies. Nobody wanted to have anything to do with him. What the devil did the fellow want?

"What are you going to do here now?" Kaltenbrunner asked apprehensively.

"I am going up into the mountains to the fortress," said Eichmann, for whom the war was still going on.

Kaltenbrunner nodded gravely. "That's good," he said. "Good for *Reichsfuehrer* Himmler, too. Now he can talk to Eisenhower differently." With Eichmann up in the mountains, Kaltenbrunner thought, he would not be in a position to defend himself if Himmler chose to cast the whole blame for the murder of the Jews on him.

As Eichmann left he overheard Kaltenbrunner say to an aide, "It's all a lot of crap. The game is up."

What Kaltenbrunner meant, Eichmann had no idea just then. He set off at a walk up the mountain to the Blaa-Alm (the Blue Pasture), an hour's climb from Alt Aussee, and sat alone to contemplate his destiny.

Meanwhile, on that same May 1, a bizarre incident took place in the Tyrolean village of Redl-Zipf between Salzburg and Linz. A convoy heavily guarded by S.S. outriders was making its way through the narrow pass at the foot of the mountains to the *Alpenfestung* when one of the trucks broke down.

The driver asked the senior S.S. officer in the village what to do with the load. The officer, who had long since ceased to care, said, "Throw it in the river." The river Traun was in full spate from the spring snows. The soldier, with the unquestioning discipline that made the German army the admiration and despair of the world, obeyed the order without hesitation, and the weighted wooden boxes sank under the dark, swirling waters.

No one thought any more about the incident. The convoy passed and wound its way up the pass into the *Alpenfestung*. Other convoys followed, and then there was that brief, eerie silence that separates the departure of the vanquished from the arrival of the conquerors. Suddenly there was the deafening rattle of tanks, troop carriers and motorcycles. Patton's XII Corps with the 90th and 95th divisions in the van rolled into the area, and right to the foot of the *Alpenfestung* proper.

The Americans' eyes turned upward to the soaring, snow-capped peaks which they knew sheltered the cream of the S.S., the most desperate men in the world. Their reveries was interrupted by an amazing sight. White oblongs of paper covered the surface of the River Traun, hundreds, thousands of English five-, 10- and 20-pound notes. Some of the sunken boxes had burst open under the battering of the current. The bills were rescued and laid out on the grass to dry. The river was dredged for further boxes, and an emergency call put through to the Counter-Intelligence Corps.

Twenty-three cases were recovered, containing notes with a face value to $80 million in counterfeit money. American financial experts estimated that perhaps as much again had been washed away and would be stolen.

The villagers of Redl-Zipf went on to tell the Americans of other wonders up in the *Alpenfestung*, of endless corridors peopled by gnomes and stacked with priceless paintings, and of convoys carrying gold and jewels. They told of deep caves built by slave laborers driven with whips and of a mysterious missile base in an inaccessible lake.

The Americans staring at the sheer walls of the *Alpenfestung* would have been relieved to know how un-warlike its defenders were at that moment. Crates of arms were piled untended and unnoticed in the streets. Machine guns lay about in the snow, waiting to be assembled. Observation posts were empty. The most modern of German small arms had been thrown away into ditches.

The defenders of the *Alpenfestung* were far too busy with their personal dreams of escape and the hiding of their loot. Himmler had issued specific orders not to fire on Americans, Englishmen or Frenchmen, but to defend the area at all costs against the Russians, who were not far away. S.S. men drank toasts in cognac and champagne to each other. Many staggered through the streets of Alt Aussee blind drunk. Some sat in bars, their heads in their hands, weeping into their beer. Many committed suicide.

Grim and crazy though it was, it must also have been a scene of the wildest farce. It seemed that everyone was carrying boxes and sacks to secret burying grounds. Men were busily dying their hair, tending new mustaches, posing for hurried passport photographs.

Unbelievable incidents occurred. Otto Skorzeny was looking after the disposition of the men under his command when a trembling civilian approached him and introduced himself. It was Dr. Walter Funk, president of the Reichsbank and Minister of Economics, and on this occasion he was well-named. He told Skorzeny that he had the State treasure with him and begged Skorzeny to take both himself and the treasure under his protection. The appeal of millions of Reichsmarks seemed somewhat remote and abstract to Skorzeny, what with the Americans at the foot of the pass, and he himself high on the list of wanted men. He gave a yell of laughter and declined.

This was not the end of Skorzeny's dream-like experience. A dusty courier clattered up on a motorcycle and gave the Hitler salute. He had come on the personal orders of the *Fuehrer*, he said.

"But the *Fuehrer* is dead," said Skorzeny.

Apparently he had been alive when the courier left the *Fuehrerbunker*. He had made his way out of Berlin through Russian and American lines with a special package for Skorzeny. The package contained something about as useful to Skorzeny at that moment as a wooden Reichsmark: oak leaves to add to Skorzeny's Knight's Cross.

How much treasure found its way to the *Alpenfestung* can only be guessed. But even such inventory as we have is breathtaking. Apart from the counterfeit money with a face value of about $400 million (a third of the original $600 million printed having been spent) there was real folding money and gold and silver. Kaltenbrunner had control of all funds for S.S. espionage and the Gestapo, a fortune built on the gold removed from the teeth of millions of concentration camp victims. There was a hundred pounds of pure gold brought to Alt Aussee by Walter Funk. Kaltenbrunner also had personal control of 2 million Swiss francs, five smaller boxes of jewels and his personal stamp collection, one of the world's greatest, stolen from Denmark (and never found afterward).

Furthermore, he had the code numbers of bank accounts which controlled the huge sums secreted by the S.S. in Swiss banks. He had the names of prominent people all over Europe who had cooperated with Eichmann in the roundup of the Jews, famous, distinguished people who had specified they would help only if their names were never revealed. The list was never found. Kaltenbrunner had 280 pounds of narcotics. And there was much, much more.

In a salt mine near Alt Aussee—chosen by curators for its even temperature of 40° degrees Fahrenheit—was secreted the greatest art collection ever assembled on earth, looted from museums all over Europe, including 5,350 old masters, fantastic assemblies of marble statues, Renaissance armor, books, furniture. Hitler had stolen it for the museum he intended to build after the war at Linz, his birthplace, in memory of his mother.

Hitler was determined that this collection would never be restored to the Allies. A large crate marked *"Marmor Nicht Stürtzen"* (marble, do not touch) was crammed with dynamite and kept in the entrance to the mine. (Working in the mine, incidentally, had stunted the growth of the miners, hence the earlier references to gnomes.)

Up in the Blaa-Alm, Eichmann, who had finally realized that there would be no defense of the *Alpenfestung*, watched the escape plans with bitterness and contempt. He believed he had kept faith with Hitler and the Third Reich, and he despised "the insubordinate gang from the intelligence section of the S.S., and

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COMING . . .

Baron Von Werra was an escape artist of staggering ingenuity. Read about THE NAZI EAGLE THE ALLIES COULDN'T CAGE . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"Here are his X-rays, his cardiogram, his blood-pressure charts—and his Dun & Bradstreet rating."

the bunch of good-for-nothings from the Waffen S.S." He found the locals hostile, "all punks, who were probably the people who had shouted themselves hoarse yelling 'Heil Hitler' in 1938." (As probably they were.)

News came to Alt Aussee that the Americans were through the pass and had occupied Bad Ischl, only a few miles away. They were dancing with the girls in the market place, and there were said to be wild orgies. The *Alpenfestung* had been breached with scarcely a shot fired. In Alt Aussee the escape preparations became more frenzied.

Kaltenbrunner decided that it was time for him to make his planned temporary withdrawal from civilization. He went first to a little airstrip which had been leveled on the outskirts of town. A small Fieseler Storch single-engine spotter plane had been standing there for some days, having escaped from Berlin. It had crash-landed, but it was in good enough condition for a take-off. Kaltenbrunner loaded a supply of bullion into the plane and gave orders to the two-man crew. No one heard what he said. The plane took off. Kalterbrunner then set out for his hiding place, a mountain refuge called the Wildensee Hut, 10 miles up in the mountains, a whole day's walk. His supplies of food were ample. He made himself comfortable, settled down to a good book, and prepared to make his home there for the next three months or so.

A couple of days later the war was over. Informers in Alt Aussee promptly told the Americans Kaltenbrunner's whereabouts. They went up to the hut and brought him down. He was subsequently tried as a war criminal, and on the night of October 15, 1946, he was hanged.

Vast quantities of loot fell into American hands. The art collection was rescued intact (no one had bothered to set off the dynamite), and some, though not all, of Funk's gold was recovered. Funk drew a life sentence at Nuremberg. A digging party in Kaltenbrunner's garden quickly struck gold: three treasure chests containing 19,000 gold doubloons.

But this was only a fraction of the treasure known to be hidden in the *Alpenfestung*. The wreckage of the Fieseler Storch plane was found not far from the Wildensee Hut, but neither the gold nor the pilots have been traced to this day. Troops combed the mountains and pastures with mine detectors, but the soil was so full of iron they were forced to abandon their search.

But the principal investigation was at Lake Toplitz. Austrian resistance men and Allied agents had kept the lake under observation and reported that many crates had been sunk in the lake in the middle of the night. This malevolently motionless, unbreathing stretch of cold, black water now revealed the lethal power which made it unique. This was something worse than an imaginary monster, because more dangerous. Lake Toplitz was a lake with a false bottom. About a hundred feet below the surface there is a cross-tangle of water-logged tree trunks deposited there by mountain streams. Not being able to fasten themselves to the smooth rock sides, they sway to and fro.

The Americans patrolled the lake and sent down two divers. One caught his lifeline in a tree branch and drowned. The other re-surfaced with his nerves shot. Next they used depth charges to blast holes through the floor of wood. The blasts succeeded in clearing holes, but slowly they closed up again, and no diver dared to risk getting caught under the platform of trees. The Americans abandoned the search.

In the course of time the U.S. Army went home. Over the years since then there has been a series of strange incidents in the former *Alpenfestung*—unsolved murders, mysterious visitations by former Nazis, secret diving expeditions in the treacherous depths of Lake Toplitz. In 1959 divers using underwater television cameras discovered narrow holes in the wood barrier. They brought up 10 water-tight boxes, bound in hoops of steel, containing counterfeit British notes with a face value equivalent to more than a million dollars. The boxes were seized by the Austrian police and further private diving was officially forbidden. But in October of last year Alfred Egner, a young German skin-diver, disappeared during a clandestine dive. Since then the Austrian government has launched a massive assault on the mystery of Lake Toplitz, using sonar mapping techniques, underwater television cameras, floodlights and teams of divers. Their first discovery, 250 feet below the surface, wedged in a tangle of tree trunks, was the body of Alfred Egner. The effort to make Lake Toplitz yield its secrets is still going on.

So, the *Alpenfestung* fell without a fight. The Werewolves never materialized. But, the area has a Nazi legacy which persists to this day. At the end of the war it held the densest concentration of Nazi war criminals in all of Europe. With so much flotsam washed up, there inevitably remained a lot which stayed there high and dry.

As we now know, the occupying Americans and British were so busy trying to get the stricken beast of Germany back on its feet in 1945, that the search for Nazi criminals became a joke. The investigators scarcely skimmed the surface, and even after men like Eichmann and Skorzeny were caught, they simply walked

out of their camps to freedom. Eichmann returned to Alt Aussee after his escape from prison camp and continued to live there for a year with his wife and family. Not until his name began to be uttered with embarrassing frequency at the Nuremberg trials did he decide to disappear. Smoothly, silently, efficiently, with the help of the Nazi underground railroad, he did so, and his family followed him.

Thus, in the *Alpenfestung*, the S.S. celebrated its last victory. Only a tiny fraction of the war criminals who finished the war there were ever brought to justice. Eichmann was not caught until 1960, after 15 years of freedom. His henchman, Rauff, was arrested in Santiago de Chile only this January. (With—I like to think—a modest assist from myself, the author. In Quito, Ecuador, in the spring of 1961, I was informed by British businessmen in residence there that Rauff had been living in Quito under the name of Raleff but had left hurriedly some months earlier for Santiago de Chile. When I arrived in Santiago some days later, I informed the Jewish community leaders there of what I had been told.) Erich Rajakovich, another Eichmann aide, was arrested last April.

Ante Pavelic, the Croation mass murderer, got away and lived out the rest of his life in Latin America. Otto Skorzeny has never been arrested and is today a popular social figure in Madrid. Austrian authorities still seek the notorious Gunther brothers, two of the war's most dastardly murderers. All these men were in the *Alpenfestung* at the end of the war. Yad Vashem, the Israeli bureau on Nazi war crimes, has a huge list of war criminals who have simply vanished without trace. If Martin Bormann ever succeeded in reaching Latin America, as now seems likely, he certainly did it by way of the *Alpenfestung*, because that is where the organization, the grapevine and money existed for helping him and others along.

The *Alpenfestung*, in other words, turned out to be the gateway to Nazi hideouts all over the world. These may not be very satisfactory Valhallas as Valhallas go, certainly nothing like so heady as the Third Reich in its great era, but better by far than the hangman's rope.

—Geoffrey Bocca

Tahitian Tamarraa Party

[*Continued from page 27*]

romantics who come for a few months and leave disappointed. So Kelley is a novelty for them. He can gossip in Tahitian. He has a riotous enthusiasm, and impetuosity which hides the fact that he can be very deliberate on money matters. He is capable of consuming colossal quantities of Hinano beer. He can also dance the *tamure*, the startling Tahitian hula which has no resemblance to the Hawaiian hula. The hula is suggestive, the *tamure* is sex. It is a dance which most men like to watch but which few men really master. Kelley does it well.

I am arguing that life in paradise is marvelous, but in a way that few white men understand. A weekend spent with Kelley recently illustrates the point.

Fifty yards from Kelley's house is a small concrete dock where the little interisland boat from Papeete unloads natives, demijohns of Algerian red wine, cases of beer, pigs, mail and other staples of life. As I walked down the dock at Maharepa I could see that Kelley and two Tahitians were at work on a cook shack. Kelley's establishment is made up of five buildings at the other end of the beach from his charming new Bali Hai Hotel and cottages. The largest is the "drinking and dancing house"—a single huge room with an enormous overhanging roof which forms a veranda facing the ocean. There is a bath house which is chest high so that one can talk to others while showering with the incredibly soft Moorean rain water. There is also a storage house and a separate cottage which is really a row of sleeping rooms. The sleeping house consists of four little bedrooms which would by normal standards accommodate two people each, but which seem to have a capacity for infinite expansion. I have attended parties at Kelley's which have run for four or five days and have seen 30 or 40 people eat, sleep and bathe with no sense of being crowded.

As I left the dock and walked down the beach I could see that Kelley and his workers were almost through with the cook shack. Kelley was throwing up bundled thatch to the Tahitians and chattering rapidly. He was wearing only a pair of tattered khaki shorts. Sweat poured down his body. Standing only a few feet away from him was a dark-haired Tahitian girl named Dallas who has the nickname of "Big Dee" because for Tahitian girls she is rather large.

She had been working with the men, but had just turned on the garden hose and was taking a bath. She was wearing a *pareau* which clung wetly to every line of her body. She smiled at me through the water and said *"iorana"* which is the Tahitian word for welcome. Big Dee has beautiful large eyes and a face which is almost lovely. As I talked to Kelley she propped the hose between two rocks so that a stream of water rose in the air in a small arch and hit the sand with cool purling sounds. I knew she would let the water run all day for she liked the sound of it. Also it cost nothing.

Big Dee's smile started to vanish as Kelley and I spoke in English. Although she understands French, English and Tahitian, Big Dee does not like English-speaking visitors. Somehow they seem to separate her from Hugh and she becomes very cool when Americans are present.

"Burdick, rover of the South Seas, *iorana!*" Kelley roared. "I have been waiting for an excuse for a *tamarraa*. You and the toilet are all the excuse we need. Let's start to move."

Kelley rapped out instructions in Tahitian to the two workers. They grinned broadly, climbed down from the rooftop, got on their bicycles and took off in opposite directions. A *tamarraa* is a Tahitian feast, dance and gossip section all rolled into one. Although they are always noisy and give the appearance of grave chaos, as I shall indicate, they are very symmetrical and highly structured social events.

As we walked by a small gas-operated refrigerator which was protected from the sun and rain by a few large banana leaves, Hugh opened its door and pulled out two liters of cool Hinano beer. Then, beyond the bathhouse, I saw the toilet standing in solitary splendor on the sand.

"Look at it, my boy," Kelley said. "The only flush toilet on Moorea."

He motioned to a small nipa hut three times as big as a phone booth, and with a newly laid and still-moist cement floor. "That's where we are going to install the beauty. From it you'll have a view of the reef, the waves and the trade-wind clouds."

A flush toilet on Moorea is an act of absolute magnificence. It is doubtful that many of the Mooreans would use it, preferring the old custom of using the rise and fall of the tides as their chief sanitary facility. But they would admire the toilet enormously.

As we turned away from the toilet Jay came out of the main house followed by a lovely *vahine* named Florida. Florida was a new addition to the menage, but I had met her before. She is half Chinese and half Tahitian with huge lustrous eyes, slim legs, long dark hair, the birdlike bones of an aristocratic Chinese and a slow but very warm smile. She is shy and extremely courteous.

A word about the institution of the *vahine*. It is an example of Tahitian tradition mixing with French permissiveness. Between the ages of 13 and 15 it is assumed that a Tahitian girl has slept with one boy and maybe with a number. Around 15 she will probably drift out of her family household and into the hut of a Tahitian or an American or a Frenchman, depending upon her good looks, her social poise, her intelligence. No one expects these liaisons will be permanent.

A *vahine* is not a prostitute. Indeed, in a curious way, she gives much more than she takes. Although she may not love her man in the Western tradition she is enormously attentive to his wants. She prepares food, does laundry, shops at the stores, runs errands, cleans the house. When the affair is over, whatever the reason for its termination, she will quietly tie up her few possessions in a *pareau*, kiss her ex-boyfriend on the cheek, and with no remorse take off down the road or head for the dock.

Everyone commenced preparations for the *tamarraa*, an elaborate affair that takes shape slowly. Everyone has a role to play, ranging from cracking and scraping coconuts to the preparation of a delicately flavored *poa*. A *tamarraa* is a peculiar mixture of Polynesian skills for everything is made from scratch. It is the distillation of the sea and island life and simple sexuality. The only Western touches are Algerian wine, Scotch and beer.

Kelley, Jay and I started off on our part

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of the preparation. With one of the Tahitian carpenters who had a permit to carry a rifle, and Florida, we started up a steep valley back of Pao Pao Bay following a stream. Soon the overhanging trees began to cut out the light and Kelley lit a kerosene lamp which threw an arch of bright light over the tumbling cold water. Flashing in the eddies at the edge of the water were the eyes of fresh-water shrimp. The eyes would remain fixed for a fleeting second and during this time we would spear them. They are a small gray shrimp about the size of one's thumb and have the most exquisite taste of any shrimp I have ever eaten. In three hours of climbing we gathered perhaps 30 pounds of them.

Occasionally Florida would pause, ask one of the men to flash his lamp alongside the river and she would dart into the jungle and come back with a mango or breadfruit.

We had been stumbling up the river bed for three hours when Kelley suddenly growled for quiet. Above the distant drone of the surf I heard what had brought Kelley to a halt—the sound of wild pigs eating papayas.

We came up on them humped around a huge old papaya tree, a whole family of pigs: a big tusked boar, a couple of full-grown females and six piglets the size of cats. One of the sows stared down the fan of brilliant light toward us. Then she turned back, playfully caught a huge rotten papaya in her mouth, tossed it and snapped it in a great gushing mass of pulp in midair. Next moment, a .22 bullet caught her in the head and she deflated slowly to the ground. The boar and other sows bolted at once. The two Tahitians and Florida dashed for the piglets. Kelley snapped off another shot which caught the boar just at the edge of the clearing. The eyes lived on after the rest of the body was dead, watching us with a hard, granitelike malice as we moved about.

We were exhausted when we got back to Kelley's house and all went for a swim. Florida modestly wore a *pareau*. The men all wore shorts. Tahitian men and women are extremely shy about *public* nudity. Almost nothing except jealousy can persuade a Tahitian girl to dance bare breasted in front of others.

The *tamarraa* was proceeding nicely. People had started to arrive. They were not exactly guests for they received no specific invitation, but they were the web of friends, relatives, in-laws, associates of Big Dee's, the relatives of the carpenters, an old Dane who was a personal friend of mine, two Chinese storekeepers related to Florida, and a clutch of girls who knew in some subtle way that they were privileged to attend.

It was an eerie thing to watch. Presumably the several thousand people on Moorea knew of the party for gossip is carried by the truck-busses which circle the island. Technically anyone on the island could have come to the party and been well received. Actually there was a very definite group that *knew* they were invited although they received no specific word. In all there were about 40 people and somehow they knew what size the party would be.

Everyone brought a different item of food and, depending upon his circumstances, a different quantity. But there was precisely enough food to supply a gargantuan feast for just 40 people. One bachelor brought three squawking chickens, a girl a clump of breadfruit, a boy from a distant valley a clump of bananas and a basket of firm papayas. And so it went. Soon the beach in front of Kelley's shack was covered with mounds of fruit, coconuts, squealing pigs, chickens. There were only two men who brought nothing. But they later contributed a great deal.

The preparation of the food for a *tamarraa* is enormous. Take the process of making coconut milk, which is *not* the water inside a coconut. It is made by splitting coconuts in two, then carefully scraping out the meat inside. This mass of white scrapings is then put inside cheesecloth, twisted energetically by one or two men and the fluid that flows out in a thick creamy texture is coconut milk, one of the most marvelous condiments and food flavorings in the world.

All around the house, joking, gossiping and sweating, the guests were at work. There is no election of leaders, no one is named head chef, but there is always one man and one woman who by informal agreement take over the direction of the work. This is usually a man and woman who have distinguished themselves at their skill in preparing *tamarraas*. The two leaders will see that the pigs are slaughtered in knee-deep water in the lagoon. Chickens are slaughtered and defeathered and then cut up into tiny parts for a delicious dish called *fa-fa*.

One group of men was digging the pit in which the dinner would be cooked. This *otai* or oven looks easy but is enormously complicated. Great quantities of coconut husks and wood are set on fire and then coral stones are placed on top, the whole thing artfully arranged so a strong draft gets all the stones equally hot.

A group of women were preparing *poa*. *Poa* is made of mashed fruits such as papaya and bananas to which handfuls of cornstarch are added. The mixture is folded into big banana leaves and is then ready for the oven. This considerable activity was accompanied by a vast drinking of wine punch and Hinano beer. There was a great deal of gossip among the various groups. Frequently a boy or girl splashed into the ocean to cool off, came back and crouched down, glistening with water, and continued to work. It is a kind of work-pleasure which I have never seen done by white men. A great many activities are smoothly coordinated although no one is officially the boss.

Around 5 o'clock all of the tasks come to an end simultaneously. In a carefully controlled order two pigs, a 50-pound tuna, breadfruit, packets of *poa*, parcels of *fa-fa* and scores of roasting bananas were arranged over the hot rocks. The whole thing was quickly covered with wet banana leaves and then with a foot or two of sand so that it was airtight.

As soon as the oven was closed all of the Tahitians immediately turned to cleaning up the area. They are a very fastidious people and in 15 minutes there was not a fish scale or open coconut to be seen. Everything had been burned or thrown into the ocean.

Everyone then turned to clean up his own person. A group of the men walked back through a coconut grove and bathed in a large blue pool where a cascade of fresh water poured over a rock. Most of the girls bathed in the shower and when they came out they were all wearing fresh *pareaus* and had done the usual fantastic things with their hair. For reasons which no one fully understands, the long black hair of Tahitian girls is extremely manageable. The girls casually twist it into half a dozen different arrangements in the course of a day.

Big Dee picked up a guitar and started to play. What she played was a singing commercial for Hinano beer which is heard dozens of times a day over radio Papeete. It has become enormously popular just through repetition. The first time Big Dee sang it through exactly the way it comes over the radio. Then, with a sly smile, she began to insert new words into the song. No one was certain at first whom she was singing about, but gradually everyone's eyes fastened on an immense Tahitian sailor who had the preposterous name of Nickel. His mother had liked the sound of the word and pronounced by Tahitians it does indeed have a soft and melodious sound. It was clear that although Big Dee was not using Nickel's name she was describing his current love affair with a girl in a village six miles away.

It was a cleverly put together song. Translated into English it sounds only bawdy. But what Big Dallas kept asking was what kept Nickel making the 12-mile trip to the distant village. Some of the suggestions she made were so direct that they would raise the hair on Henry Miller's head. At the same time there was a kind of gentleness about the song, soft allusions to Nickel's masculine prowess, the beauty of his *vahine*.

The moment Big Dee was finished, Nickel's *vahine*, a tiny beautiful girl who is a mixture of Portuguese, French, Chinese and Tahitian, picked up the guitar and began to reply. By this time everyone had drifted back from their baths and the consumption of beer and wine punch started to go up sharply.

Nickel's girl directed her song at Kelley without using his name. She also began to shift the rhythm of the song. It swung away from the commercial tune and became transformed into *tamure* music. Singing faster, she stated that everyone had had great expectations for Kelley when he arrived. They had expected him to repopulate the island singlehanded. With a back so big, she sang, with hands

so big, the *popaa* newcomer had excited everyone. And now she suggested there was a terrible sense of disappointment.

Kelley stood up and struck a posture of outrage. He put down a huge beaker of wine punch and in the peculiar opening of the *tamure* began to shuffle toward Nickel's girl. He rotated his hips slowly at the same time that his legs were making a rapid scissorlike motion. He circled the girl. Kelley is not one of the best dancers on Moorea, but he is uncommonly good. There was something absurdly magnificent about his dance. There was no mistaking its intention. It had all the directness of a rooster circling a hen. Nickel's *vahine* ignored him for two or three minutes.

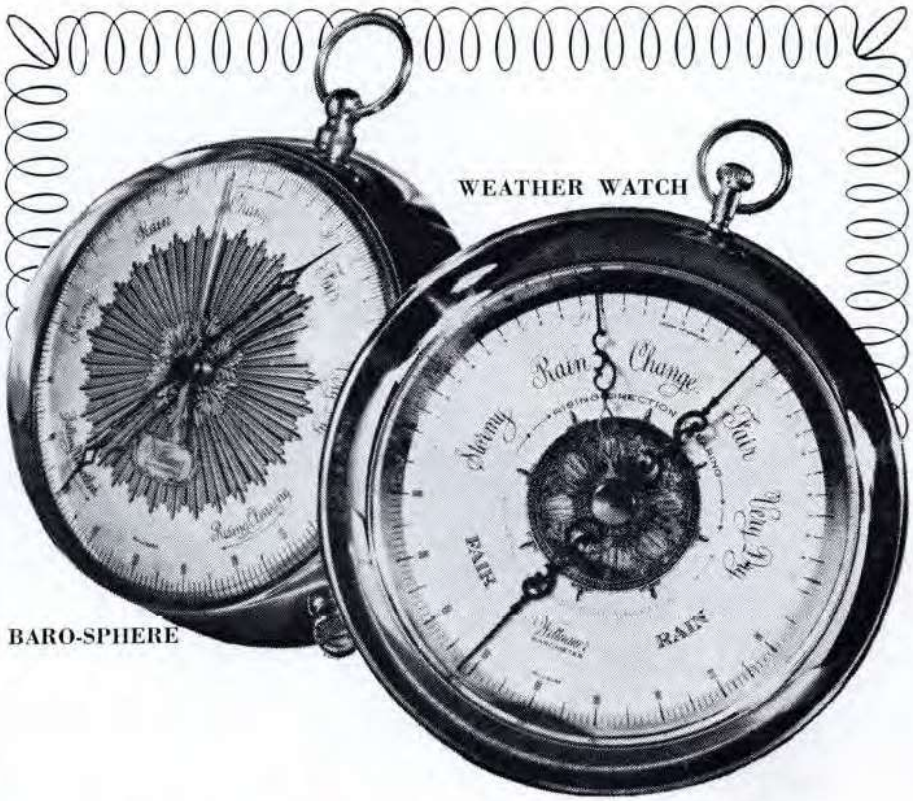
Suddenly the tempo of the music began to pick up and was joined by half a dozen guitars. A dozen voices shouted to Nickel's *vahine* to get up and dance. Slowly, with every appearance of reluctance, she stood up. The moment she was erect, however, things changed with a dazzling speed. In the *tamure* the girl dances with her heels flat on the ground and most of the action takes place with the hips. At first the motion is circular and done with an incredible speed and subtlety. Then there is a pelvic thrust added to the dance. In two minutes she was glistening with perspiration and so was Kelley.

At the end of three minutes she had Kelley on the defensive. He moved toward her, his arms forming a huge circle. At the climax of the dance the girl moved inside of his arms, her movements became tiny, exquisite and pulsating. She threw back her head with her eyes closed. Then she giggled.

The giggle of the Tahitian girl is indescribable and it has a hundred meanings. Instantly the music stopped. If the girl moved away that would be the end of that individual dance. If she giggled again it would be a signal that she was willing to continue. She giggled again and instantly the guitars started to play. This time the pace of the dance was even faster. The two danced in the center of the veranda for perhaps four more minutes. Sweat ran in rivulets down both of them. When the girl moved inside Kelley's arms this time she giggled, but she was looking directly into Kelley's face. Everyone burst out laughing and Kelley and the girl walked to the outer circle of guests. Kelley drank off half a liter of wine punch and he and Nickel's girl stood and watched as two or three other couples started to dance.

According to local custom they would have vanished into the bushes which surround Kelley's house for perhaps only 90 seconds, and when they returned the man would have had four fingernail scratches across his chest and the girl would have walked with her eyes downcast. Everyone would know what had happened—they had made love in the bushes in what the anthropologists call "Maori style." It is a form of love making in which the foreplay is accomplished during the dance and the actual consummation of the act takes place in privacy and is accomplished quickly.

No one, according to custom, would



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GING THE BELLY on Archive.org

have remarked the short absence of the pair. But later in the improvised songs there would be sly references to what happened, speculations as to whether or not the man "planted a seed," gleeful suggestions that the girl's back must ache from supporting such a weight.

The tempo of the *tamarraa* then begins to increase. Unlike Western-style parties, there is no separation by age. Dignified old ladies did dazzling dances with young boys. A gorgeous little 11-year-old Chinese girl with pigtails and great glowing eyes danced with an ancient Tahitian man with a barrel chest, a mouth full of cracked teeth, wonderful crinkled skin on his face and they performed very well. Occasionally couples would wander off into the bushes and return. Every 15 or 20 minutes some girl would step under the shower, strip off her damp *pareau*, and with the water pouring over her head watch for several minutes as she showered. She would then towel off and emerge in a clean *pareau*.

There was a wonderful air of relaxation about the group. A notion of absolute equality. But there was also a tingly sense of tension underneath the laughter. The tension arises from the fact that the Tahitians were doing the thing that they enjoy most: gossiping and love making. There was a sense of anticipation, of speculation as to who would pair off with whom.

We had been singing and dancing for two hours when someone announced that he was hungry. The male and female head chefs replied that the oven would not be ready for at least another hour. Someone shouted that someone should get some *oma*, the tiny reef fish which are a great delicacy. This was a direct hint to the two young men who had brought nothing to the *tamarraa*. They both had formidable reputations as net-casting fishermen. Without a direct order, two of the younger girls built a coconut-husk fire between some stones and placed a huge black iron frying pan over them.

The first fisherman bent over almost double looking for a school of *oma* in front of Kelley's house. To Westerners the fish are almost invisible and indeed even when one has practiced for years the schools of tiny skittering fish are not truly visible.

Suddenly the fisherman stiffened. His powerful back muscles went as hard as stone. His feet were suddenly prehensile, feeling out for twigs and pieces of coral and avoiding them as he came to the edge of the water. Then his right arm went back and the net arched in the air. It held for a moment in a perfect parachute shape, each string in the net stretched taut, the circle of lead balls at the bottom of the net holding it in shape. Then it began to drop toward the water. But in the instant before it hit a pebble thrown by a boy on the veranda splashed beneath the net and the school of *oma* scattered. The fisherman did not even bother to look at his net as he carefully refolded it; he knew he had made no catch. He glared over his shoulder and swore at the boy. Everyone roared with laughter.

A few minutes later he was crouched over again. This time no stone was thrown and his net hit the water in a perfect circle. The sound of the lead sinkers coming from all directions confuses the fish and they tend to draw together in the center of the net as it drops around them. When the fisherman unloaded his net on the sand there were 34 tiny fish in it, all of them jumping desperately toward the sea.

The girls picked up the fish, washed them in the salt water, and then holding them by the tails in little clumps of five dipped them into corn flour and then threw them into the hot oil in the frying pan. In a few moments they were ready to eat. They are eaten precisely the way one might eat a popsicle—the five tiny bodies have fused together and one starts at the top and eats down to the tails.

In a few minutes there were perhaps 15 pounds of tiny fish squirming in a green basket beside the black frying pan. One of the younger girls tended the huge frying pan and passed out the crisp little clusters of fish until everyone was satisfied.

Now the rhythm of the party slowed down. Later it would become more frenzied but for the moment everyone listened to an ensemble which was made up of a gut-bucket from an old five-gallon oil can, a guitar, a ukulele and a wooden Tahitian drum. The glasses of red wine went up to brown feminine lips and the wine punch fizzed in the corners of their mouths. Beer bottles flashed and took on some of the lagoon colors. Everyone's eyes were half closed against the assault of the setting sun. The music slowed and became soft, seemed somehow to intertwine itself with the pastel colors of dusk. The world we could see and smell and hear seemed curiously melting, capable of miracles.

Kelley moved with a slow languid pace down toward the beach to try his hand at net casting. He was slightly drunk and he laughed softly to himself as he coiled the net on his shoulder. We focused our eyes and could see him: diamond-hard, tiny, black, perfectly outlined against the glitter of the water . . . very distant although he was only 20 feet away. The net reared up, hung for an astonishing time in the air, the tiny strands separated. It was a perfect cast. It made no difference that Kelley brought up no fish. There were soft shouts of approval from the audience.

Kelley walked back up to the veranda and stretched out beside me.

"This is a funny place," he said. "For the first six months I was here I realized how damned tired and fatigued I was by life in the States. I mean just physically tired. I soaked up the sun and the sea and the girls like they were medicine."

"I know," I said. "But what happens when you get bored?"

"I guess there will come a time when I will be bored with it," Kelley said. For the first time his face looked serious. "Occasionally I find myself wanting to argue politics or to be in a courtroom fighting a tough case."

Kelley is wiser than most men who come to the tropics; he knew he could never completely escape the culture in which he was raised. He knew that at some point he would want more tension in his life, would want to test himself, to do more than is possible on a South Seas island. He saw Moorea as a place of passage. A magnificent place of passage, but no more.

If the white man accepts the South Seas the way Kelley does, as a passing phase of life, it is not only tolerable but it is a very sweet pleasure. But most white men can not.

It was time to open the oven. Steam came out in great fragrant clouds. The women had already gathered flowers and had plaited banana leaves together into a long beautiful green tablecloth with floral arrangements every several feet. They had also made a *hei* for each person, a kind of fragrant coronet which everyone put on his head before sitting down. The food was passed from the oven to the improvised table. The pigs and big fish were just on the edge of disintegration and had a marvelous odor. The packages of *poa* and *fa-fa* were passed along and gently opened. Everyone poured new drinks and sat down to wait for the food to cool. No Tahitian would dream of eating food while it is still hot.

The ancient Tahitian who had danced with the Chinese girl heaved himself to his feet and, rocking unsteadily, held up his glass for attention. He then began a long rambling speech in Tahitian. In the speech he managed to mention something flattering, salacious and serious about every person at the table. It was a bewildering yet virtuoso performance.

He mentioned that the *vahine* of one of the men present had died that month before of TB and teardrops pattered on the banana leaves. A moment later he was gently heckling Kelley and everyone was roaring with laughter. I marveled at the mercurial nature of the Tahitians. They can swing from bitter tears to howling laughter in seconds. As far as I can tell, they feel each emotion deeply. Perhaps that is the reason there are no neurotics among Tahitians.

We began to eat very slowly. The meal would take hours to consume and no one was in a hurry. Occasionally someone would leave the table, walk casually into the house, fall into one of the beds and take a nap.

Slowly the mountain of food began to vanish. People's voices became softer. They gossiped or they napped as they digested their meals. This was the inevitable lull of the *tamarraa*.

In a few more hours the tempo would pick up again. The guitars would start and so would the dancing and the love making. The party would go on all night and then toward sunrise there would be a break while everyone slept. When they awoke they would all bathe, drink huge cups of vanilla-scented coffee, turn again to the wine punch and the beer and the party would go on. It would stop only when the wine and beer and food had been exhausted. Kelley looked over at me and winked.

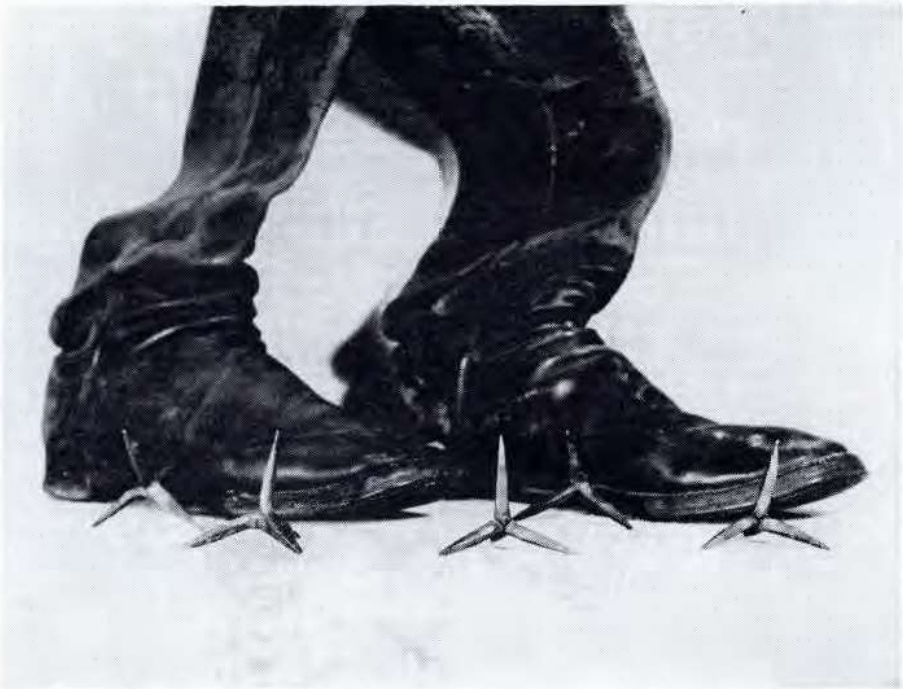
"Next week we have to get organized," he said in a soft voice. "Or maybe the week after next." I nodded and laughed. I knew that things on Moorea would never get organized and I was satisfied.

—Eugene Burdick

man to man ANSWERS

from the staff of TRUE

Herb Flatow



These little four-pointed spikes can stop a foot-soldier or a 10-ton truck.

During the Korean War, the Air Force made extensive use of an ingenious little four-pointed spike. It was quite a weapon. No matter how it landed one point always stood up. Bob Schiller of Duluth, Minnesota, was there and had a lot of fun dropping these gadgets on enemy airstrips. He wants to know if the idea is a new one.

Such four-pointed spikes have been used since the time of Alexander the Great. Caesar's Roman legions called them *tribuli*, but most of the time they have been called caltrops or "crowsfeet."

Warfare has changed in many ways, but the caltrop still serves the same purpose. It makes a road, an airstrip or an area of ground impassable. And it hasn't mattered if that enemy is a barefoot infantryman, a mounted knight or a jet bomber.

About 1510, the great Leonardo da Vinci made two suggestions which have been followed even in modern times. His first recommendation was that horsemen carry bags of caltrops that they could scatter behind them if forced to flee, in order to disrupt pursuit. Bootleggers took this advice (probably without knowing it) in the 1920's when they rigged the trunks of their cars with trap doors that could be opened from inside the auto to scatter the little spikes on the road behind and blow out tires of pursuing lawmen.

Leonardo's second recommendation was that catapults be used to hurl sacks full of caltrops and scatter them at a distance. The Air Force in Korea was following this suggestion. The general practice then was to load the caltrops, which they called tetrahedons in 500-pound bombs of the type used to scatter leaflets and set them for a burst between 100 and 200 feet above the ground. From this height a good distribution was obtained on roads and airstrips. In the early days of the Korean War American pilots reported great success with them. On the outward run they would drop quantities of the caltrops along the roads. On the return trip they would almost always find a series of trucks halted by flat tires, sitting ducks for strafing. Later the Communists adopted the practice of herding men and women on foot in front of motor convoys to clear the roads. This greatly reduced truck casualties, but it slowed the rate of movement to a walk.

These Korean War caltrops were somewhat different from their predecessors. Down through the centuries two principal types had been used, one cut from sheet steel and bent, and the other forged. The new ones were made of two lengths of steel tubing each bent into a V with sharpened ends and then welded together at their apices. Even the new puncture-proof tires were not proof against these devices, for they provided a steel-lined duct through which the air could escape. This has been the only improvement in the device in more than 2,000 years!

Q: Many years ago a dog team brought diphtheria serum to a town in Alaska where an epidemic was raging. When was that? ***E. Beckman, Van Nuys, Calif.***

A: It was in 1925. There was a diphtheria epidemic at Nome and serum had to be carried from Nenana, 650 miles away, by relays of dog teams. Leonhard Seppala, with his famous lead dog, Togo, covered the longest leg of the trip, 268 miles. The last stage of the serum run was made by Balto who thus became a world famous dog. A monument was erected to him in Central Park, New York City.

Q: Who is the world's champion horseshoe pitcher? ***B. Ashton, Edmonton, Alta.***

A: The present world's champion is John Monasmith of Yakima, Washington. Other top horseshoe pitchers include Ted Allen of Boulder, Colo., who has been champion 13 times, and Fernando Isais of Los Angeles who has won the title nine times. In taking the title this year Monasmith won 32 games out of 35 and had a ringer percentage of 82.3.

Q: In harness racing, how fast is the starting gate moving when it opens? ***W. A. Lincoln, Norwich, N. Y.***

A: The mobile gate picks up the starting field approximately one quarter mile before the start. Then, according to the rules, it maintains a speed of not less than 11 mph for 1/8 mile and of not less than 18 mph for 1/16 mile. From that point to the starting point the speed is gradually increased to the maximum which is from 30 to 35 mph, depending on the ability of the horses.

Q: Did John J. Audubon make his famous bird paintings from live birds? ***Herbert Leidahl, Willow River, Minn.***

A: No. He used dead specimens, most of which he shot himself. Audubon was a crack shot and an expert taxidermist. He was working during the early years of the 19th century when there were no photographs of birds and few museum specimens for him to handle. Audubon was also an ardent conservationist and never killed birds or animals unnecessarily.

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Q: Was there a man named William Drannan who was taken in and raised to manhood by Kit Carson? ***Carl E. White, Kent, Wash.***

A: William F. Drannan, who died in 1913, wrote two books about his experiences as a frontier scout, hunter and trapper. In them he says that when he was 15 he was taken under Carson's protection and that Carson taught him Indian lore and hunting and trapping methods. These claims are generally regarded as false because they were never confirmed by anyone else. All the available information about Drannan is contained in the two books he wrote about himself.

Q: Are there any grounds for the persistent rumor that President Franklin D. Roosevelt committed suicide? ***Arthur J. Tefft, Albuquerque, N. M.***

A: No. Roosevelt died on April 12, 1945, at Warm Springs, Ga., as the result of a cerebral hemorrhage. The hemorrhage occurred while he was posing for a portrait in oils being painted by Mme. Elizabeth Shoumatoff. There were at least three persons in the room with Roosevelt when he had the stroke. They were Mme. Shoumatoff, the painter; Miss Margaret Suckley, a distant relative; and Miss Laura Delano, a cousin. It was President Roosevelt's own wish, carefully expressed in a longhand statement written in 1937, that there be no "lying in state anywhere" of his body after death. As a result, his body was not seen by the public.

Wide World

Q: Are there wild ponies living on an island off the coast of Virginia? ***Gary Jamieson, Middlebury, Conn.***

A: Yes, there is a herd of about 200 living on Asateague Island. Every year, on the last Wednesday in July, the herd is rounded up and made to swim over to Chincoteague, about a quarter mile away. About 50 foals are sold at auction the next day and the remaining 150 ponies are returned to Asateague for breeding.

Q: Can a major league pennant be won by a team with a half-game lead? ***Oliver W. Sloan, Overland Park, Kans.***

A: No. In order for this to happen one team would have to have played more games than the other. But the rules specify that if, at the end of the season, any unplayed games remain which could affect the outcome of the pennant race then those games have to be played off.

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Q: Was Vic Power the first Negro to play with the New York Yankees? ***A. L. Volk, Peoria, Ill.***

A: No. Vic Power played with minor league teams in the Yankee farm system but he never played with the parent club. Elston Howard was the first Negro to play with the Yankees.

Q: Who invented the circular saw? ***Thomas Belanger, Cohoes, N. Y.***

A: It was probably invented in several different places at different times. In the United States the invention is credited to Shaker Sister Tabitha Babbitt in the early 1800's. However, it had probably been invented in England and in the Low Countries a century or two before that. Sister Babbitt made herself a notched disk out of tin, attached it to her spinning wheel and used it to saw shingles.

Q: How many states have laws prohibiting marriage between whites and Negroes? ***Henry Emery, Milford, Pa.***

A: Racial intermarriage is forbidden by law in 19 states. In spite of this, students of the subject estimate that there are approximately 1 million racially intermarried couples in the United States.

Q: What was the name of the person who assassinated Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria-Hungary? ***Robert J. Harper, Gananoque, Ont.***

A: The Archduke was shot on June 28, 1914, at Sarajevo in what is now Yugoslavia by Gavrilo Princip, a Serbian student. Princip in turn was shot almost instantly. The assassination became the spark which was responsible for setting off World War I.

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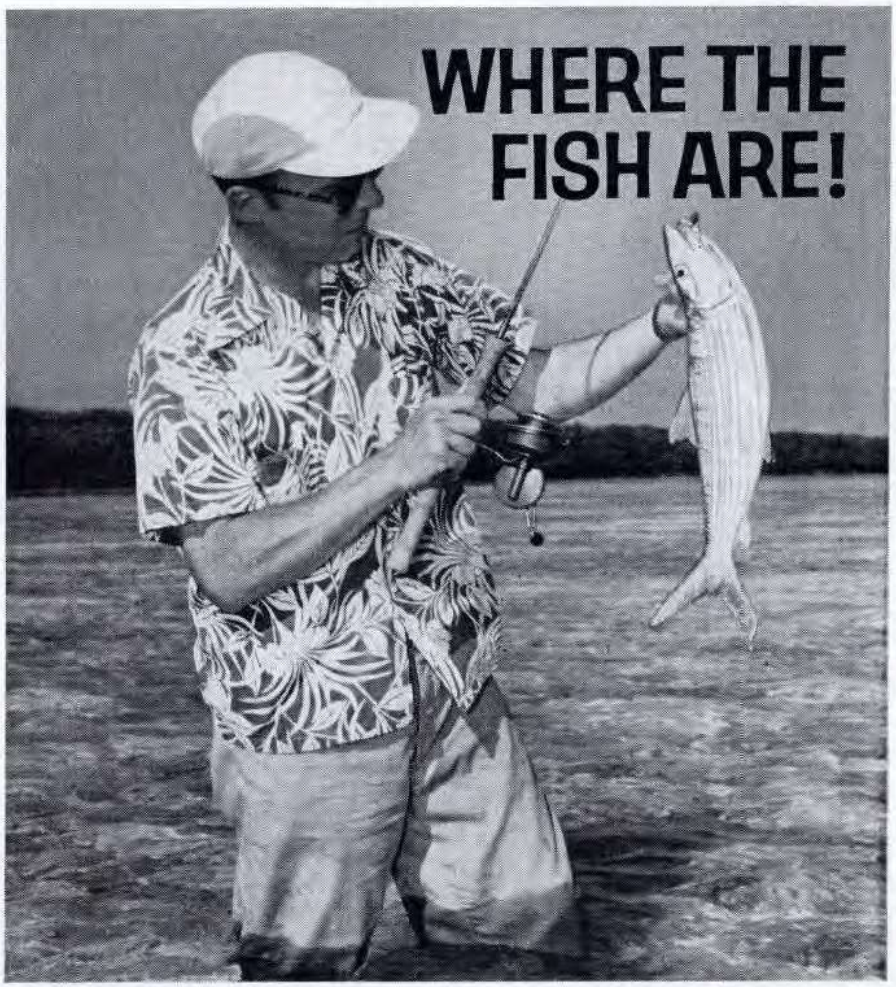

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My Life With the Little Stinkers

[*Continued from page* 43]

when they have everybody else buffaloed —and once they take their stand, never retreat. Indians on the war path wore skunk pelts wrapped around their ankles to show they'd never run away. Skunks are handsome animals; only the pelt of a silver fox can compare with the rich, glossy ebony of a skunk in prime condition and no other animal has such a magnificent brush—over ⅓ of the animal's total length and nearly as wide as it is long. Although a little too low slung to be considered graceful, skunks march along in an impressive, flat-footed manner and, if they only smoked cigars, would be dead ringers for Sir Winston Churchill.

Fifty clams seemed a high price to pay for the pleasure of scaring the daylights out of dinner guests but I consoled myself with the thought that the couple would be company for my wife while I was busy during the long evenings filing my assortment of rejection slips—one of the finest collections in America today. Wives appreciate husbands who bring them back little unexpected gifts, and who would be so penurious as to criticize a man for spending a bit more than he should on a gift that would add atmosphere to the home? Half an hour later I was headed back to Mortgage Manor, as we call our palatial estate, with a couple of skunks sitting on the front seat beside me, their heads hanging out the window while I kept a firm hold on their tails with one hand. Passing motorists swerved to avoid me and when a truck driver actually gave me the right of way, I felt that my purchase had already been justified.

I had counted on a strong reaction from Jule, my wife, and she didn't let me down. She met me at the back door as I approached with a skunk under each arm and asked curiously, "Just where do you think you're going with those things?"

"I am merely following an old American tradition," I told her with dignity. "According to legend, Kit Carson had a pet skunk. So did Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone. Did their wives object when they came home with skunks?"

"No, and their wives didn't have Joshaghan carpets, either. Even if those skunks are deodorized—and knowing you, they're probably loaded for bear—I'll bet they're not housebroken."

"Skunks are naturally housebroken," I informed her. "We'll merely keep a little tray of sand at the back door and they'll be no more trouble than cats."

Thus persuaded, Jule let us come in. I put the wood pussies down and they immediately ran over to Jule, sniffing at her shoes and giving little playful stamps when she leaned over to pat them.

"They are cute," admitted Jule grudgingly as she picked one up. "And what lovely fur! As long as they're deodorized they're helpless so—Ouch!"

The wood pussy had buried his teeth in Jule's hand. Not only that, but he refused to let go. Jule had to shake him off. The pussy sailed across the kitchen, ricocheting off the dishwasher, sliding off the sink and landing with a thud. He lit on his feet and without an instant's pause rushed at Jule with upraised tail and did his best to skunk her. Luckily, he was impotent.

"They can still bite," I pointed out.

Jule thanked me for the information and went to pour iodine on her hand. Meanwhile, the skunks set about investigating the house. After a quick check-up on the accommodations available, they set up housekeeping in a wastepaper basket which they turned over on its side for the purpose. I substituted an old dog box for the basket but the skunks merely went off and got another basket. The basket was more like a burrow than the box and they liked the crinkly sound of the paper; at least, they spent all night crinkling it.

With the possible exception of a 40-pound boar raccoon I once tried to domesticate who could—I'll take my Bible oath—have opened a Yale lock and chucked around 100-pound bookcases as though they were match boxes. I know of no animal that raised as much hell around the house as those skunks. Keeping them out of the garbage can was impossible. It had a lid but the lid wasn't welded on and nothing else would have stopped the Mephs as we named them (the scientific name of a skunk being Mephitis mephitis). Ignoring their own dinner put out for them in neat little dishes, the Mephs ransacked the pail five times a day, tossing anything they didn't like over their shoulders as they burrowed. Being largely nocturnal, they spent most of the night running around and the sound of their claws on the hardwood floors, although reminiscent of Maria Baena's spirited rendition of JUERGA FLAMENCA on the castanets, was not music to go to sleep by. There was also the problem of tripping over them in the dark while carrying a full highball glass. The Mephs didn't object particularly, being tough characters, but as I discovered one evening it wasn't a good idea to lose your temper and try kicking them. One got me by the toe of my slipper and the other locked his teeth in my ankle. When I returned to the scene of the struggle after Jule had applied first aid, both Mephs were busily lapping up the spilled Scotch and soda.

The Mephs definitely had a thing about paper. They loved the stuff, making it into little balls and then playing a sort of skunk soccer with it, one of them pushing the ball around with his nose while the other tried to take it away. This wasn't so bad but I have the habit while typing of tossing a finished sheet on the floor and going on to the next. As far as the Mephs were concerned, this was a bonanza of free paper, and after tearing up the sheets, eating part of them and jumping up and down on the fragments, they would then play soccer with whatever was left. What I mean is, those skunks had all the instincts of an editor.

As a result, I was able to choke back my sobs when Jule finally announced that the Mephs would definitely have to live outside. "You said they were housebroken and in a way they are," she

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pointed out. "They always use one corner of the living room. I put a box of sand there but they move the box to one side and still use the floor. They're tidy little things and can't bear to see that nice, clean sand get all dirty. I know they're deodorized but their droppings still smell of skunk and right now the whole house has an odor like the Ark on the 40th day."

Being deodorized, we had to be careful that no stray dogs got after the Mephs who, in spite of their altered condition, still continued to be absolutely fearless. I provided them with a substantial dog house which the Mephs accepted gratefully; carefully digging a burrow under it and living there. They did object to being denied the house and spent the first few days at the back door, standing up on their hind legs so they could see through the screen and watch what was going on. But they soon gave that up and started wandering around the farm.

Even outside, the Mephs proved to be a mixed blessing. They were death on Japanese beetles. Our lilacs were covered with beetles and the Mephs stationed themselves under the bushes, snapping up any beetle that missed his footing. When I shook the lilacs, there was a shower of beetles and the Mephs rushed around frantically, snatching right and left until the crunching of the beetles' carapaces sounded like the crackle of firecrackers. They were also expert at destroying the grubs, sniffing loudly around until they had located a grub two or three inches underground and then digging him up.

But what finally reconciled Jule to the Mephs was the discovery that they were excellent ratters. Jule regards horses with a reverence most people reserve for Holy Writ and the rats not only ate the horses' oats but had even been known to bite hunks out of their fetlocks during the night. Traps and poisons alike had proven useless but the Mephs could dig the rats out. Although too big to go down a rat hole, they could enlarge the holes with their powerful claws and soon mounds of earth appeared around the barn, marking the Mephs' excavations as they tunneled after their prey. I doubt if they ever caught a rat but they did destroy the rats' litters and after a few weeks we were vermin-free.

All this was to the good, but the Mephs had catholic tastes when it came to food. Luckily, they never bothered our chickens, although I'd always heard that skunks are death on poultry; but they did eat eggs and made a tour of the chickenhouse every morning, checking to see if any eggs had been laid. One morning I heard indignant cries coming from a bantam hen, and thinking that the Mephs had at last succumbed to temptation and were having chicken for breakfast, I rushed out. I'd misjudged them.

A Meph had one paw under the hen trying to lift her up to see if she'd laid any eggs during the day, but wasn't hurting her. Even so, as we like eggs ourselves, I hired a man who guaranteed to make the chickenhouse skunk-proof, a task which, judging from the size of his bill, was roughly equivalent to making Fort Knox burglar-proof. In fact, so well did this modern Viollet-le-Duc design his fortifications that it was a good two days before the Mephs were able to burrow under the layers of reinforced concrete and stagger out bloated with fresh eggs. We now get our eggs at the A. & P.

"The guys made up an office pool this week that is rather unique, Miss Dinsworth."

One evening in early spring I returned to the farm after a day's research in Philadelphia, put the car in the garage and started for the back door. In the gathering dusk, I saw the typical white V of one of the Mephs floating across the lawn ahead of me. Since a skunk's body is black, only the white stripes on his back show at night and give the effect of two intersecting white lines gliding along a few inches above the ground. It has been suggested that these distinctive white markings are a sort of protective coloring in reverse: that is, they warn any predator that this is skunk and so save the skunk from having to waste his ammunition on every stray dog and cat.

With a cheery "Hello," I kept on going. But something was wrong. The white V came to a sudden halt and I heard the angry patting of the forefeet, the skunk's warning signal. The Mephs never threatened us any more and I paused, astonished. It was well I did, for darned if I didn't see three more white V's moving about the back steps. The Mephs had visitors and these visitors weren't disarmed.

Jule stuck her head out an upper window and shouted, "Okay, Davy Crockett, let's see you handle this one. The Mephs have visitors and we're under siege. What would Kit Carson do in a situation like this? What would Daniel Boone do?"

I know exactly what they'd have done —they'd have run like hell and then gone in by the front door. That's what I did.

It turned out the wild skunks were permanent boarders. It also turned out that both the Mephs were males and the newcomers females. We quickly learned to distinguish between the Mephs and the ladies, but Grip, our tame raven, learned the hard way. Grip has a sense of humor like the late lamented Johnson Smith Novelty Company which specialized in such items as exploding cigars, squirting boutonnieres and whoopee cushions that emitted a razzberry when sat upon. Grip likes to tease our dogs by sneaking up behind them and pulling their tails. He also liked to tease the Mephs in the same way. As the Mephs were fairly unwieldy, he could always get away before they could wheel around to snap at him. Grip considered this great sport and spent many an idle hour making life miserable for the poor pussies.

One day he tried it on the wild skunks. Jule witnessed the scene from a rear window. Grip tiptoed up behind one of the ladies who was busily engaged chewing a bone and gave her tail a quick yank. According to Jule, the skunk simply exploded. Jule claims it was obviously a purely automatic reaction like kicking your leg when tapped on the knee with a rubber mallet. In any case, as far as Grip was concerned, the effect was the same. He got both barrels right between the eyes. A skunk's musk is not merely a bad smelling substance; it is a powerful acid known technically as mercaptan. It has an ammonia base (another animal product) and can produce permanent blindness. On at least one occasion, a man who got a full dose of musk in the face at close range died from the effects. Even when the musk lands on your bare skin it can produce a painful burn.

Grip keeled over as though he had been shot. Jule shouted for me and I ran out, not knowing what to expect. Then I saw Grip lying on the grass kicking feebly. Although the lady stamped furiously and threatened me with upraised tail I ran to Grip. Luckily, she thought better of it and didn't fire. I lifted the bird but he was limp as a feather duster,

barely gasping and his eyes were rolled back. Jule and I worked on him for nearly an hour, washing out his beak and eyes and squirting some whisky down his throat with an eye dropper before he came around. Finally he opened one eye, said "Hello!" feebly and reeled off, perfuming the air as he went.

A month later, you could still smell Grip. We tried giving him baths and Jule even suggested using tomato juice which is supposedly a sovereign remover of skunk musk but nothing worked. As Tennyson remarks, "Ye may break, ye may shatter the vase if ye will, the odour of roses will cling to it still." That was the last time Grip ever pulled a skunk's tail: odorized or deodorized.

Skunk musk is an interesting substance and during the next few weeks we had plenty of opportunity to study it. A skunk's musk is contained in two glands just inside the opening of the anus which have nothing to do with his sexual equipment. All members of the weasel family possess these glands but only the skunk has developed them as an offense weapon. The glands connect with two tubes which the skunk can protrude and aim over a 90 degree arc. When firing at a human, he deliberately aims for the face. The skunk can fire either gland independently or both together, shooting from the hip as it were.

The musk has been described as a combination of ammonia, garlic, sulphur, sewer gas and vitriol all raised to the nth degree, but words fail to do it justice. The musk is a yellowish fluid resembling urine and is faintly phosphorescent in the dark. There are many theories on how to clean a suit of clothes that have been thoroughly skunked, but I can tell you the only effective way. Soak the clothes in tomato juice, wash them with lye and carbolic soap, and then bury them—and leave them buried. The smell will outlast the clothes.

We never got skunked ourselves, as a skunk will always give you three warnings before going into action if he has time and we always gave ours plenty of time. First, he stamps with his forefeet. This means "Stop right where you are." If you continue to come on, his tail rises. The last signal is when the white tip at the end of his tail goes up and is spread like a fan. This white flag doesn't mean "Surrender" but "Prepare to Fire." If you stand still, you can still save your clothes but one more step and he'll let you have it. A skunk can throw his musk some 10 feet—more if the wind is in his favor—and he's remarkably accurate. He's able to twist his hindquarters around in a flash, although some skunks will do a handstand and fire over their own heads. In addition to producing blindness, the musk affects the vocal chords, so for some time after you've been skunked you're speechless—which is generally just as well.

There's an old belief that if you pick up a skunk by the tail, he can't fire. I don't know how you'd get close enough to an enraged skunk to test the truth of this yarn, but there may be something in it. Apparently raising the tail cocks the skunk's gun and if he's hanging by it, he can't bring his weapon into play. If anyone cares to conduct a series of experiments, I'd be glad to hear the results—preferably by long distance mail.

There were frequent family squabbles among the Mephs, usually at night and generally in the flower bed under our bedroom window which they seem to have selected as a tilting ground. The fights were noisy affairs with the combatants keeping up an angry churring noise and rolling over and over amid the flower pots. Skunks have such thick hides that damage was never done and luckily they don't use their musk in these fights—it would be like two ducks splashing water on each other. So when the newcomers, instead of threatening to skunk me began biting me when I tried to pet them, I felt that I'd arrived—they accepted me as another skunk. The wild skunks never got as tame as the Mephs but they did learn to take food from our hands and allowed their heads to be scratched while eating.

In April, the ladies seemed to vanish and we thought they'd returned to the wild but one day I saw one carrying a collection of dried grass into the burrow under the doghouse and later we found the other female had set up housekeeping in a former rathole. The Mephs were forced to batch it as the girls hissed and snarled at them whenever they tried to move in. For some reason, the female in the ex-rathole never had any young but in early May as I was passing the doghouse, I heard a chorus of squeals and grunts coming from under it. Cautiously I lifted the house and there were half a dozen tiny baby skunks, completely hairless and blind, writhing like worms in the nest of soft grass provided by the mother. Curiously, the pattern of their white stripes showed plainly on their bare skins. The mother was there, too, and in spite of our former friendly relations, she promptly raised her tail and took aim at me with her backside. I hurriedly slammed the doghouse back in place.

A few weeks later, while Jule and I were having supper on the lawn, the female emerged, followed by the six skunk kittens now fully furred and with their eyes opened. Meph rushed over to meet the brood and after much stamping, churring and hissing, his wife allowed him to meet the kids. The whole family paraded around the lawn, Mrs. Meph in front and Meph bringing up the rear. The kittens followed their mother in rigid single file, each one carefully duplicating every move she made. If Mrs. Meph stopped, they stopped. If she lifted her tail at one of our Cairn terriers, they did the same. However, they were very short sighted and if mother made a sharp turn the kittens tended to keep on going. Worse yet, in trying to find ma they occasionally ran over to the dogs and tried to follow them. Mrs. Meph was obviously convinced this was a plot on the part of the terriers to kidnap her children and we finally had to put the Cairns in the house.

It was several days before Mrs. Meph allowed us to pick up her babies. The little fellows were too young to skunk yet but when picked up they went through all the recognized motions: stamping, raising their tails and spreading the white tips. Mrs. Meph stood by, watching us suspiciously and when we reached down to return the baby, she would come forward, take the little fellow in her mouth and carry him off like a cat with a kitten to a safe place. In a short time, the babies became entirely tame and were even a nuisance, especially when we had picnic suppers on the lawn. They were all over the tablecloth, the food, burned themselves on the charcoal grill, and climbed over us. They would not only take food from our hands but from our plates and our pockets. As the skunks got tamer, Jule got wilder and we finally had to lock up the babies at supper time.

When the babies grew bigger, their parents gradually lost interest in them and Mrs. Meph began to consider them as big a nuisance as we did. The babies wandered around looking so lost and woeful that at last Jule took pity on them. She decided to bring them into the house. The babies still weren't big enough to climb up the back steps so Jule tried to collect them in a bucket and carry them indoors but the babies didn't get the idea. While she was catching one, the others would climb out of the bucket. Finally we had to take them in by hand.

Trying to keep the youngsters in the house didn't work. The babies were far more lively than the adults and played games of hide-and-seek under the chairs and sofas, got into fights, squealed, bit and scratched holes in the rugs looking for grubs. If you rapped sharply on the floor there was a dead hush for a few minutes but then the rumpus started again. At last we had to exile the whole lot.

As the babies grew, so did their appetites. At last Jule broke the bad news to me that we weren't financially in a position to run a skunk Romanoff's. "The Mephs were willing to settle for garbage," she pointed out. "But these babies have developed a discriminating taste in fried chicken—although they prefer coq au vin—thick steaks, wheat germ bread and they drink a couple of quarts of milk a day. Of course, we could start eating the garbage ourselves but I'm afraid the Mephs might object."

For some time I had considered turning the skunks into a money-making business. According to some books I'd acquired, there were several commercial

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possibilities in the wood pussies. During the war, a Mr. Charles V. Sparhawk of Sparkill, New York, had operated a highly successful skunk "dairy," selling the musk to perfume concerns for $5.23 an ounce. The musk was deodorized and then used as a fixative for perfumes to give them a clinging quality—and if there's any ingredient in which skunk musk is rich, it's a clinging quality.

Mr. Sparhawk also believed the untreated musk to be a sure cure for asthma when inhaled deeply, but he only made one sale of it for this purpose. The patient after one deep breath nearly exploded and claimed he'd rather have the asthma. But Mr. Sparhawk did a thriving business with the perfume companies. A skunk can be "milked" every 10 days, producing about 10 cc at each milking, and Mr. Sparhawk had over 500 skunks.

Then there were the pelts. My books assured me that prime pelts sold for $15 each. As skunks will often have two or three litters a year, averaging six to the litter, the offsprings of a single pair should bring in a minimum of $280 a year. I began to thumb through yacht catalogues and consider other ways to spend my new-found wealth.

Our skunks had shown a regrettable tendency to throw away their valuable musk on postmen, stray cats and above all the milkman. They had discovered early that simply by rushing up to that individual and elevating their tails he would drop the milk bottles and run. As the bottles usually broke, they had a feast. But they had plenty of musk left and I invested in a cup-shaped glass apparatus with a rubber suction bulb at the end designed for this purpose. The theory is to turn the skunk over on his back, put the bell-shaped mouth of the cup over the appropriate spot, and squeeze the bulb. That's the theory. The skunk is supposed to hold fire until you get the cup in place. None of ours would.

While I was engaged in a series of experiments which the Geneva Conference would have classed as illegal under the heading of chemical warfare, Jule, being of a practical nature, called several wholesale perfume companies. She told me the bad news while I was taking a quick dip in a vat of lye.

"Well, Helena Rubinstein, as usual you're some 20 years too late. The perfume companies had to use skunk musk during the war because foreign imports had stopped, but it was never popular and the resulting compound was sarcastically known in the trade as 'Evening in Podunk,' or 'Corral #1.' Now all they use is civet from Ethiopia and musk deer from Asia. The civet costs them $13 an ounce and the deer $25 but by the time they've deodorized skunk musk, it would be cheap at double the price."

So my dreams of turning Mortgaged Manor into another House of Coty collapsed. But there still remained the valuable pelts.

I wrote several concerns asking what they'd pay me for skunk hides. In answer, I got a magnificent collection of catalogues advertising books on how to raise skunks, special rates on skunk pens, traps, lures, skinning devices and everything except offers to buy the hides. I finally extracted the information that skunk pelts vary from 35¢ for the average skunk to a possible $15 for something called the "extra large, star-backed, fine-furred, well-handled Prime #1." I had a strong suspicion that ours would come under the 35¢ class. Anyhow, when I broached the idea to Jule she suggested I find out how much we could get from skinning the children—she preferred to keep the poor little Mephs. So that idea was out.

The Mephs continued to roam the grounds, living off the fat of the garbage cans and making things lively for any hen unwise enough to lay an egg. I'd given up any idea of their making themselves useful.

We raise sheep in what used to be farming country but is now fast becoming part of suburbia. Every new family that moves into a housing development immediately invests in two or three werewolves whose favorite quarry seems to be sheep, especially lambs in spring. No one but a mean old crosspatch would dream of objecting to such an innocent sport and when a neighboring farmer had the temerity to protest when dogs killed 286 of his sheep, the papers featured an indignant letter by a 13-year-old girl denouncing anyone "who didn't love dogs just because of a few old sheep."

I have a passion for dogs equaled only by the late Albert Payson Terhune and an interest in little girls that the author of *Lolita* would regard as morbid, so the fact that I spent several nights sitting up with a double-barreled shotgun can be explained solely by my aversion to hoot owls—although any dog that comes around my sheepfold, or any 13-year-old girl either, had better be immune to buckshot. Anyhow, these animals aren't dogs; they're more like the sort of thing Count Dracula summoned up to remove unwanted visitors and the least of them would have started anyone named Baskerville hiking for the hills. But eventually I began to get sleepy so I gave up sentry duty.

Then one night, Jule and I were awakened by the sound of loud barking in the pasture. Usually it takes three cups of strong coffee to get me out of bed, but this time I was on my feet and loading the shotgun in an instant. I rushed out into the darkness. At the first whiff of the breeze, I knew what had happened. Action had already been joined and not only with the sheep.

As I ran into the pasture, I nearly collided with a frantic dog running blindly in circles. He had gotten a full dose of skunk musk in the face and was obviously out of the fight; so I kept on to where the barking sounded at the lower end. I could see several dim shapes in the darkness. I stumbled over the remains of one of our Muscovy ducks, torn to pieces. There were other splotches of white showing where other ducks had been killed and then I heard the desperate honking and hissing of our gander, a fine old gentleman and quite a fighter himself but now hopelessly overmatched. Beside him lay his mate, either dead or badly mauled. Around the gander were the shadowy shapes of dogs, rushing in to snap and then turning away when the gander whirled on them.

I couldn't shoot for fear of hitting the gander but I shouted to scare the dogs off. In the din, I could hardly hear myself. I fired one barrel of the shotgun in the air. At the shot the dogs took off, and vanished around the barn. I ran over to the geese. The gander was all right but the goose had a broken wing and her skin was torn off from her neck down to her breast.

Then the dogs started barking again. I left the geese and started back to the barn. By now, Jule had switched on the porch lights so I could see. The skunks

"I'll take it!"

were drawn up in front of their pen with uplifted tails. The dogs, uncertain of what these strange creatures were, circled them and the skunks turned to keep their tails trained on the curs. I saw one dog watch until a skunk was turned sideways to him. Then he sprang in and tried to break the skunk's back with one snap. The skunk bent himself into a semicircle and fired. That dog must have known how Goliath felt when the rock hit him. He went straight up into the air, rolled desperately on the ground, and went off stopping at intervals to rub his tortured eyes on his forelegs.

The skunks were closer to the ground than were the dogs and I could fire over their heads. I let go with the second barrel and there was a chorus of yelps before the dogs vanished. I found one of the Mephs and picked him up. He was unhurt but I could feel his heart beating wildly.

The dogs haven't been back, and I don't expect them. I still have a possible market for the skunks—as guards on farms. Not such a bad idea, since a bank in Papillion, Nebraska, actually did have a skunk as bank guard in 1948, patrolling the lobby. He was very efficient. Robbers evidently felt that there wasn't much point in handing a skunk a piece of paper with "This is a stick-up" written on it; even if they shot the guardian, he would leave indelible traces of the event on their persons. Come to think of it, perhaps I can still cash in on the Mephs. All I need is to find a bank with the right kind of directors. **—Daniel P. Mannix**

The Clues That Defied Gravity

[*Continued from page* 45]

the motor kept racing with nobody's foot on the accelerator. We were too excited at the time to think about it."

Baumiller, a quiet, even-tempered man in the middle years, wasted a moment thinking, then he grunted and clapped on a fancy straw hat, and with the two uniformed men lit out for the police garage. When he opened the left front door of the sedan, he leaned in and glared at the accelerator. It took him only a glance to tell why the motor had been barreling along by itself.

There were several small white pebbles lying on the floor of the car. One of them was still wedged between the lower end of the accelerator pedal and the floor. Thus the pedal had been unable to return to the idling position when the foot, pressing it down just before the accident, had been removed.

Straightening up, Baumiller pointed to what he had found. "The pebble," he said, "explains why the car was going like a bat out of hell. But it doesn't explain why the woman didn't slam on the brakes or shut off the ignition if the car was out of control."

The captain leaned into the car again. This time he noticed quite a lot of clotted blood on the back of the driver's seat. But there was very little blood on the other side of the seat nor on the right door, where gravity had jerked the driver when the car turned over.

This puzzled Baumiller. "You say," he said to the cops, "that you got to this car real fast and shut off the ignition and pulled the woman right out?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'd guess you had her out within a minute of when the car turned over?"

"No question about it," Hardesty said. "Probably even less than that."

People in Baltimore County used to say that Baumiller, who ate, drank and slept police work, could smell trouble. His olfactory organ soared into top operating condition that sticky mid-summer morning as he kept staring at the blood on the seat back of the wheel.

He knew that blood, fresh out of a human body, will ordinarily coagulate in three minutes, give or take a few seconds. But up to that point it will, if there's enough of it, run like water. And surer than the fires of hell there had been plenty here to drench the back of the driver's seat.

It would seem that the wraith of Sir Isaac Newton, discoverer of the law of gravity, materialized from the corridors of the past that morning to lend a hand. Captain Baumiller, studying the coagulated blood on the seat back, suddenly awoke to the direction of its flow.

"Look at the way this blood has run," he said to the two cops, and explained to them how blood acted. "If that woman started spilling blood as a result of injuries sustained in the accident, the blood wouldn't have flowed from the top toward the bottom of the seat back, as it has. With the car over on its side, and the body caught for a moment behind the wheel, gravity would have drawn the blood *across* the back of this seat toward the far door, not down the seat."

The captain jammed his hands in his pockets and looked off into space. "Something's queer here," he went on. "There's that pebble pressing the accelerator pedal down, for high speed. There's the direction of the blood flow. And there's all the blood behind the driver's seat—and almost none where you dragged the woman from. She must have done an awful lot of bleeding in a hurry, and stopped just as fast. Yes, sir, there's something damned queer here."

It was a little after 8 that morning when Dr. William H. Lovitt, Assistant Medical Examiner, took a look at the body. He could see, before getting down to the details of a post mortem, that the woman had been killed by deep gashes in the skull, and he was careful to note that there were only two minor bruises on the body.

Hustling over to the garage, Dr. Lovitt now examined the blood in the sedan. He was puzzled. He couldn't understand how the driver could have been knocked around violently enough to have suffered deep head gashes, and still wind up with only minor bruises elsewhere.

The doctor looked for a jagged surface in the sedan that would have inflicted the deep skull wounds, and found none. There was also the factor of damage to the car. The damage that had been incurred when the vehicle had gone up the incline and turned over was slight —far too slight to account for the extensive injuries suffered by the driver.

The examiner got Baumiller on the phone. After filling him in on his observations, Lovitt told the detective chief he suspected the woman hadn't suffered any bruises when the car had turned over because dead bodies don't bruise. "What I'm driving at, Captain," said the sawbones, "is that I think the woman was dead before her car ever came down the street."

Meantime, the body of the dead woman, which had been removed to St. John's Hospital, had been recognized as that of Dorothy Grammer, a former Baltimore County resident who had once taken a course in nursing at the hospital. Her death was front-page news in the Baltimore area because her husband, now a New Yorker, was something of a celebrity there.

G. Edward Grammer, a native of the county, had been a counter-intelligence operative during the war. One of his jobs then was to keep an eagle eye on General Eisenhower, and the dead woman's most cherished possession had been a letter from Ike telling her what a great guy her husband was. Grammer was now an executive with the Climax-Molybdenum Corporation of America, an important mining-and-metals outfit, with offices on Fifth Avenue.

Dorothy Grammer, whose family name was Schmidt, had three brothers, two of them living in the county. One, Dick Schmidt, filled Captain Baumiller in on some pertinent background dope.

Eddie and Dottie and their three children, all girls, the oldest 11, had been living in an apartment in a better section of The Bronx ever since Eddie had caught on with the Climax-Molybdenum people several years previously. But this summer Dottie and the kids were visiting Dottie's widowed mother in her modest little home in the Baltimore suburb of Parkville. Eddie had been coming down weekends—not all weekends, but most. He loved bowling, and Dottie, a prim little woman with glasses, used to crack that if she ever sued Eddie for divorce she would name a bowling ball as corespondent.

On Tuesday, the day before she was to depart for another realm, Dottie had received a pleasantly unexpected surprise, in the form of a phone call from Eddie. He was in Washington, only an hour away, where he had flown from New York that morning to pick up a briefcase filled with top-secret stuff for his employers. Since he hadn't been able to make it down the previous weekend, he told Dottie, he'd like to spend a few hours with her and the kids if she'd pick him up at the Baltimore station that afternoon.

Dick Schmidt had spent the hours at his mother's house with Eddie and Dottie before Eddie had to leave. Dottie drove

off with him in the Chrysler, which Eddie had given her for a birthday present only a few weeks before, to catch the 11:28 to New York. It was a half-hour's run from the house to the station over a route from which Dottie, an expert driver, never deviated.

Schmidt clearly recalled to Baumiller that it had been 20 minutes to 11 when Dottie and Eddie had left for the station because he had gone home at the same time. Since Dottie's mother had been away in Michigan visiting another son, that had left the three children alone in the house.

The 11:28 had been right on the dot. Schmidt said that his sister had usually waited until a train of Eddie's came in to wave good-by to him. Normally, then, Dottie, who never left the kids alone a minute longer than necessary, would have been back at the house by midnight. But it had not been until 12:32 that the two prowl cops had seen the birthday car careening down the street.

Precisely what had happened during that half hour?

And why, Baumiller also asked himself, was Dottie Grammer coming down hilly Taylor Avenue, about a mile off her usual course?

Dick Schmidt had formally identified his sister's body shortly before 6 o'clock Wednesday morning. He had promptly called one of Eddie Grammer's three brothers in the Baltimore area, so that the brother could telephone Eddie in New York and break the news. When, however, the brother tried to reach Eddie at his apartment, where Eddie should have arrived an hour before, he couldn't get an answer. Nor could he raise Eddie with subsequent calls.

It was Captain Baumiller who, about 10 a.m., finally got through to Eddie. He was as gentle as possible, saying only that Dottie had been killed in an auto mishap. At first Grammer couldn't seem to talk, but when he got around to speaking, with a promise to catch the first plane down, he sounded to Baumiller like a man none too successful in keeping a stiff upper lip.

In the meantime, Baumiller's men had been covering every foot of the hilly, 1,000-foot street down which the Chrysler had raced. At the farthest end from the point of the crash was a state institution, and here the detectives came on what they could only describe as "something." Several of the inmates had heard a short, terrifying scream, quickly cut off, about half an hour after midnight—approximately the time, a few minutes before or after, the cops saw the car soaring down the incline. The people who had heard the scream had hardly been equipped, however, to see what was happening. The institution was the Maryland State School for the Blind.

By noon, hardly 12 hours after Dottie Grammer had died, Baumiller had nearly a dozen men working on the case. To pursue the interrogations and help run down the main leads as they turned up, he now assigned a detective sergeant named Gordon Holmes to the problem. Holmes had a personal interest. A mild-mannered, good-looking fellow in his mid-30's, he was a close friend of the Schmidt family and had attended the marriage of Dottie and Eddie 12 years previously. Holmes and Grammer had been friendly enemies in their teens when they had played football on opposing high-school teams.

"I decided to follow our marriage counselor's suggestion that we take up a hobby together."

Holmes hopped right out to the Schmidt home, where Dick Schmidt was looking after the Grammer children until Eddie could get there. When Holmes filled Schmidt in on some of the reasons Dottie's death might have been more than an accident, Schmidt grew tense. "If that's how things are turning out," he said, "there's something you ought to know."

During the war, when Eddie Grammer was off with Eisenhower, Dottie had been doing Red Cross work at night. A wartime gasoline saver, patriotic Dottie, though a timid soul, had accustomed herself to solitary walks along dark and lonely streets in the small hours.

"One night," Schmidt disclosed, "this guy is waiting for Dottie and just misses raping her because somebody else happened along."

"Who was it?"

Schmidt dropped a name. "I know the fellow," Holmes said. "Go on with the story."

"Well," Schmidt continued, "after all these years, this same guy has turned up again. Dottie told me every time she'd noticed him he'd been staring at her with that certain look in his eye."

"Had he tried anything recently?"

"No, but Dottie'd been half scared out of her wits."

"What did Eddie say about all this?"

"Eddie! God, we didn't dare tell him."

"Not about when he was at war, either?"

"Of course not."

"Why?"

"Eddie's got an awful temper and none of us wanted to be responsible for what might happen to this wolf if Eddie ever found out."

Sergeant Holmes was still in the Schmidt house when Eddie Grammer arrived from the airport in his brother's car. Grammer was a very tall, mild-mannered man of 38, with a voice a little high for his appearance. He was a handsome, light-complexioned man whose hair had begun to thin out. His cheeks had taken on some puffiness since Holmes had last seen him a few years before, as if he had been doing his share of elbow-bending in the New York rat race.

The two old gridiron foes went into a room by themselves. "What happened, Gordon?" Grammer asked. "How did Dottie get killed?"

Holmes told Eddie about the Chrysler's coming down the hilly street at high speed, then lurching up the embankment and turning over. At the end he mentioned the pebble that had kept the accelerator pedal pressed down.

Eddie nodded. "I found that pedal sticking down when I first bought the car more than a month ago. I had the dealer check it. He couldn't find anything wrong."

"But this was a pebble that made it stay down. We found several pebbles on the floor of the car."

"The kids," Grammer explained with a shudder, "like to bring pebbles back from the beach."

Holmes looked levelly at Grammer. "This isn't going to be easy to tell you, Eddie," he said, "but we're begining to think maybe there was more to Dottie's death than an accident."

Grammer glared. "I don't get you!"

Holmes mentioned some of the other things that were raising official eyebrows. The muffled cry. The fact that Dottie had been a mile off her accustomed route. The half hour unaccounted for. "And there's some business about blood," he said, not going into details.

He asked Eddie if there was the slightest possibility that his wife had been inter-

ested in another man. Grammer, sitting in a chair facing the detective, got up, and his face reddened. "You've known Dottie for many years, Gordon," he said. "How could you think such a thing?"

Cooling down, he asked Holmes if anything was missing from the car. "Now that you mention it, yes," the detective said. "Dottie's pocketbook was nowhere around. Was she carrying much in it?"

"She couldn't have been. I gave her four one-dollar bills to buy gas at an all-night place near the railroad station."

"She didn't get around to buying it. The tank had less than two gallons."

Holmes said he'd have to ask Grammer some questions about his movements after he caught the train the night before. Just routine.

"Shoot," said Eddie.

"When did the 11:28 get you into Penn Station in New York this morning?"

"Four o'clock sharp. She was right on time."

"Then when did you get to your apartment in The Bronx?"

"I made lucky subway connections and got there before 5."

"Your brother says he phoned you a little after 6, and two or three times afterward up to about 9, and couldn't raise you."

That, Grammer explained, was understandable. He had been worrying about the top-secret papers he had brought with him from Washington. He hadn't got undressed, but had sat around the apartment wondering what to do with them. Shortly before 6 a.m. he had decided to go down to his office and put the papers in a safe there. The elevators weren't running yet in the building on Fifth Avenue, so he had walked up to the Climax-Molybdenum floor and let himself in.

"As long as I was in the office," he explained, "I stuck around and worked until after 9. Then I went back to the apartment to grab off some real sleep for a couple of hours. I was too tired even to take my clothes off. It was the call from you people around 10 that woke me."

Holmes had no more questions for the moment. He said he was going to join the search on the death route for any possible clues, and Eddie, eager to do what he could, trailed along. Consequently, when Mrs. Edwin Schmidt, Dottie's mother, arrived after a plane trip from the Midwest, the house was empty except for the children. Captain Baumiller, knowing when she was coming, allowed her just enough time to freshen up and have a cup of coffee before dropping in.

Mrs. Schmidt, a square-jawed woman with frizzy bobbed hair, asked the captain whether anyone had told him about Dottie's would-be attacker.

"Yes," said Baumiller, "we're trying to locate him. But is there anything else you might know that could be of possible help? Anything out of the ordinary?"

"I don't know if this will help or not," said Mrs. Schmidt, "but there was something queer about a trip Eddie was away on a month ago."

Baumiller craved the details. It seemed Eddie's company had sent him to Denver, where he was supposed to be from July 28 through August 7. Grammer was to have stayed at the Brown Palace Hotel during these 11 days. Yet two air-mail letters that Dottie had written him at the hotel during the first week had been returned marked *Addressee Unknown*.

"How'd he ever explain things to Dottie when he got back?"

"I don't know."

"Are those letters still around?"

They were. They revealed nothing but how much Mama and the kids missed Daddy.

Baumiller shot a couple of men up to New York to find out where Grammer had been, if not in Denver. The Climax-Molybdenum vice-president with whom they spoke said there must have been some sort of mix-up about the letters, because there was no doubt that Grammer had been in Denver during the entire 11 days of his absence.

When the cops got back to Baltimore with that report, there didn't seem to be too much point in checking further. But Baumiller wanted to be positive, so he phoned the Denver hostelry. The truth turned out to be that G. Edward Grammer had been registered there for only the final four days of his 11-day trip. Baumiller, who had come to look upon unfaithful husbands as one of civilization's lesser problems, was philosophical. "Grammer," he remarked to Holmes, "could have been away somewhere with another dame before hitting Denver."

An analysis of the stomach contents of the body disclosed that within an hour of her death Dottie had consumed a Coca-Cola. This figured, because Baumiller had learned she had seldom drunk anything stronger than soft cider. Since the time of death was now pretty definitely fixed at about 12:30, and since Dottie had left the house with Eddie almost two hours prior to that, she must have drunk the coke after leaving the house. She could have drunk it after Eddie's 11:28 train had gone.

The captain, pondering things, assigned several men to check taverns and other spots between the Schmidt house and the railroad station where a coke could be bought around midnight. "Concentrate on taverns," Baumiller told his men, following a hunch.

But Thursday went by without any further developments, and on Friday Dottie's funeral was held. Eddie Grammer was so shaken at the end, that his mother-in-law insisted on putting him to bed under sedation. It was then, after the ultimate farewell, that Baumiller got word from one of his tavern-probers. The detective had found the place where Dottie had drunk that coke. The waiter who had served her, recognizing a photo the dick flashed, clearly recalled the order because he had thought of it when he had seen Dottie's picture in the papers the day after.

Dottie, the waiter remembered, had been with a man—a big, good-looking guy who was losing his hair.

"What did he have to drink?" the detective had asked.

"Five Scotches."

"Five Scotches while she was having one coke?"

The waiter dug out the tab and verified the drinks. No doubles—they'd been ordered one at a time.

"When was all this?"

There the waiter wasn't so clear. "The joint was jumping," he said, "and I wasn't watching the clock. It was sometime between 11 and midnight."

"How long were they here—Mrs. Grammer and the man?"

"There you got me."

Baumiller passed the report on to Holmes. "The waiter describes the man she was with as looking in a general way like Grammer," Baumiller pointed out.

Grammer was still in bed, being cared for by his mother-in-law, when Holmes came to tell him Dottie had been seen in a tavern with a man.

"I was the man," Grammer said. "I had time for a couple of quick ones on the way to the station."

"You didn't mention that when you gave me an account of your movements, Eddie."

Grammer smiled sadly. "I've been so knocked out by all this, Gordon, that I guess I'm not accountable for forgetting a thing or two."

"Do you think there's anything else you might have overlooked?"

Grammer shook his head.

When Holmes got back to the office and told Baumiller that Grammer had indeed been the man in the tavern, the captain looked puzzled. "We've got another problem of time here," he said. "We have established that the Grammers had only a 20-minute leeway in making that train on Tuesday night. All right. Can you explain to me how anybody can go into a busy night spot, order five Scotches, one at a time, drink them, pay the bill and leave—all in 20 minutes? Hell, you can't even get *served* that fast."

And there matters sat over the weekend.

On Monday the dicks picked up the fellow with the recently revealed yen for Dottie. He claimed he didn't have anything to do with Dottie's death—and couldn't possibly have had because he had been playing poker with two friends miles from the scene, in a game which started late Tuesday and lasted until dawn Wednesday. His problem was that he couldn't seem to locate the two men to back up his story.

To Captain Baumiller there was a certain marine odor about that yarn, but he couldn't do more until the man had had a chance to prove his alibi. Furthermore, Eddie Grammer's five Scotches had been

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giving the captain mental hiccoughs over the weekend. Now he sent two more of his men back up to New York to take a closer look.

It was in Eddie's desk at his office that the boys found the answer to where he had been during the seven days missing from the Denver trip. A receipt lying in a drawer showed that a Mr. and Mrs. Edward Grammer of New York City had occupied a suite in the flossy Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago from July 28 to August 3. That was the time period when the real Mrs. Eddie had been wondering why her letters to Denver had come back. From the way things looked Eddie would have been too busy to answer the mail anyway. But there was not the slightest lead on who the extraterritorial dame had been.

When the dicks returned to Maryland and reported to Baumiller and Holmes, they spilled not only this new bit of information but also their impressions of the light in which the stenos in Eddie's office regarded him. They had shot the breeze with the girls in the hope that one might let slip a clue to the lady in the case. Instead, the office dolls raved on about the way Eddie dressed. A couple of them mentioned how much they had admired the new dark-blue tropical suit Eddie had been wearing on the Tuesday morning he had checked in before flying to Washington. Eddie had gone into a clownish modeling act for their benefit.

Holmes, listening intently, asked one of the men, "His suit was dark blue?"

When the detective nodded, Holmes mused, "I wonder what became of it."

Holmes was doing his wondering because, on the Wednesday afternoon after Dottie's death, when Eddie had appeared at the home of his mother-in-law direct from the New York plane, he had been wearing a gray suit with pin stripes. In accounting for his movements from Tuesday night until he had reappeared in Baltimore County the following afternoon, Eddie had been specific in stating that he had not got around to taking off his clothes.

Picking up a phone, Holmes called Dick Schmidt, who had been with Eddie and Dottie before they left to catch the train. He asked Schmidt one question: "Would you happen to remember what kind of a suit Eddie was wearing Tuesday night?"

"Why, sure," Schmidt answered. "It was a dark-blue number. Very snappy."

It was afternoon now, and Holmes suddenly had a feeling he ought to drop in on the Schmidt house to see how his old friend was getting along. Casually he got around to commenting on what a rough time Eddie had been having. "You never even had a chance to change your clothes from Tuesday morning till Wednesday night, as I recall you told me. Not that you worried much about clothes, after you heard about Dottie. But it sure didn't help with the way you felt."

"No, it didn't," said Eddie briefly. Holmes, sitting beside the bed, thought he detected a strange glint in Eddie's eyes.

Back at his desk again, Holmes ran through his mind all he remembered about Eddie—and all he had picked up. At the time of his marriage to Dottie 12 years before, Eddie had had limited experience with girls. Dottie, who was pretty in a wholesome way, had struck Eddie as the ideal mate. But according to a story Holmes had heard recently, Eddie may have been having a change of heart. The idea that there are other things to marriage than being wholesome could have been bothering him.

The story concerned a night a couple of months before the contour of Dottie's skull was to be disarranged. The Grammers and another couple had dropped into a Baltimore hot spot, and Eddie had hit the booze. When a stripteaser appeared under a purple spotlight, Eddie had sat enraptured right down to the G-string.

Suddenly he had jumped up and yelled over and over and over again the great hoarse male cry that has echoed from the walls of American burlesque houses through the decades: "Take it off."

Dottie, who taught a Sunday School class in New York, and who had never before seen a joint like this, had been mortified. Later, in the powder room, she had said to her companion: "I can't understand Eddie's interest in other women lately. Sometimes I wonder if he's grown tired of me."

Once that statement was out, she had stopped to dwell for a few moments in her own thoughts. Dottie was a great one for dropping Biblical names, and now, when she spoke again, she had declared in a grating voice, "I can tell you one thing, my dear: I'll never give Eddie a divorce if we both live to be as old as Methuselah!"

Sunday, August 31, came up—11 days after the cops in the prowl car had watched a sedan race up a hill and bounce over. And on Sunday one of the suspects

"Fetch!"

"Seventeen hospitals tested the product and found it completely ineffectual—but we can still advertise it as hospital-tested."

found his way out. The poker player finally located his gambling pals, and they backed up his story. Holmes knew they could be lying—but it wasn't likely. So when the state's attorney, Anselm Sodaro, agreed with the police that Eddie Grammer sure had a hell of a lot to explain, Eddie was summoned to Sodaro's office in the courthouse in Towson, Maryland.

There they were, then, facing each other: the respected, dignified executive who had staked his life to guard Eisenhower, and the boyhood friend who had become a cop, and was staking his life to guard the public. Around them were gathered the forces of the law, but the confrontation, in the hot disordered room, was between these two.

"Eddie," Holmes began, "we might as well get right to the point. We think you killed Dottie."

Grammer, not a flicker of emotion showing on his face, and not raising his voice, said, "Gordon, you can't be serious."

"I have never been more serious in my life," Holmes said sadly. Almost reluctantly, he started to outline the story as the police now figured it had happened. "When you decided to do away with Dottie, you planted the idea there was something wrong with the accelerator by going to the garage and saying it was sticking, when, as a matter of fact, there was nothing in the world the matter with it."

Eddie stared at the detective coldly, without reaction.

"Then, 11 nights ago," Holmes went on, "you killed Dottie on the grounds of that school for the blind after you had got her to drive you there under some pretext. When she was dead, but still sitting behind the wheel of the car, you jammed the accelerator down with one of the pebbles your children always left on the car floor, got out, jerked the shift lever into gear, and watched the car take off down Taylor Avenue."

As the cops saw it, Holmes proceeded, Grammer's plan had been for the birthday gift to go straight down the Taylor hill until it crossed U.S. Highway 1 and crashed into a two-and-a-half-foot stone wall on the far side. "That would have dislodged the pebble, Eddie, and destroyed the other evidence—but the car took an unexpected turn."

Some sunlight was hitting Grammer's broad brow, and his erstwhile friend now saw the sweat beginning to pop out. Holmes applied more heat. "We know you had five Scotches on the way to the train that night, Eddie, so you must have got a later, faster train after taking time out to murder Dottie. There is one. That new blue suit you had on when you left with Dottie for the station probably got so much blood on it that you had to dispose of it somewhere."

Grammer stood up, jammed his hands in his pockets, and walked to a window. "You're trying to read something into Dottie's death that just wasn't there," he said, not facing his accusers. "Dottie died in an accident."

"Then," asked Holmes, "how do you explain the blood?"

Grammer did not turn. "What blood?"

"The blood that flowed sideways."

That brought Grammer around. "Whadda you mean, 'sideways'?" he demanded, glaring at Holmes.

Speaking slowly, remorselessly, the detective told how Captain Baumiller, looking the car over in the garage a few hours after Dottie had been killed, had got suspicious when he saw that the blood on the seat had violated Newton's law.

"So you see, Eddie," said Holmes, "you'll never be able to explain that away."

Eddie's furious eyes hung on to Holmes for a moment until the import of the fact caught up with his sense of reason. "No," he said then, in his moment of truth, "I guess not, Gordon."

Even today, Holmes remembers that scene very well, and how it ended. "Eddie didn't spare any of the details," he recalls, "once that gravity clue made him decide to confess."

One night in November, eight months before the murder, Eddie and some friends had been bowling in The Bronx when a blonde in the next alley got into an argument with a pin boy. Mistaking Eddie for the manager, she appealed to him to put the boy in his place and Eddie was glad to oblige.

Sexy-looking and speaking with a fascinating foreign accent, the blonde, in her late 20's, identified herself as Mathilda Mizibrocky, a Canadian Pole working for her adopted country at the United Nations. Eddie, who didn't quite get around to divulging that he had a wife and family—an oversight that was to have disastrous consequences—soon had a hot intrigue going with the girl.

As several moons came and went, Eddie and Tillie decided they had been made for each other. For Tillie, Eddie was the first man in her life; for Eddie, the blonde was supplying a sexual and intellectual satisfaction he had never obtained from Dottie. So Eddie and Tillie decided to get married—and the wheels of the plot began to spin in Eddie's head.

Without realizing it, Dottie Grammer had become one of the classic reasons for murder—an obstacle to be removed. Eddie planned well. He induced her at the last minute to run out with him to the grounds of the school for the blind—a favorite haunt for lovers—with the excuse of a little parting spooning for a lonely husband. When they got there, he bashed her head in with a length of pipe. Seeing the first blow coming, she had let out the cry that the school people had heard. The pipe had been found, but Eddie had worn gloves and there were no prints.

After sending the car plunging down the street, Eddie saw that he had got his nice blue suit all splattered with Dottie's life fluid. Having anticipated this possibility, he had brought another suit along in an overnight bag, and he changed in the dark. Putting the bloody suit in the bag, along with Dottie's purse, he walked to Highway No. 1 by a roundabout route and bummed a ride to the railroad station. Once at his apartment house in New York City, he dumped the bag and its contents into the incinerator.

Eddie's lay-away plan, in fact, had only two real flaws: the stubbornly flowing blood at the beginning, and the death house at the end. For G. Edward Grammer wound up in that permanent domicile just about the time the man who had thought he was quite a fellow was landing in the White House. Somewhere in between the confession and the conclusion a curious question had arisen: why did Eddie have to kill Dottie in order to marry the yummy blonde? Dottie may have sworn no divorce, but many a wrathful wife has so spoken—and then faced the facts. Eddie reluctantly gave up the answer: when he had been with Tillie in the Chicago hotel, and they had been lying there talking of themselves, she had divulged that her faith would not tolerate divorce, and she could not imagine herself, even in a nightmare, going to the altar with a divorced man.—**Alan Hynd**

The Bravest Bull Killer

[*Continued from page* 41]

bystander. Calmly he watched the animal bearing down on him, its head lowered, the tossing muscle on its neck bulging, the skin shivering in its desire to ram the sharp horns into anything living. After the bull was fully launched in its attack and not before, Maera slipped off his jacket. By the time the man got the coat in both his hands, the bull was only six feet away and headed straight for his body.

"Hah, toro!" he shouted and shook the jacket.

At the last moment the bull veered slightly off its course away from the man's legs and hooked at the cloth lure. At the same time Maera spread his legs in the classic *verónica* stance, his arms swung slowly and gracefully, and the bull's horns grazed by the man's body.

A great roar exploded from the crowd. Then Maera passed what had been a difficult, vicious bull five times—five times, with nothing but the insignificant lure of a jacket for protection—five times, and as casually as if his adversary had been no more than a playful great Dane. He ended with a half-verónica, rooting the bull firmly in one spot, and walked away from it disdainfully, the cigar still in his mouth.

The crowd set up a chant, insisting that he take over from the highly disgruntled scheduled matador. It was totally unprecedented, but, then, Maera was a man who broke all the rules all his life, so the judges shrugged and gave their permission. In spite of his hand, Maera performed a great *faena*, killed the bull perfectly, and added another feat to the growing legend of the bravest torero of all time.

When men get together to talk about boxing, each man has superlatives to back his own personal convictions:

"Nobody lived who could rip into you like Sugar Ray . . . ."

"None of them had Louis' speed and style . . . ."

"Johnson—now there was a fighter . . . ."

"Marciano could lick all those bums the same night . . . ."

You can argue endlessly about the merits of the acknowledged greats and no one will talk anyone else out of his own favorite fighters, because it's such a personal thing. For example, since I didn't see Firpo dramatically knock Dempsey out of the ring and then watch Dempsey climb back to win, that fight and the fighters don't mean as much as having witnessed Joe Louis destroy the arrogant Max Schmeling in that animalistic first round of their second encounter.

It's the same with bullfighting: one can argue endlessly whether Belmonte or Joselito or Gaona was the greatest stylist, or whether Arruza or Ordóñez was more exciting than Manolete. But you'll never convince the aficionado who saw that one sensational performance of his idol, when the bulls were right and the matador's girl was in the audience and he was out to show the world that he was The Number One, and Oh Christ, you should have seen it:

"Cape work? Nobody's ever swung a cape with such grace and artistry in our lifetime! The matadors you're talking about weren't fit to walk in the same arena with him!"

But nearly all real aficionados agree on one thing: that the bravest bullfighter of modern times was this man called Maera. That is, if you're talking about raw, cold, steel-hard guts.

The anatomy of bravery is a complex thing; courage comes in many forms. For example, the man who has the kind of temperament to screw up his guts for one ride over Niagara Falls in a barrel might not be able to stand the daily man-testing grind of the bronc riding or racing car circuit. There are many different types of courage within the bullfighting world. The courage of Maera, for example, was not like the occasional temporary, dredged-up, almost hysterical bravery of a matador like, say, Luis Procuna, who frequently does kneeling passes simply because he doesn't trust his legs not to mutiny on him when the bull charges. Or the dry-mouthed, fear-conquering achievements of Manolete, who, though he looked icy-cold every day, had to battle with himself, had to try to put death out of his mind, to obliterate the thought of the sharp horns, and dominate his nerves before he could go out into the ring and dominate the bull.

But that wasn't the bravery of Manuel Garcia Lopez, called Maera. His was not a blind, swaggering, brutish thing; he simply ignored fear—it was absent in his body. One of the most unsung of matadors nowadays, he was Hemingway's favorite bullfighter.

"He had a complete knowledge of bulls," Hemingway wrote in *Death in the Afternoon*, "and a valor that was so absolute and such a solid part of him that it made everything easy that he understood; and he understood it all. Also he was very proud. He was the proudest man I have ever seen."

But more significant, he was brave out of the ring. There are worse deaths than being pinioned on the end of a bull's horn—far worse. And at 28 Maera met his private date with an ugly, terrible death as all men should want to—with the same proud, unflinching courage with which he had faced life.

He was born in 1896 where a bullfighter should be born, in Triana, "the cradle of bullfighting," across the river from Sevilla. He determined early to be a matador, like so many hundreds of Spanish youths who dream of glory. It was (and is) just about the only way for a poor boy to become rich and famous in Spain. Along with a short, ugly friend named Juan Belmonte, Maera would put his tattered cape on a log or in a "borrowed" rowboat and at night they'd sneak across the Guadalquivir river. By moonlight or with a stolen lantern, they caped the bulls on the big breeding ranches belonging to the Miura and Conchay Sierra families.

Naturally, it is highly illegal to cape a bull destined for the ring, since a bull can only be fought once without becoming educated in the ways of a man and a cape; theoretically bulls are supposed to go into the arena never having encountered a dismounted man. Armed guards used to shoot at Maera and Belmonte when they spotted them on the ranches. The boys would dash for their lives—and return to practice another night.

How else were they to get experience in bullfighting? It is not like boxing, where to get practice, all you have to do is go out and find someone to box with you. To learn to be a bullfighter you must learn the science of the cape and the psychology of the fighting bull. That comes only by working with these animals regularly and learning the different problems and traits of a variety of bulls.

TRUE

"I wish you'd look at me that way."

Some of the other young bullfighters had backers and the money to go to bullfighting schools or buy their way to the ranches where the young cows were tested. But Maera and Belmonte were too poor even to buy suitable costumes for these *tienta* sessions.

Gradually, however, rumor of the skill and guts of these two boys spread through bullfighting circles. Soon they began fighting in unimportant village fights. Belmonte, four years older than Maera, started his climb to fame. He was booked in the big rings of Valencia, and Barcelona, and even Madrid. Eventually he was doing things that no one else had ever tried with bulls. He worked in territories so close to the animals' horns that other matadors couldn't believe their eyes. He quickly left his competitors in the shade; this spindle-legged little man was a genius—one of the great bullfighting geniuses of all time. Nobody talked of anything except Belmonte. And his great rival Joselito.

Joselito was a tall gypsy boy who has been called the most scientifically perfect bullfighter of all time. He learned this new style of Belmonte's quickly and easily. Other bullfighters who tried to copy it were killed or crippled in the process. In the early days the principle had been: when the bull charges, you get out of the way and distract him with your cape. Belmonte's new technique, born of his physical frailties, was to stand there unmoving as the bull charged and make the mammoth beast move around *him* by skillful manipulation of the cloth.

In 1915, the 19-year-old Maera, having been ignored as a would-be matador, decided to join Belmonte's team as one of his three *banderilleros*. People said it was because of a girl that he had fallen in love with—a dark-haired girl from Triana. She was beautiful but pale and badly in need of medical treatment. Maera had wanted to become a successful matador quickly so that he could pay for her cure. But she died before he could make the grade. Broken-hearted, discouraged, he felt nothing really mattered; he might as well work as a menial for the great Belmonte. Later he was to marry and have children, but romantics said the haunted look in his deep-set eyes was always there because of the girl he couldn't save.

Maera seemed to have found the proper niche for his talents in this secondary role. Usually, banderilleros are older men who have failed as matadors because they found out that they didn't have the guts or the ability to be stars, or because of a severe goring; bullfighters claim that "the brave blood runs out of a man first." It was unusual to see a tall good-looking youth in the ignominious role of an underpaid assistant.

Maera, however, was a truly great banderillero. When he placed the sticks, he raised his arms high, ran casually around the bull, and let the horns graze by his rib cage disdainfully.

He had an unusual mannerism as he placed the sticks.

"Mentira, mentira, mentira!" he'd say out loud, smiling at the bull as it bore down on him. "Lie—it's a lie that you'll ever hit me—it's a great lie!"

And so instead of being the routine performance that the placing of banderillas usually is, it became a thing of great beauty and excitement; the aficionados stood and applauded. And Maera learned about how bulls think and act from seeing the unparalleled masters, Belmonte and Joselito do their finest work. His alertness and intelligence soon made him Belmonte's number one banderillero, the Maestro's *peon de confianza*, over the older men.

Maera stayed with Belmonte for four years, four of the years known as the Golden Epoch of bullfighting, and served him with total loyalty. Belmonte capitalized on Maera's ability, a necessity since he himself could not place banderillas owing to the lamentable state of his puny body. "My legs were in such a state," Belmonte once said, "that if one wished to move, it had to request permission from the other."

But Maera was not happy. He felt—with some justification—that Belmonte exploited him, using him to counteract his arch-rival's great athletic powers and skill with the banderillas. As Hemingway put it:

"Maera could banderillear as well as Joselito and Belmonte kept him dressed in the worst-fitting, most awkward suits a bullfighter could wear so that he would seem more of a peon; to hold down his personality, and make it seem that he, Belmonte, had a banderillero, a mere peon, who could compete as a banderillero with the great matador, Joselito. In the last year Belmonte fought, Maera asked him for an increase of wages. He was getting 250 *pesetas* a fight and he asked for $300. Belmonte, although he was then making $10,000 a fight, refused the increase. 'All right, I'll be a matador and I'll show you up,' Maera said. 'You'll be ridiculous,' Belmonte told him. 'No,' said Maera, 'you'll be ridiculous when I'm through.' "

This was an unheard-of thing. A banderillero was a second-class person, socially and economically as well as professionally. A banderillero trying to be a matador? It would be like a private telling his general, "I'll show you—I'll go out and become a general, too!" But Maera was determined to do the impossible, to come up through the ranks—"through the hawse hole," as they say in the Navy.

It was the year 1919 that he left Belmonte. He fought two short seasons as a *novillero*, practicing the techniques of the great masters Joselito and Belmonte he had studied while working in the arena with them. A novillero is a beginning matador, but not an amateur one: it is the difference between a preliminary boxer and a main eventer. And, just as a fight manager and his boxer decide when he is a big enough name and ready to take on the big boys, leaving the preliminaries for the main events, so does the novillero or apprentice matador decide it's right to go bigtime. He then goes through a ceremony in which he becomes a senior matador and henceforth fights only on programs with other full matadors, with larger bulls, and for more money. This ceremony is called taking the alternative, and Maera received *la alternativa* in 1921. The man who became his mentor and presented him his cape as a new matador in the ceremony was certainly not Belmonte. It was Joselito's brother, El Gallo, who

TRUE

"Who did he replace?"

was still crushed by the death of his brother.

Unbelievably, the great Joselito, Maera's idol, had been killed on May 16, 1920. A small bull had ripped the guts out of the man everyone believed to be invincible. He was so calm, so perfect, so scientific it was generally believed no bull could hurt Joselito. But one day in the ring at Talavera de la Reina, he withdrew from a treacherous, myopic animal to change his grip on the *muleta*, and the animal suddenly charged. And there was the man, dying on the sand, gasping, "Mother, I'm smothering," and trying to stuff his bulging intestines back into his stomach. Some say the wound wasn't really mortal, but that Joselito had also begun to believe in his own immortality and that he died of fright upon seeing himself wounded.

Shocked to the core, Belmonte retired soon after Joselito's death. But if Maera was affected by Joselito's death, he concealed it well. He was fighting every single day now—and with suicidal bravery.

Of course, Maera had much to learn as a matador at first. He'd been working too long as a banderillero. Banderilleros are trained to bend from the waist; to jump back quickly out of the way of the bull. They are paid only to make their matador look good, not to look graceful and brave themselves. So now, Maera had to do the opposite, to stand straight and gracefully; to work inches away from the horns while executing the passes like a ballet dancer. It didn't come easily, but he worked harder than any man ever worked, and with his unequaled courage, he soon had the audiences with him.

Hemingway says: "He was so brave that he shamed those stylists who were not, and bullfighting was so important and so wonderful to him that, in his last year, his presence in the ring raised the whole thing from the least effort, get-rich-quick, wait-for-the-mechanical bull basis it had fallen to, and, while he was in the ring, it again had dignity and passion."

When Maera would draw a bad bull, he did not act like other bullfighters; he did not shrug and point disparagingly at the animal and indicate that nothing could be done with it; he did not stand there and wait for the bull to come to him. He would go at the bull, sometimes standing, sometimes on his knees, but always arrogantly and with a curl of disdain on his lip. The smile wasn't for theatrical purposes, but simply because Maera was not afraid in front of the horns of any animal that had ever lived.

Awed spectators claimed: "He eats the bulls alive."

He got braver and braver, even after two gruesome near-fatal gorings; and he improved his style with every fight. With a little more time, and by sheer determination and will, he might have become the greatest bullfighter of all history—in addition to being the bravest. Because he was not frightened by the rapier-sharp horns driving at him ahead of half a ton of violent fighting bull, he could give his full attention to manipulating the

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"Not bad, Sam. How's business with you?"

cape and muleta and so he had an advantage that other bullfighters did not have. Once when he placed himself in an extremely dangerous position next to the fence and challenged the animal by shaking the muleta cape, his manager hissed from behind the barrera:

"The bull is sure to catch you there!"

"Let him catch me then," said Maera, shaking the muleta again.

The bull charged.

Maera almost got away with the pass; but the animal veered and snagged him. Maera was slammed high into the air and he fell torn and bruised to the ground 15 feet from the bull.

Blood was streaming from a cut on his forehead as the man rose from the sand, dispassionate, cold-eyed. He looked at his torn uniform, ripped off the split sleeve of his jacket and held it in his left hand. Then he picked up the muleta cape and sword in his right hand. He advanced toward the bull, stalking it, and put himself in exactly the same impossible position as he had been before. The crowd was screaming, "No! No!"

The bull shook its head, studying how best to annihilate this man. Suddenly Maera reached out and slapped the bull hard across the muzzle with the sleeve that had been torn from his jacket. The bull lunged forward, and Maera shoved the muleta in its face, forcing the animal to go past his legs, its head buried in the folds of the muleta. Maera brushed the blood from his eyes and again slapped the animal with the sleeve. The magic wrists led the animal by his body, not once but three more times without the man's sliding his feet back one inch. He was awarded ears and tail that day, and this was in an era when such awards were not casually made.

Hemingway tells of seeing Maera fight on a Sunday with a five-inch wound in his armpit he had received the Thursday before. At the time one gets gored, and for several hours after the goring, it is surprising how little the wound hurts. But two days afterward, a horn wound hurts like hell, aching, throbbing, burning, cramping. Yet Maera acted as though the terrible injury did not exist. He did not favor the arm or avoid lifting it—he simply ignored it.

Another time in the Barcelona arena, he was gored horribly in the neck and throat. The wound required eight stitches, yet he fought the following day with his neck bandaged. And again, as though nothing had happened. He was rapidly gaining the reputation of a superman, and the promoters were paying him fantastic sums for each appearance.

In 1923 he achieved his goal, a peak that no one would have dreamed possible a couple of years before; in one single six-month season Maera fought 64 corridas, more than any other matador in the world that year! And each performance was for record-breaking fees. The hungry days were far behind him now. There were big cars now, and fine clothes and all the expensive women a man could take care of.

Maera was one of the first democratic matadors, breaking the rule that matadors should never associate outside the ring with his picadors and banderilleros. Having been a banderillero himself for so many years, he always traveled, ate and sometimes slept in the same room with his *cuadrilla*. Another matador might have felt that he would lose his men's respect, but no one ever commanded more respect from his cuadrilla than did Maera.

Cossio, the outstanding bullfighting expert of modern times, writes in his monumental four volume work, *Los Toros:* "In private life he was modesty personified; he was very gay and perhaps this hastened his death; he kept his word and he did his duty always; he was generous and kind up to a point where it could almost be called innocence."

By gay, Cossio is diplomatically saying that Maera drank everything in sight and lived it up 24 hours a day. He loved life and he loved women and he loved being a great killer of bulls. He'd stay up all night during the Pamplona fair week, run in front of the bulls through the streets at dawn with the mob, and then perform brilliantly that afternoon in the arena. One of the reasons that he loved life so deeply was because he knew that there was little of life left in him; he had tuberculosis. But even when he knew he had not much time, instead of caring less about bullfighting, he seemed to care more. Every bull he killed he wanted to make a performance of perfection.

Once that last year he tried to kill a bull after a superb performance but as he went in to kill the sword struck the bone instead of the opening between the shoulder blades. As the sword buckled, it dislocated Maera's wrist. He could barely hold the sword, but he scoffed when his men urged him to go to the infirmary. He tried again, and because his wrist was so weak, he hit bone again. Now the other bullfighters tried to drag him to the infirmary, but he shook himself away from them, cursing. He went in to kill twice more and hit bone each time. It would have been no trick at all for him to go off to the side and stab the bull in the lungs easily, but Maera was too proud not to try to do it properly each time, to go in straight over the right horn and try to plunge the sword in up to the hilt where it should go. Finally he got the blade in and the bull dropped over dead. His wrist was swollen to twice its size and still he refused to go to the infirmary.

The next day his right wrist was useless, so he cast aside the sword. This meant the muleta would not be spread by the blade, that the target would thus be only half the size to distract the animal away from his body. Therefore he fought the entire last part of the fight with his left hand doing the dangerous natural pass and nothing but the dangerous natural pass all afternoon! One old aficionado who was at the fight told me, "I looked at the whole performance through the fingers of the hand that was covering my eyes. I could not breathe while that man was in the arena."

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

When it came time to kill, Maera took the sword in his left hand and killed clumsily, but accurately. The crowd gave him a 10-minute standing ovation.

The pinnacle of Maera's career came July 11, 1924, six months before his death. The Press Association sponsored a *corrida* in Madrid in which a Golden Ear was to be awarded for the best performance. Maera would be competing against Lalanda, Villalta and El Algabeño, the greatest bullfighters in the world. In spite of the fact that the tuberculosis had ravaged his body, Maera was enormous all afternoon and in every single phase of the fight. The performance was culminated in the fifth bull which, after giving an unforgettable display with the muleta, all of it with the left hand, Maera killed *recibiendo*. *Recibiendo* is a formidably dangerous, rarely seen maneuver where the man does not run at the bull and stab it, but stands unmoving while the animal attacks to impale itself on the blade. Many fighters have been gored attempting to kill "receiving" because the man must not only be accurate with the sword, but he must control the animal completely with the cloth held in his left hand. He must lead the right horn under his upraised arm and chest and past his body. Maera did it as perfectly as it had ever been done; the bull slid to its knees, dead at the end of the charge. He won the Golden Ear by unanimous acclaim of the judges.

But time was running out for Maera. His last corrida was a few months later. It was in Melilla and the proceeds were to go to charity. Maera was so sick that he didn't think he could fight. His family and his cuadrilla begged him not to. Yet somehow he fought; and his will was such that the cheering crowd demanded he be awarded ears from both his bulls, the 366th and 367th of his brief but brilliant career as a full matador.

He was so weak, however, he had to be helped from the ring and couldn't attend the banquet that was given that night in his honor. He was too sick to travel for several weeks, but finally he insisted on being taken back to his home in Sevilla. There he died on the morning of the 11th of December, a tube in each lung, drowning of the pneumonia that came on top of the tuberculosis.

If all of life is indeed but a preparation for death, Maera came well equipped to meet the final adversary of his career. Facing bulls in the arena requires one kind of courage, and Maera proved to the world that he had that. And along the way he learned another and more important lesson—a thing all men want. In the silence of his own room, away from the artificial stimulus of the band, the crowds, the adulation, and the tinseled glamor, he proved he'd learned this lesson well.

Hemingway wrote: "When he was delirious, he rolled under the bed and fought with death under the bed, dying as hard as a man can die. I thought that year he hoped for death in the ring, but he would not cheat by looking for it . . . . Having no fear of death he preferred to burn out, not as an act of bravado, but from choice." —**Barnaby Conrad**

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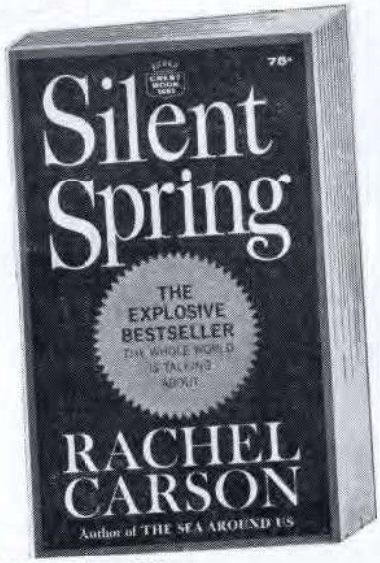

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Game Animals That Fight Back

[*Continued from page* 31]

here that I *should* know as much about leopard shooting as anybody, because Harry Selby, one of the best in the business taught me. Harry has been working at the trade for 30 years, and I have indulged in it for a mere 15.

One thing I do know about leopards is that none is dead until you have it skinned out and salted down. So you always carry a shotgun for the final approach, even if you know it's dead, and you always come up *behind* the leopard, and if it even wrinkles its hide you give it two blasts of buckshot in the back of the neck. This is with a *dead* leopard. A wounded leopard in thick bush—when it is stalking *you*—is quite another story, and certainly another technique.

In this case, by the light of a wan moon and a feeble lantern, I approached this leopard and saw a hole as big as a dinner plate blown out of her back where the softnose had emerged from the chest shot. But I had the shotgun in hand, with the Indian bearers waved back, when suddenly I saw her flinch. She was no trophy, so I gave her two wallops in the back of the head at about 10 feet. Two buckshot blasts at 10 feet will take the head off anything, including Charles de Gaulle.

The cat lurched into a small patch of bush and was again dead—triple dead. I went carefully around . . . and found I only had one other shotgun shell in my pocket. Hugh Allen, an English friend with me, came up carrying the rifle which had suffered a split cartridge case from the first shot. He handed me the rifle so I could jimmy out the cartridge, and took custody of the shotgun.

At about that time the boys came up to the dead cat and one heaved a stone at the carcass. This revived the leopard.

She roared out of her deathbed, looking like all the gaudy magazine covers ever painted and making more noise than was possibly heard at the retreat from Dunkirk. The black lips writhed back over the red gums with the white tombstone teeth, and her filthy talons spread in an all-seeking embrace. Hugh Allen fired the other shell from the shotgun, but all of a sudden I had a lapful of live leopard.

I might as well tell you now that none of the locally bought ammunition was any good, Indian hunting skills being what they are. Later we plucked the buckshot out of the skin like flies off a piece of pie. The rifle shot had been all right (except for the split case) and the leopard actually *was* dead—or at least would have been if one of the Indians hadn't flung the rock.

But she was not dead when I performed a Spanish bullfight maneuver and gave her my wrist to chew on instead of my neck, and the clawing hind feet ripped air instead of my soft underbelly. While she was chomping on the arm, she knocked me off balance and bore me down to the stony ground. The Indian "gunbearers" took off and liberated the lamp with them just as the moon disappeared behind a cloud.

The rest is reasonably fuzzy, except for fright. Hugh Allen beat her off me with the shotgun, and then jammed the barrels down her throat, but not before he had taken a wicked gash in his arm. I was bleeding like a stuck human, from three separate bites where her teeth had closed on my left arm, and from several more upper-arm gashes where the claws had ripped.

It was like a scene straight out of a Doré Hell—Hugh spouting blood, trying to keep the thrashing cat on the ground with the barrels in her mouth, and me trying to pry a stuck cartridge case out of the barrel and jack another one into firing position. I don't know exactly how I did it—maybe with my teeth!—but I finally got the rifle in working shape and blew the snarling thing's head off at a distance of six inches, taking care not to shoot Hugh, and then Hugh and I started tying tourniquets on each other.

I didn't know if I was bleeding to death or not, because the pain doesn't come immediately. All I know is that it took six dirty handkerchiefs—all of mine and all of Hugh's—to stanch the flow for the bumpy two-hour midnight drive back to camp and some neat Dettol to clean the holes and some neat gin to revive the flagging spirit.

I don't want to draw this out any longer: I was unconscious for nearly a week from infective fever despite the good work of a medical missionary who gave me some antitetanus and some penicillin and stitched up the gaping holes.

We consider now that I have shot possibly 20 leopards, and have had only one foolishly wounded—gut-shot from a friend's hair-triggered rifle that went off where I was not aiming. This one tracked me through enough bad bush to give me a fairish third of a novel. Another, wounded because I either flinched in a tough shot in high grass with only the throat to aim at (or else the scope was out, which is what I prefer to think) we finally had to chivvy out of the greenery with some firecrackers.

Call it bad luck, accident or what will you, I nevertheless have had three hairy times with some 20 leopards I've shot . . . and I'm only a guy who hunts perhaps once or twice a year. How does it go for the white hunter who takes out safaris back to back with all manner of client shooters?

The catalogue within the last few years of dangerous goings-on is endless and as varied as a bouncing roulette ball. White hunter Harry Selby has dignified the wake of much more than 100 leopards, and very nearly had his throat torn out by a "dead" one that came at him in classic fashion with a toehold on the running board of a power wagon. Harry has attended the death of possibly a thousand buffalo . . . and got painfully tromped on in a rich suburb of Nairobi when his doctor rang him up to come shoot a couple of buff out of his flower garden. The unseasonable rains had driven a buffalo bull and a cow literally into the city from the nearby Ngong hills, and Selby almost met his finish in a bed, for God's sake, of petunias.

The other closest call that Selby had was from a buff that roared out of a bush with no warning—and no buffalo charges unless he's cornered or wounded. Selby shot it from the hip, in the neck, and discovered on the corpse an ulcer as big as an omelet from an old native arrow wound. The poison hadn't been fresh enough to kill and the buff had been brooding over his maltreatment for weeks, perhaps months, merely waiting for somebody to murder.

Maybe I'm wrong about the closest call on Selby. On my first safari with the talented young man, he damned near got killed by a zebra which had been heart-shot (by me) and throat-cut (by Metheke, the gunbearer).

TRUE

"I wrote a real cool, hold-up note and the kids dared me to show it to Mr. Langford at the bank today."

It was the last day of safari, and I needed some more zebra skins. With an hour to go I walloped a big stallion up the backside and he ran 200 yards before he dropped from the raking shot. We got back in the car, drove up to the dead animal, and the gunbearer cut its throat to sanctify the corpse slightly officially for our Mohammedan members.

Selby had got out of the car and was standing against the Land Rover's open door. Suddenly the heart-shot, throat-cut stallion reared up, loosed a fearful roar, and charged Selby with mouth agape sufficiently to accommodate a train, forefeet flailing. He knocked Selby backward into the front seat of the Rover. I leaped into the back seat, grabbed a gun and shot the zebra down its gaping mouth, blowing out its brains. The beast fell permanently dead now on Selby, jamming him behind the wheel, with Selby cradling the bloody head and oozing brains in his arms.

"Get this goddamed thing off me!" Selby roared, seeing no humor in the fact that the boys and I were rolling on the ground, screaming with laughter.

I told this one around Nairobi, with some embellishment, and especially to Tommy Shevlin, an old friend from Palm Beach who has been on many a safari.

"Tell this to Fred," Tommy said, gesturing at his white hunter, Freddie Poolman, who was wearing a bandage on his right hand. I told the story, and then looked at the bandaged hand.

"Now don't tell me you got charged by an enraged dik-dik," I said. (A dik-dik is the smallest African antelope, about the size of a large jack rabbit.)

Poolman looked at me without amusement.

"And what," he asked, "is so frilling funny about being charged by a wounded dik-dik?"

Turned out he had been, and the little beast had spiked him neatly through the hand with its tiny horns.

Buffalo, I would hazard, probably kill more natives and beat up more hunters than any other beast. The buff is difficult to finish unless you get him mortally with the first shot; he develops an added adrenalin blastoff that makes him almost unkillable. He is also usually hunted in thick bush and is inordinately crafty in doubling back and lying in wait for the man who is tracking him. He is also easy for native poachers to shoot—and wound—but unless the poison is very fresh he becomes a menace to the community until some game warden kills him.

He is also a fighter in his own backyard. I have seen numerous contests for preeminence in the breeding herd, with father and son slugging it out for the favor of the cows. The loser in one of these intramurals nearly collected Reggie Destro, a cautious and clever white hunter from Kenya.

Reggie was stalking up to a herd, not yet taking his rifle from a gunbearer who was at his elbow, when a youngish bull tore bellowing from the bush a few feet away. Reggie's gunbearer was brave enough, but the native instinct in emergency is to run first and think later. The automatic native ran three yards before

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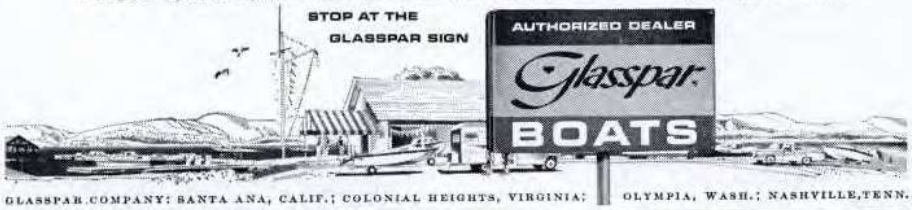

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he remembered that he was a gunbearer and that he had Reggie's rifle. In the time it took him to come back those three yards and give the rifle to Destro, the bull was on Reggie, ruining his left arm and also twisting the heavy double rifle into a pretzel. Reggie's arm was useless for months, and the weapon never recovered. One of the clients shot the bull —a disenchanted younger male kicked out of the herd by a pa or uncle and lingering behind, brooding.

Nearly every white hunter I know has been tossed by a buff at some time or other, but generally not so seriously as Destro or as Mike Rowbothom, who was in the deep late-afternoon bush after a client-wounded animal and who got ambushed by the bull. Mike gave the charging animal two in the face at a range of about two feet with his .470, which fires a whopping bullet about the size of a dill pickle. Yet there was still enough gas left in the critter to bust a couple of Mike's vertebrae.

I give the buff credit for being the chanciest of all the dangerous stuff. He hears magnificently. He has eyesight like a vulture. He can smell the tiniest taint drifting in for miles. He can turn on a dime, and bull his tonnage through any bush. He is singleminded in his hatred, and he will lick the flesh off your feet with a tongue like a woodrasp if you don't climb high enough in a tree. He can kill you either with a swipe of horns, a butt of his massive boss, or casque, or with a stab of horns. He will kneel on you, dance up and down on you, and what is more he will track you and ambush you from behind. I will take him over rhino any day—most hunters get trodden by rhino if they hunt them long enough—but not so fatally as someone who really tangles with an elephant.

Rhino stories, unless fatal, are generally funny. One of the funnier had to do with old Tom Murray-Smith, a pro of ancient vintage and a man whose bravery in his fading years reached foolish proportion. Tom plunged into the bush after a client-wounded rhino and the thing charged from some thick bush. Murray-Smith backed up and stepped into a pig hole, with the rhino on top of him. Losing his rifle, Murray-Smith took firm hold on the rhino's front horn and clung for dear life, with the rhino bumping him violently up and down. The gunbearer came up, recovered the rifle, and shot the rhino off his master.

Somebody later asked Tom how it felt while he was clinging to that surging horn.

"Well," said Murray-Smith, "all I could think of at the time was that the horn seemed to be quite a bit *longer* than when I told the client to shoot it."

Lions have been crowding into the news lately. An American named Joe Shaw, client of an Angola safari firm, was killed when he went against advice into thick bush after a lion of proved nasty disposition just last year. John Kingsley-Heath, a broadly experienced professional, was fetched in, mauled and tattered, to Nairobi recently. There was some doubt that Kingsley-Heath would live, and then more doubt that he would walk. The details of this accident are vague and varied, but the likeliest version is that a lion approached the rear of a leopard blind, the client took a shot at it with a light rifle, wounded it, and Kingsley-Heath gave the lion himself to chew on until somebody showed up with heavy reinforcements. It should be pointed out here that when you go into a leopard blind, you usually take just a light rifle and a shotgun with buckshot for insurance.

Not so long ago on the Serengeti Plain in Tanganyika, a strolling lion went into a non-hunter's tent, stepped over a couple of tourists, dragged out one of the sightseers and killed him, eating a good portion of the body. I used to love to sleep out in the open with lions roaring all around me, but since that Serengeti incident I feel a little safer under canvas with the fly-front firmly drawn.

For sheer freak, though, I think Ken Jespersen, still another white-hunting friend of mine, has the capper. Ken was shooting around a lion-heavy place called Loitokitok on the Kenya-Tanganyika border. The client hit the lion, low and back, and it went into high grass. Ken and his gunbearer, a sturdy soul named Wambua, followed it into the bush and all of a sudden Ken was *riding* the lion. It had gone to earth in an ant-bear hole completely covered by long yellow buffalo grass. Ken was standing astride the unseen hole when the lion got up, and Jespersen became the first Dane ever to do a bronco act with a full-grown male lion. The lion pitched him off, biting a horrid gash in his meat hand, and then went for Wambua. He was chewing dedicatedly on Wambua—who later spent months in a hospital in grave condition—when Ken regained his senses, recovered the gun which had been flung from his hand and shot the lion off the neck of his associate.

Jespersen showed up in Spain as my guest a little later, and when I saw the scar I said, jokingly: "And I suppose you call that a lion bite?" Ken looked

"When I say 'jump'—" ". . . she jumps!"

at the red weal and said simply. "Yes. That's exactly what I would call it—a lion bite."

Little John Sutton, who won all the prizes last year for big elephant, buffalo, leopard, and even managed five bull bongo on the Kenya Aberdare slopes, is possibly as good a white hunter as is now alive, although he's no bigger than a strong minute. John not only managed to get stabbed in the hand by a "dead" bongo, but I think he lived through as frightening experience with elephant as anybody I know.

Sometimes an elephant will pick out a person from a group to hate. In this case a Texas client wounded an elephant and Little John plunged into miserable bush to sort it out. "Miserable bush" is a tangle of thorn trees or some such in which you can't see your elephant until you run smack into its backside. Jonathan found that he was not tracking the elephant; the elephant was trailing *him,* sniffing at his scent with its trunk exactly as a bird dog works, and ignoring the other trackers. Finally, in dense scrub palm and bamboo, John couldn't elude his unseen enemy any longer and attempted the desperate device of hiding in some even thicker bush, hoping for a clearer shot at the wounded bull.

Now the bull, only slightly hurt, was screaming with rage and *pounding* with a massive trunk in every available cluster of cover which conceivably could be holding Sutton. John was naturally petrified as the thrashing trunk searched out his hidey-hole. But the noise and the pounding had one effect—as the elephant was beating the bushes close to John, he got a swift look at the screaming bull, head high, trunk upraised. Sutton, no lad to flinch in a clinch, took a long chance and brained the bull—shooting through the throat and up between the tusks into the brain as that great rubbery flail was literally raised over his head. I think perhaps John, a light drinker, had more than one *chota-peg* when he got back to camp that night.

The ultimate story on elephant, however, comes from Mozambique and my favorite hunter, Wally Johnson of Mocambique Safarilandia. Wally was a professional ivory hunter for a lot of years when there was no limit on elephant in Portuguese East, and he is a very careful man in the bush.

Wally was elephant coursing in 1947, with a Portuguese sportsman along for the ride, and they came up on a big herd of bachelor bulls.

"There was an enormous body in the herd," Wally says, "but I couldn't see the tusks. There was another, smaller bull in front of him, so I took a shot at the smaller chap, who looked like a 60-pounder. He didn't drop, but he gave me a clear bash at the enormous bloke, who fell with a crash. The monster turned out to have no tusks at all, so I took off after the wounded fellow.

"The first chap separated from the herd, and I followed him up until we saw him on the plain. I got up to about 25 yards behind the wounded bull, walking slowly, waiting for him to turn so

BABY DOLL GROWS UP

We mean Carroll Baker, of course. The same Carroll you will see in the February issue and also in the nude, the latter being a social phenomenon of our times indicating the high status of the titled ladies, socialites, actresses, and models who practice it. Besides this sociological treatise in pictures and text (the latter by the modeling world's famous Candy Jones), the issue is packed with other stoppers: for instance, the largest gatefold in print—a new, bigger size—of Italian starlet Linda Veras; a no-holds-barred interview with Otto Preminger; Lionel Olay's trip into the superconscious, via "The Mescaline Experience"; Jim Collier's journey into "Upper Bohemia"; and, of course, Cavalier's regular bounty of fiction, cartoons, satire, and In-side points of view. On sale at your newsstand, January 9.

Cavalier

THE NEW MAGAZINE FOR THE NEW MAN

"I'm going to prove that men *will* make passes at girls who wear glasses."

I could put a shot into his brain or heart."

Wally still gets excited when he tells the story.

"Although I was matching his pace, suddenly I saw his backside getting bigger and bigger. His bloody legs were going backward in perfect rhythm, but very, very fast! He knew he was being followed and was smart enough to know I probably wouldn't risk a shot up his bum. I was being *charged backward!*

"At the very last moment he swung his head and trunk around to take me and I dropped him with a brain shot. But if I hadn't noticed the increased speed of that backward charge he'd have had me for certain."

Soon afterward, an accident befell Wally Johnson that brings me back to my dead-leopard adventure and reminds me of an even more haunting one—for Johnson was severely tossed by a "dead" waterbuck that got up and hoisted him with a horn in his crotch.

Anyhow, the closest squeak I ever had in the category of "dead" animals killing me still gives me nightmares. At the time I was shooting tigers in India's Central Province, cattle-killers were classed as vermin and it was legal to shoot at night from a tree *machan* over the body of the "natural" kill, as opposed to staked-out bait.

I was feeling very brave about tigers, having killed two huge ones by daylight the previous week. We had been off hunting blackbuck or bear or anything for fun, when word came that an enormous tiger had killed a full-grown domestic buffalo in the nearest village. The locals had thoughtfully constructed a hurried platform in a tree, and had moved the water buffalo's corpse to within shooting range. The tiger had been driven off the kill before feeding; it was a mortal cinch he would come back by night to collect his dinner.

My *shikari* and I climbed up the tree, using a homemade ladder, made ourselves as comfortable as possible on the *machan*, and settled down to let the mosquitoes chew us until the tiger came. We had a big flashlight, and I was shooting the same .470 with which I had stoned the other two daytime tigers.

I dozed and was wakened by munching sounds. We waited a good 10 minutes for the beast to get well and truly stuck into his dinner, and then the *shikari* flashed on the light. We knew the tiger was enormous from his pugmarks, but I was not prepared for the blood-smeared head which turned slowly into the light. This tiger's head was as big as a bale of hay.

I held close on his neck and squeezed off. You could hear the bullet whonk, and the head fell forward on the rump of the buffalo. The body of the tiger never even twitched. This was a *real* rug. I started to give him the other barrel behind the shoulder, for insurance, when the *shikari* grabbed my arm.

"No, no, Sahib," he said. "This tiger is dead and there's no use spoiling the skin. Anyhow there will be a joke on the others. If they hear only one shot, they will think you have missed and will be surprised when we come in with this huge animal."

This all seemed very logical. I had a couple of nips out of the flask and smoked a couple of cigarettes while we waited for the boys to come with the ladder. I reflected that not even Jim Corbett could compare with me as a tiger shooter, and had still another drink. I ran for Prime Minister of India and was elected unanimously, and there I decided I wanted another look at my best and biggest tiger, the vastest tiger ever slain by hand of man. Fully 20 minutes had passed since I had plugged him behind the ear.

I flashed the light on and heard a mighty roar as I saw a striped tail disappear. My tiger had come back from the dead, and now between me and the *dâk* bungalow I not only had a jungle full of cobras, but a wounded tiger as well. It would not be a very pleasant walk home in the dark.

I was thinking a variety of things; how in the daytime shooting I had sat down beside my dead tigers, lifted their heads, and posed happily for pictures. I had sat *on* my dead tigers. If the boys had come faster with the rough ladder, I would have been down out of that bloody tree, posing with this "dead" tiger. Oh, brother!

I still dream about that tiger, the one that got away, and invariably I am sitting on him in the dream when he gets up to go.

Of course you know what happened. Shooting at night, and from the high angle of the tree, instead of smashing his vertebrae I merely touched the top, knocking him out with a sort of metal rabbit-punch, but not harming him seriously with the solid bullet which went straight on through. We hunted him seriously for two days, but he had quit bleeding within 100 yards or so.

Since then I have been a very cautious fellow. I shoot it once, and kill it, and shoot it twice, to kill it again, and sometimes I will fire a third and fourth bullet to re-kill it. And, like my leopard, it sometimes will *still* arise and chew on you. Because it is not really only the live animals which fight back. It is the dead ones that get up and kill you.

—Robert Ruark

FIGHT
CEREBRAL
PALSY
53 JOIN THE MINUTE MARCH

Supreme Snarer of Cephalopods

[*Continued from page 22*]

O'Rourke was becoming perhaps the world's greatest authority on the thought processes and the personality of the octopus. He knew how to out-maneuver them, to out-flank them, almost how to outthink them. He knew full well, many years ago, what today's octopus wrestlers are just beginning to learn—that it is impossible for a man with two arms to apply a full nelson on an octopus; he knew the futility of trying for a crotch hold on an opponent with eight crotches.

Eventually the work palled on both men. In Idwal Jones' opinion they grew bored with it after they grew prosperous. Neither O'Rourke nor Vanderhoeven could stand the thought of money in the bank and now they both had it and so they dissolved their partnership and scuttled their raft. Vanderhoeven disappeared into the East but O'Rourke stayed on in California, working as a stunt man in movies. He even listed himself in the talent catalogues as "Expert at Greeko-Roman Octopus Wrestling" and, in fact he did work with octopuses in several films. It is said that Cecil B. DeMille admired O'Rourke's work and once engaged him to wrestle an octopus for three days when he knew quite well he would not be using the episode in the film he was shooting.

If we must know of what happened to this man O'Rourke, it is necessary that we touch upon romantic matters. He was still making ample money in movies, but he was an improvident man, with a hankering for the grape and an affinity for crap-shooting. He often spoke of his beautiful fiancee back in Ohio, saying he intended bringing her out and marrying her so she could manage his affairs and keep him from spending more than he earned. One day the fiancee arrived, accompanied by about 20 relatives, all female. They moved in on O'Rourke and demanded T-bone steaks twice a day and he was compelled to sleep on a pallet on the back porch. He grew melancholy and restive over this state of affairs and probably had yearnings for the old days, the companionship of the debonair Vanderhoeven and the deepwater embrace of a brunette octopus, but he married the girl nonetheless. She was a big strapping cow-milking type of woman, constructed along the lines of the Powerful Katrinka, and she loved O'Rourke dearly.

To celebrate the marriage O'Rourke's pals in the Coast Guard gave a party beside the municipal swimming pool at Manhattan Beach (California). There was considerable drinking and O'Rourke did his share. Quite frankly he was groaning beneath the incubus of those 20 female in-laws. Finally he stepped to the edge of the big pool and delivered a poignant speech, which started out as a farewell to his bachelor days and ended up as a farewell to everything. He announced that he was going to leap into the pool, swim through the intake pipe to the Pacific, proceed out to sea (anticipating Fredric March in *A Star is Born* by a good 10 years) and disappear forever.

As he concluded his speech he shouted a stirring hail and farewell and launched himself through the air and the Powerful Katrinka, letting out a cry of anguish, leaped forward. She grabbed for her beloved O'Rourke and got hold of his swimming pants. His body shot out of them and as he clove the water he was more naked than he ever had been while prowling the octopus grounds. He went underwater and started to enter the intake pipe, and then he turned back and surfaced.

That is really the last view we have of O'Rourke—that moment of surfacing in the pool. He didn't make it through that intake pipe, but he did vanish through the overflow gutter of history, accompanied by his Powerful Katrinka. Neither Idwal Jones nor I have any knowledge of what became of him after that.

This I do know and gladly state: the Father of Octopus Wrestling, though possessed of all the normal instincts of the true bum, still retained certain admirable qualities of character. He had great physical courage, a fine sense of the dramatic and, above all else, deep-seated personal modesty. I said deep-seated. Some years after that poolside party Idwal Jones ran into a man who had been present. He said that O'Rourke told him he had changed his mind about going through the intake pipe because he could not abide the thought of arriving before the reception committee of heaven without pants on.

The game can indeed be proud of him.

—H. Allen Smith

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The Silent War for the Deep Seas

[*Continued from page* 35]

change he talks about. A few years ago he'd have been employed by a university or by a privately endowed ocean-research institution. He'd have written obscure papers which nobody would have read. Today, instead, he's employed by the sea-probing division of a dynamic aircraft company. Big companies stay alive by accurately reading the future. Lockheed believes the sea is going to play a big part in the survival of the United States.

Climate-changing and fish-herding are only two of the enormous potentialities of ocean research. Scientists want to find out about the sea as a source of minerals. They want to know what happens to sound waves in the deep, for use in submarine warfare. They wonder whether man can ever adapt to the deep as a habitat, living in airtight domed sea-bottom cities or fitted with artificial gills. "We don't know what we're going to find down there," says a scientist of the Aerojet-General Corp., another aircraft and spacecraft company that has begun probing the sea. "But we have a strong feeling it will be a good idea to find it before any potential enemies do."

This is a tall order. In his book, *Conquest of the Sea,* the West German writer Cord-Christian Troebst concludes the Russians are far ahead of any Western nation in ocean research. Soviet Russia has more than 100 ships roaming the seas on full-time research assignments. Most of them were designed and built for just that purpose. The United States has 45 to 50 oceanographic craft, most of them small and many converted from other uses. They have room for a total of only 125 scientists, while a single Russian sea-study ship, the 5,960-ton *Mikhail Lomonosov,* carries about half that many by itself.

"Soviet Russia is winning the struggle for the oceans," says Senator Warren Magnuson, who comes from the seaside state of Washington. "Russia is winning with more and bigger ships; more, if not better, scientists; more, and in some cases superior, equipment; and more aggressive government encouragement and action."

It's easy for a totalitarian government to be aggressive, of course. Once the Kremlin's chiefs are convinced something needs doing, they can pour money into it without having to explain to anybody. In the United States, already spending billions on outer space, ocean money has been hard to find. Trying to push through a $900-million sea-studies bill, men like Magnuson came hard up against men like Illinois' Senator Everett Dirksen. "It's a billion-dollar fantasy!" Dirksen rumbled. But the bill squeezed by. U.S. oceanographers have high hopes for the future.

Among the most optimistic is a big, rangy six-footer named Columbus Iselin, a former director of the famous Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution on the coast of Massachusetts, and now chairman of its Department of Theoretical Oceanography and Meteorology. Woods Hole scientists sail five research vessels, the newest, a 210-foot long steamship named *Atlantis II,* the oldest, the original *Atlantis,* a venerable ketch famous for its work in oceanography. Not long ago the work-worn ketch chanced to be docked at New York next to the massive *Mikhail Lomonosov,* and the contrast inspired melancholy doubts among passing New Yorkers. But when a TRUE reporter mentioned this to Iselin, he laughed.

"The *Lomonosov* is a big baby, all right," he said. "But don't let that scare you. It's too much like a battleship. I wonder how in hell 65 scientists can agree on where to go and what to do. There just isn't that much for that many men to do at any one point or time."

As the acknowledged dean of U.S. oceanographers, 59-year-old Iselin echoes the mood of most of them. On the whole, they're a cheerful bunch. They'll admit, in unguarded moments, that the Reds are ahead of us in many phases of oceanography—particularly in scientific fishing and current mapping. But they won't admit the gap is big. And they point to some U.S. feats the Russians haven't even tried to match.

Deep-sea vehicles, for instance. The epic under-ice voyages of American nuclear submarines brought only a few half-hearted counter-boasts from the Kremlin. And the straight-down voyages of the U.S. Navy's bathyscaph, *Trieste,* can't be beaten even by the most imaginative propagandist. They can't be beaten because the *Trieste* has gone the limit: to the deepest known spot on the ocean floor.

The Office of Naval Research had wondered what the sea bed looked like for many years, and late in the 1950's decided to find out. No existing submarine could do the job. Ordinary World War II subs couldn't go much below 300-foot depths without being crushed by water pressure like a ping-pong ball underfoot. The then-new nuclear subs, built of tougher metals with new engineering techniques, could go perhaps three times that deep without buckling. (Actual nuclear-sub depths are a military secret.) Still more advanced nuclear submarines on the drawing boards might be able to stand pressures down to three-quarters of a mile. But even this depth would give the Navy access to only a fraction of the sea bottom. What the Navy wanted was a vehicle that could carry men down into the ocean's deepest valleys—down four miles, five miles, where pressures are measured in tons per square inch.

Hunting for ideas, the Navy's eye alighted on a peculiar craft designed by Auguste Piccard, a Swiss physicist. Its crew compartment was a small steel sphere. Like a blimp's gondola, the sphere hung beneath a huge tank filled with gasoline. Since gasoline is lighter than water, its effect in water is the same as that of helium in air: it lifts. The crew could make the craft sink by releasing a little gasoline, make it float back up by releasing gravel ballast. The tank could be built of thin sheet metal because water pressing on it would simply

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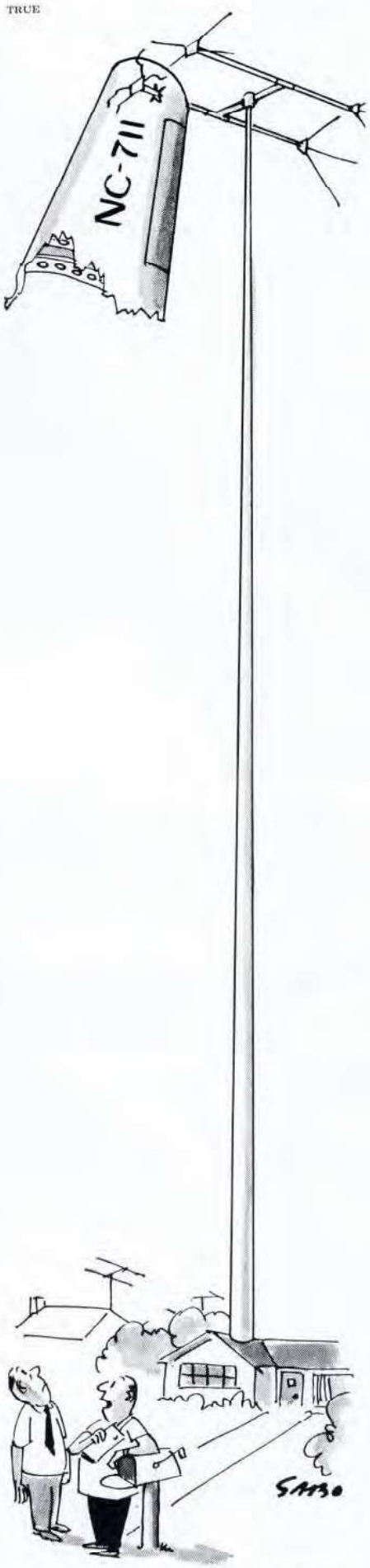

"Yesterday we got Canada and Mexico—and a nasty letter from the Civil Aeronautics Board!"

press against the gasoline—in effect, a solid mass. Only the little gondola needed to resist pressure. Since it was so small (the inside diameter was about six feet), the engineering problems were nothing like those of making a standard-sized submarine pressure-proof.

The Navy bought this craft from Italy, which had financed the early development, and made some improvements. In January, 1960, the *Trieste* was ready for her supreme trial. Into the gondola climbed Navy Lt. Don Walsh and Jacques Piccard, son of Auguste. Below them was the Challenger Deep of the Marianas Trench, almost seven miles straight down. Their assignment: go there.

They released gasoline from the tank. Water flowed through holes in the bottom, making the tank heavier. The Pacific Ocean closed over the craft, and Walsh and Piccard sank into the unknown.

They sank for almost four hours, in total blackness and incredible mounting pressure. They knew, as they neared the bottom, that the steel walls around them were straining against something like 100,000 tons. As they passed the six-mile mark they heard a sharp explosion, and the gondola quivered as though somebody had whacked it with a giant sledgehammer. Were the walls starting to crack? They didn't know. Swallowing their fear, they sank ever deeper. Their one consolation was that death, if it came, would be almost instantaneous. If even a tiny crack opened in the walls or observation windows, water would blast through with such force that it would punch a hole through a man more cleanly than a rifle bullet.

They found later that the explosion had been caused by the cracking of a window in the entrance shaft outside the gondola. But they didn't know this as they landed on the bottom of the Challenger Deep, nearly 36,000 feet below the ocean's sunny surface. They were more than 40 times as deep as any submarine had ever dived, and more than twice as deep as any man had ever sunk in any kind of submersible—any man, that is, who had come back up to tell about it.

Powerful floodlights gave them a dim circle of vision outside the observation windows. In silent awe they gazed out at a world that no human eye had ever seen before. They saw a rolling, desert-like plain, strewn with dark pebbles and lumps that might have been the bodies of sea creatures sunk here from above. And they saw something that no scientist would have dared predict. At this tremendous depth, under this enormous pressure, they saw living fish.

Jacques Piccard and Don Walsh came back to the world of air and sunlight. They'd hardly pulled their cramped limbs out of the gondola before the Navy was planning new dives and new information-gathering techniques. Since then, the *Trieste* has been fitted with propellers to give it a limited ability to roam along the ocean floor. It has also been given an ingenious mechanical arm and hand with which to pick up samples of rock and other bottom material as it roams. (In its latest use, the search for the lost atomic submarine *Thresher*, the *Trieste* gripped with that hand a piece of pipe from the remains of the sub and brought it up from an 8,000-foot depth.) Walsh, Piccard and other men will visit the deeps again and again.

You ask: why?

The major answer is simply that the United States wants to understand the seas from the bottom up. Pure scientific research often doesn't sound very useful at first; the uses appear later. But the Navy does have some specific questions that the *Trieste* and similar deep sinkers may help answer.

For example, the Navy is wondering about the possibility of building laboratories and even whole research towns on the ocean floors. Ideally, these would be self-sustaining. Crews living in them would manufacture their own air, catch or farm their own food. But before any such undersea lab town can be built, scientists need answers to such questions as what kinds of edible fish and vegetation live on the bottom, what the bottom is like from an engineering viewpoint, and how a foundation can be built on it or anchored in it.

Or take the question of ocean mining. Deep sinkers may show whether a fantastic idea of Columbus Iselin has any merit. He thinks we may be able to get sea creatures to do our mining for us.

He bases the idea on a curious and little-understood fact of the sea bottoms. Huge areas of the sea floor are strewn with mysterious crumbly lumps of fantastically high-grade metal ore—some of them as much as 50-percent pure metal: iron, manganese, nickel, copper. In shallow waters these nodules are about the size of marbles, but in the deep they get as big as basketballs. Some scientists think they're created by a type of electroplating process that goes on continually in sea water. Others believe the metal lumps may be produced by microscopic sea creatures that secrete indigestible metals. If the second theory is the right one, Iselin thinks we can breed these creatures on undersea farms and harvest metals like a crop.

It will take a lot more deep-sea probing to uncover the mystery of the nodules. Sinkers like the *Trieste* will help dredge up answers. So will other wanderers of the deep now being built, designed, or dreamed of. The *Aluminaut*, for instance. This little 51-foot-long craft, being built by Reynolds Aluminum, will be the first true deep-sea submarine. Its 6-inch-thick aluminum hull will withstand pressures down to about three miles. Unlike the *Trieste*, it will be powered and ballasted much like an ordinary submarine, and will be able to travel for perhaps 100 miles at a time along the sea floor. It will carry three men.

Iselin and some other oceanographers, however, disagree with the idea of putting a crew aboard such deep divers. They feel unmanned craft are the best answer for the next decade of prospecting in the depths. Iselin has been chewing out Navy brass on the subject for years. Says he: "With television cameras and all the recording apparatus we've got, instruments can see a lot more than a man can."

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"Let's see now—Mary bid one heart, Helen bid two spades, I bid three no-trump, Sam shot Helen. . ."

has been testing an odd vehicle called the RUM (Remote Underwater Manipulator). It was designed by Dr. Victor Anderson of the University of California's Scripps Institution of Oceanography. Basically it is an old Marine Corps tank, sealed and filled with oil to withstand deep-sea pressures. It starts from shore and crawls out into the sea, unwinding a long cable behind it. The cable is hooked to a van on shore. Four miniature TV cameras on the RUM eye the sea floor, and the pictures appear on monitor screens in the van. By remote control, operators in the van steer the RUM and work a nimble mechanical arm-and-hand device that can grub around in the ooze and pick up samples.

Tests off La Jolla, California, have shown the RUM to be useful, but not perfect. It's extremely heavy, sometimes gets bogged in silt, is stopped cold by a vertical obstacle more than a foot high. The Navy is now working on an improved model. It will be lighter, and able to carry a bigger instrument payload. It will also have a set of rotors so that it can lift itself off the bottom like a helicopter. This new model will be able to drift down to the bottom from a ship, hence won't be limited to offshore areas.

The RUM is close to being an undersea robot. Actually a real underwater robot, intended not for exploration but for hard work at depths to which a human diver either cannot descend or where he can stay for only a few minutes, is now getting its bugs eliminated. Called the Mobot, it was designed by a division of the Hughes Aircraft Company for the oil industry. An operator on the surface controls it through an electric cable which furnishes power to move it around, flex its four arms, and run its television eyes. Its purpose today is to help on the sea bottom with boring wells and handling equipment, but it, or adaptations of it, may soon find wider uses.

Still rummier devices are being cooked up for shallow-water exploration. The Aerojet-General Corporation of Azusa, California, enjoys inventing such devices. One of the company's favorites is a thing that looks something like a torpedo, with counter-rotating propellers at one end and a bicyclelike seat at the other. It's called the AquaPed. A skindiver straps himself to the seat and slips his feet into the stirrups of two pedals mounted on the sides of the torpedo. When he pumps the pedals, the propellers shoot him through the water as much as three times faster than he could go with swim fins.

Another Aerojet-General vehicle is the MiniSub, an 8½-foot submarine that can be powered either by pumping pedals or by a small motor. It is free-flooding; the operator must wear breathing equipment. Surrounded by warm surface water, he can go deep without getting cramped by cold. Speed is about four times that of a swimmer with flippers. The Navy is interested in MiniSubs and AquaPeds not only for shallow exploration, but for underwater demolition teams.

There are also all kinds of unmanned buoys bobbing about the oceans for research on and near the surface. Occasionally these disappear, and oceanographers strongly suspect the Russians pick them up. One buoy that will be hard to steal, however, is a 355-foot-tall, 600-ton, $500,000 surface drifter now going through sea tests off California. Its name is FLIP, short for Floating Instrument Platform.

FLIP was developed by the Scripps Institution and the Navy. It will be towed out to sea in a horizontal position. Then its ballast tanks will be filled with water, and it will flip over into a vertical stance, with about 300 feet of its length below the surface. The above-water part contains living quarters for four scientists. Both above and below water are labs and equipment for analyzing ocean currents, temperatures, saltiness, plant and animal life, and other phenomena that interest the Navy.

While such strange new vehicles are being developed, other sea research goes ahead in more conventional style. The Lockheed-California Company, for instance, uses a little 48-foot craft named *Sea Quest*. Lockheed scientists roam the seas in this boat, making studies that may one day prove vitally important in submarine warfare.

"We're interested in sound," says biologist Bob Eberhardt. "You hear a lot about the 'silent depths,' but actually the sea is an incredibly noisy place. There are creatures that whistle, rumble, squeak, clatter and groan. We want to find some way of cataloging all these natural sounds so we can tell the difference between them and the motors of an enemy submarine."

Submarine and anti-sub devices are a big concern of the U.S. government right now. The Russians are believed to have a sub fleet far bigger than ours—in fact, bigger than any submarine fleet ever before assembled in peace or war. Russian admirals boast repeatedly that, if war breaks out, their U-boats will control the seas.

The Navy is sweating to find ways of detecting submarines underwater at long distances. Oceanographic research is showing the way. One idea has come out of work done by Woods Hole scientists many years ago. Taking depth soundings by setting off charges of TNT, they noticed that low-frequency sound waves seemed to travel through water for a much longer time and distance than high-frequency waves. Experimenting with this fact last year, other oceanographers set off a 50-pound charge in the water near Australia. Low-frequency equipment picked up the sound waves at Bermuda, 12,000 miles away.

Out of this discovery has come Project Artemis, an underwater DEW line using sound instead of radar. The Navy plans to bug the seas with giant transducers which will constantly send out huge volumes of low-frequency sound. The sound waves will radiate through the deep. When they strike a solid object, they'll bounce back to listening posts along U.S.

shores. The waves will then be translated into electronic impulses and fed into computers, which will be programmed to make at least a rough guess about what the object is. If it can't be identified as something harmless, attack subs and aircraft will scramble after it.

The possibility of reaping food from the sea is another problem that keeps the U.S. government up nights. At present there is plenty of food to go around in this country. But between now and 1980 the population is expected to grow about 4 million a year. By the end of the century, according to one estimate, we'll each be eating four or five sea-food meals a week instead of the present average of less than one.

If we can get the sea food, that is. Russia has the same problem, but the Soviets long ago started an all-out attack on it. Russian fishing fleets are floating labs, constantly hunting new ways to find and catch fish. Says Cord-Christian Troebst: "Every large Russian trawler has an oceanographer aboard." The Russians are experimenting with the use of submarines to find fish and herd them toward the boats. They're working on methods of stunning and attracting fish with electric shocks. Instead of using nets, many Russian boats are equipped with huge suction pipes that pull fish directly from the water into the hold. "While the Western fish catches dwindle from year to year," Troebst points out, "Russia's are constantly increasing. Her fishermen off Newfoundland are now taking in 10 times more fish than New England rivals who have worked the shoals for years."

Plenty of experimenting is going on in the United States, but the effort is diffuse. Scores of institutions, government agencies and individual scientists are working on projects. But the nation's fishermen, on the whole, continue to use the same methods their grandfathers did. It's nobody's fault; it's just the way a democracy works. Unlike ours, Russia's government can order fishermen to do what the experts say.

But there are ideas that can save us. Columbus Iselin, for instance, talks about fertilizing the sea to boost the size and number of fish in a given area. Sea life is a chain that starts with microscopic plants floating in the water. These plants need nutrients, and where the water lacks nutrients, you're likely to find few fish or none.

"The fertilizer is right there in the water, down at lower levels," says Iselin. It's near the bottom, where sea creatures have been piling up and decomposing for millenia. "You just bring it up to the level of the fish you want to encourage."

One way to do this could be to divert a deep current so that part of its flow brings bottom water welling up to the surface. Another way, Iselin thinks, would be to thrust a big pipe down to the right depths and, with a pump, start water flowing up through it. The upper end of the pipe would be near, but not above, the surface. The cold bottom water would warm on its way to the surface, losing density. Being less salty than surface water, hence slightly lighter, it would be buoyant by the time it reached the top of the pipe. Once the flow was started, the pump could be shut off. The flow would continue until the pipe wore out, or until temperature and salinity conditions changed.

Fish will desert an ocean area when changes in the sea's complex flow-mechanics reduce nutrients in the area or change the temperature. Just as it would be possible to fertilize the sea, so, conceivably, could a nation that understood the complicated interweaving of ocean currents (probably no nation does—yet) make an enemy's coastal waters barren. The victim nation's fishing fleets would have to roam far for their catch, and then they'd be easier prey for submarines.

Ocean farming is another idea that may feed us 20 or 30 years hence. Some experts—among them the British scientist Arthur C. Clarke, who wrote a science-fiction novel on the subject—think it may be possible to breed whales as we now breed cattle. Pods of whales would be herded by men in vehicles such as the MiniSub, or deeper-diving sea cars such as the three-man *Deepstar* now being built by Westinghouse Electric. Iselin thinks we may be able to pen fish in an undersea area by using sound. Most fish have acute hearing and can detect their enemies from long distances. The pen area would be surrounded by devices playing recordings of the farm fishes' enemies. In the same way, other sounds might be used to keep predators out.

Vegetable foods will also come from the sea. Big companies like General Foods are already experimenting with seaweeds and with algae, microscopic floating plants. The problem is to make them taste good. They're highly nutritious, and—perhaps more important—they grow much faster than land crops. A wheat farmer counts himself lucky if he gets a ton of salable grain from an acre each year, but it would be easy to raise 25 to perhaps 50 tons of algae to an acre of sea. Cord-Christian Troebst quotes one scientist as saying that a sea farm the size of Rhode Island could feed the entire world. It is conceivable that many farmers of the future will be underwater Mobots—and even that man himself may learn to become a total underwater creature. The French undersea explorer, Jacques-Yves Cousteau, and his men have experimented with living underwater for days at a time using scuba equipment, and several scientists, making a first step toward reversing a mammal back into a fish, have succeeded in keeping completely immersed mice active for an hour or more "breathing" water, without apparent ill effect. Man's turn may come soon.

Communism gets its start where people are hungry. If the United States can develop sea farming into a science, and give the science to hungry nations, Communist recruiters will have their main arguments knocked out from under them.

This is one more reason why control of the seas can mean control of the world. It's one more reason why, over the next decade, the oceans will make headlines as big and black as those given to outer space.—**Max Gunther & Norman Carlisle**

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A Fish to Make a Man of a Boy

[*Continued from page* 57]

a trail of blue fumes behind him lying close on the gray water. He was moving up against the current along the shore from the village of Rockport, Ontario, which then had no town dock, trolling along the fretted deep-water cliffs.

Eight years ago you could fish that shore with some hope of success, but now that the cruiser crowd has come to use the new town wharf, and summer people have built along the cliff, poking little docks out over the rocks, the fish seem to have gone. In those days, the fish were still there, but our young Canadian—Bobby Hunt—had no particular expectations. He was simply trolling his way home, discouraged, but hopeful, and that shoreline was on the way and it was one of the places to fish.

Then his line snagged bottom.

Holding the rod high, Bobby turned the motor around to back down the deep slant of the black cord. He would reel and stop; reel and stop. He had to stop reeling from time to time in order to adjust the motor. He was disgusted, and worried about losing a good spoon, a copper leader, and a few feet of fishing line. True, the wobbling bronze spoon with its three red beads had never caught a fish, but it belonged to Bobby's father, and in any case Bobby's family had nothing it could afford to lose.

So there he was, a too-thin, pinch-faced, straw-haired boy 11 years old, alone, worried, disgusted and damp. The cotton shirt sleeves that stuck out below the end of his too-small Mackinaw's sleeves were wet. He had on a pair of bluejeans worn soapy-white at the knees, and they were damp at the thighs and soaked at the cuffs. He was wearing someone's castoff work shoes which squelched with water from the bilge of the punt. Nothing is more miserable than being cold and wet around the edges and being stuck on bottom at the end of a luckless day. Bobby muttered to himself as he reeled in.

The line began to run at a deeper slant. Bobby reached to shut off the motor. He stood up to reel, guiding the line back and forth across the spindle with his thumb. There was no automatic wind on that reel. It was just a plain winch; an old reel that had once had a leather thumb tab and had belonged years ago to one of the summer people for whom Bobby's grandfather was caretaker.

Bobby kept the rod tip high as he reeled, and he looked to see where he was. He had trolled often enough around McGoogan's Point, always being careful to stay away from the jumble of deep-water rocks that lie off the point at the end of the cliff, and he had been sure that he had given them enough room this time. Yet the line slanted deeply toward shore and it seemed plain enough that he must have come too close; in any event, he had caught bottom.

The bottom began to move.

The line slanted as deeply as ever into the green-gray water, but it moved slowly and strongly away from the point and out toward the Canadian ship channel.

Clamping down on the reel with his thumb, and lifting the rod with both hands, Bobby pulled lightly up and back. The answering surge nearly tore the rod from his cold hands. The line stripped quickly out from beneath the boy's thumb, droplets flying from the taut, vibrating cord, Bobby easing the pressure on the spindle but gripping the rod more tightly than he had ever clung to anything before.

"By Gee," he said aloud, "I got a big durn old fish."

Cold and wet forgotten, Bobby stood balanced in the bilge water of the flat-bottom punt, keeping the rod tip up, slowly applying pressure with his thumb as the fish came to the end of its first long, deep run; reeling as carefully as he knew how when he discovered he could regain line.

At 11, Bobby was a fisherman. He could not remember a time when he had not fished. Gramps had started him off as a worm fisherman, sitting on a splintery dock with a line around his waist to keep him from falling in. When Bobby was 5, Gramps had taught him to cast and troll, and Bobby had spent some time every day fishing the St. Lawrence from ice-breaking to freeze-up, ever since Gramps had trusted him to take the punt alone. The motor was Bobby's. He had saved the $12 it had cost out of tips people had given him for carrying their packages home from a Brockville grocery store. Brockville was where Bobby went to school, and where he worked after school, but the river was where he lived. At age 11, Bobby was pretty much his own man and an experienced fisherman, but never until this moment had he felt such a pull on any line. He could feel the weight of the fish even as it swam slowly toward him as he reeled in.

The line went slack.

The steel rod straightened.

Bobby stood there in the punt, the water sloshing around his work shoes, simply staring at the lifeless rod.

"Durn! Durn!" the boy shouted at the silent river.

He swung the rod up and back through a vicious arc. The limp line followed easily. There was no weight on it. The boy reeled sullenly, cursing to fill the emptiness in him. He was none of your baby-soft suburban 11-year-olds, carpooled and brought up on a balanced diet and tender loving care, and on stories of the jolly little fireman and the kindly grocer, and promoted each year through undemanding schools that offer nothing. Bobby was instead a work-stunned child in a household of men, all of whom lived on bitter terms with failure. He had failed twice in school, and was still in fourth grade. The only grocer Bobby knew was as sour as the unrefrigerated milk he sold, and in Bobby's world, the eternal dialogue between man and God most usually consisted of cursing.

Yet, because Bobby was still quite a young man, he still had hope. He stopped his steady reeling once more, to swing the rod tip up through another hopeful arc. There was no answer. The black cord lay loose on the surface before it slowly sank.

Bobby regained his line more quickly, remembering that the wind and current would send him into the rocks off McGoogan's Point. He was watching the rocks come closer as he reeled, when the rod bent so quickly that he lunged after it more than he clung to it. The pull jerked the boy forward, and his left knee fetched up hard against the low gunwale, numbing his leg.

The fish came twisting up out of the cold water off the port bow, the slab sides a splotched, tarnished silver in the gray October light.

TRUE

Bobby couldn't see where it was hooked. All he knew for certain was that it was the biggest muskellunge he had ever seen, and that he was in a great deal of trouble. He was enough of a fisherman to counter the jump with the rod tip, and to thumb the reel automatically, doing these things almost by reflex, and when the line was stripping quickly out as the fish bore deeply away for the channel, Bobby had plenty of time to think.

He remembered people telling how, when you hook a muskie, it feels like bottom at first. He guessed that fish had been swimming toward him all the time he had been gathering line; the fish swimming faster than he could reel, in order to gain slack the way a man first makes slack in a string he wishes to break with a sharp snap. He knew he was in trouble because there was no way to land this fish, and he was afraid he would lose his bait, leader and line after all.

You could not land this fish the way you landed pike, Bobby knew. He pronounced it *poike* in his mind. When you got a poike on heavy trolling line, you could drop the rod into the bilge and pull him in hand over hand until you got the wire leader. Then you could just yank him in over the side by the wire if he was hooked deep. Otherwise, you held onto the wire and reached over the side with your other hand to grab him by the back of the head. Bobby had never used a net because there was no net. Bobby thought of all the fish he had lost, trying to grab them, and he swore he would save his next summer money to buy a net.

The fish he now had was too big for any dip net. There wasn't any way you could grab a fish like that. One fishing guide at Alexandria Bay always carried a pistol to shoot them at boatside. Most of the guides, and the summer people, used gaffs. Ed Senecal once clubbed a 40-pounder with an oar. Bobby had no pistol, no gaff and there were no oars in the boat; he'd forgotten them. He was fast to a fish that summer people come all the way from Texas to try to catch and there was nothing he could do now but hang on. Bobby had heard of grown men fighting a big muskie for more than an hour. He was fast to a fish strong enough to break a man's arm.

Grimly, the boy held on as best he could, reeling when he could, thumbing again when the fish darted off on one of those long, lancing, head-shaking deep runs. Whenever the line started to slant up, higher in the water, Bobby reeled desperately, fighting the rod tip higher, and when the fish would leap, and thrash away across the top of the water, the boy felt the tearing rake of failure.

Somewhere in the midst of his problems, Bobby realized that the water was widening between the punt and the point. The fish was moving the punt against wind and current, out into the channel.

If I get him alongside out where it's deep, Bobby thought, *I'll never get him in.*

He looked up and down the river. There were no other boats. There was only the empty river, gray and cold under the folded clouds. The shores were silent. The maples were cold orange and scarlet fires against the dark masses of the evergreens, and a veil of rain trailed across the water downriver, slowly blotting out the bulk first of Tar Island; then of Little Grenadier. He was quite alone.

Bobby wanted to start the motor, to run slowly if he could to tow the fish upriver toward the shallow bay of the Hay Garden, above McGoogan's Point. Perhaps he could beach it in the sandy shallows. Maybe he could drown the fish on a long tow. But each time he reached a trembling red-blue hand toward the starter cord, the line would sing out again, and he had to hold the rod with two hands, and feel the cord now cutting his thumb.

The boy's arms were aching and he was sticky with a cold sweat inside his too-small Mackinaw. Whenever the fish would rest and allow itself to be moved, Bobby would feel the sheer weight of it as he gathered line. When the muskellunge at last came close enough for the boy to really see it, Bobby stared as if at a ghost.

It was lying just beneath the surface, the great waving dull-orange tail fanning, breaking water, and the brute seemed as long as the boy was tall. The gills spread wide, and with the wickedly toothed jaws gaping, the head seemed big as a football.

It was then that Bobby almost lost him. For in his terrified amazement, the boy let the line go slack. The muskellunge shook its armored head, and the treble-hooked spoon slid along the soft tissue of the upper jaw that the river people call the rip-streak. As the fish flashed away on a lunging, downward-twisting run, Bobby could see it was only lightly held by one of the three hooks, and the boy said aloud to the empty river, neither in despair nor in reverence, "God, please help me get this fish." It was not a prayer, but a simple request for a little help as from one man to another.

The drizzle turned to rain. Bobby had no idea how long it was before he was able to turn the fish at the end of the runs. He was numb and near exhaustion when the runs grew shorter, and when the boat, carried now by wind and current, slid back toward the jumbled rocks off McGoogan's Point.

Bobby hoped that when the boat banged ashore it wouldn't bang too hard, but he guessed that if he got the fish home, Gramps wouldn't mind about the boat.

The punt grated against a stone and turned slowly, end for end, to slide against a shelving rock. The boy balanced as best he could, his legs cramped and one of them painful. He turned as the boat swung to keep the line from fouling under the bow. The light waves gently bump-bumped the punt against the rock shelf, the propeller scratching and the motor lifting and thumping as the boat pushed ashore.

Carefully, holding the gunwale with one hand; holding the thumbed rod high with the other to keep the line taut; Bobby climbed down into the water.

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"I'm getting sick and tired of everyone saying, 'Let George do it.'"

He felt the chill of it as it poured through his flimsy trousers and into his scuffed work shoes.

He stood in icy water up to his thin knees and drew the fish slowly toward the rocky shallows. He did not think about the boat nor about his numbed feet and legs. He played the fish with utter absorption, and when he had it lying awash just over the rocks, within two yards of him, he reached slowly toward that great-toothed head. The fish exploded out of the water, and Bobby lost his balance on the slippery, algae-covered stones.

The boy flailed wildly as he sprawled forward, losing his grip on the trolling rod. He clutched, and caught the loose line. He got to his knees, and feeling the weight of the fish still on the line he grasped the line in both hands, and threw himself backward in a fury that was past all hope and care.

The hook tore free, and the glittering spoon and leader went singing past Bobby's head to clatter on the stony shore.

That was when something broke inside Bobby. Perhaps he sensed that of all his failures and disappointments, this was the only one for which he could be held entirely accountable. Failing at school was one thing—he wasn't any good at school, anyway. But he *was* a good fisherman, and now he had lost his head and the biggest fish he had ever seen. He cried on his knees in the rain, careless of the cold water lapping about his waist.

He struggled up, and saw the fish.

It was flopping in a shallow pool behind the shelving rock; between the wet shelf of rock and the dry stones beyond. It had come slithering out of the river and up over the slippery shelf before the hook tore loose, to slide into the rock-walled pool.

Bobby threw himself on it. Momentarily, his face went under, and in that instant, one blow of the muskellunge's tail made the boy gasp and he gagged in the water.

But he had the fish beneath him, and his thin arms went around it. He clung like death to a thing that could hurt him; banged about, bruised, half-stunned, his knees and hands scraped on the stones, he clung as the fish flopped and bucked beneath him.

The empty punt bumped hollowly against the shelving rock and began to drift slowly away.

Bobby got both hands up into the gills and managed to heave the fish half out of the pool. He was so cold and so far past caring that he did not know whether it was fish blood or his own that was streaming down his wrists from his hands buried in the gills. He wrestled the fish halfway out and threw himself on it again. The fish doubled, tearing the boy's hands loose and throwing him backward. Bobby, sitting suddenly down, clutched a heavy, loose stone. Throwing himself forward, he smashed at the fish's moving head.

He beat at the heavy, bony head until he realized the fish was still.

Bobby rose, shivering, dripping, gasping for breath, still holding the stone in a bloody hand. He dropped the stone. The blood was his. He stared down at the fish.

He reached down with both hands and heaved and slid the fish higher onto the dry rocks, away from the water. He paused for breath, and then he heaved the fish still farther ashore. He looked at the fish, not seeing the length and girth of it, but seeing only the gills. The gills did not move. Bobby straightened, beginning to feel the wet and the cold and his hurts, and looked for his punt. It was bumping lightly from stone to stone, moving slowly down the shore toward the point where a swirl of current would send it out into the river.

The boy clambered over the rock after it, but when he came abreast of the punt it was just beyond his reach. He knew very well that if he lost the boat, there was no kind of fish he could bring home that would make up for it.

He went stumbling back for his trolling rod, and back again over the stones. The punt was drifting just beyond the tip of the rod. Bobby payed out line, and swung the rod in a sidearm cast. The bait fell astern. He climbed over the rocks, casting when he could, following along the shore as the boat drifted toward the point. He cast until at last the treble hooks dropped over a gunwale, then pulled the punt to him.

Because he had no oars and could not use the motor in the rocky shallows, Bobby waded and slipped back along the shore, sometimes sinking to his thighs, holding the unpainted gunwale. When he reached the slab of shelving rock he jammed the treble hook into the soft wood and went ashore with the rod. He wedged the butt firmly into a stony crevice. He was so weak he had to stop to rest. Afterward it was all he could do to slide the fish over the stones, into the shallows, and up over the low side of the punt. He used the rod to shove the boat away from shore, and when he was in safe water he tried to start the motor.

He was a long time starting the motor. He could scarcely pull the cord.

It is more than two miles from McGoogan's Point to the bay where Bobby's grandfather lives. That day, Bobby had both wind and current against him, and the motor moved the punt slower than a man can walk. All the while the wet cold seeped into him as he sat cramped alone in the boat in the rain, numbly looking across channel as Club Island went creeping past.

When Bobby reached his grandfather's dock his hands were so stiff he could not tie the painter to the ring bolt. He tried, and he failed. He simply could not make his fingers move to form the knot. He decided in the end that it was not worth worrying about; someone else would have to tie the boat. He merely wound the painter around and around a piling, crossing the line against itself. It would hold until someone came.

He looked at the fish lying bloody-gilled in the bilge, seeing now the dark-blotched silver length of it. Somebody else would have to come for the fish. It was all he could do to get out of the boat and up onto the dock.

Bobby made it from the dock and through the dying high reeds and along the muddy track through the reeds to the short wet grass of the lawn and up the two wooden steps and into the house.

"What in the name of Gee happened to yew?" his grandfather said.

"Go look in the boat," the boy said. "I got something fer ye." **—John Keats**

Super-Snooper for Super Secrets

[*Continued from page* 49]

products. Much information is picked up at conventions, expositions and industry gatherings.

Intelligence may also be gained in somewhat less open ways. Are you a brewer who wants to know whether a competitor is selling more beer than you are? Perhaps the salesman who sells beer cans to both of you can be persuaded to tell you how many your rival buys.

In one case, a firm wanted to know what a competitor's rate of production was. It sent a man every day to count the cars in the "enemy" factory's parking lot. By observing how the number rose and fell, the nosy company was able to make a roughly accurate estimate of employment—and of how seasonal production was rising and falling.

Much more sophisticated spying has become virtually a way of life in several American industries, most notably automobiles and women's fashions. Each of the major motor companies maintains a large, full-time staff engaged solely in trying to protect its own secrets and steal the competition's. Detroit isn't much different from a spy-ridden Balkan capital in an old Alfred Hitchcock movie thriller. It fairly swarms with agents of nearly every description.

Men pump each other at cocktail parties in Grosse Pointe and in the locker rooms of country clubs. Helicopters hover over competitors' plants. Burglars try to snatch blueprints and photos of forthcoming cars. Free lancers scout for morsels of salable information. GM spies trade bits of inside dope about Plymouths to Ford agents in return for a tip on the new Chrysler. The Dearborn Inn never has trouble renting its top-floor suites to Chrysler and GM men equipped with field glasses: the windows overlook the Ford proving grounds. Pontiac stylists, impersonating employees by appearing in shirt sleeves and carrying blueprints under their arms, have been nabbed in the act of strolling through a Lincoln plant.

It takes an automobile company at least three years of "lead time" to prepare a new model. It may be able to protect its secrets until too late for a competitor actually to copy them, but it is almost never able to protect them right up to the moment the new cars come out. W. H. Corrigan, the one-time FBI agent who guards Ford's secrets, says, "You concede that the competition is aware of your plans a year in advance."

All the motor companies use systems of guards, screening, security clearances and the like that make the Pentagon look almost as open as an amusement park. Men with telescopes are stationed on roofs to watch for intruders. Once a prototype car has served its purpose, it is bulldozed into crumpled rubble. Waste paper is burned or shredded. In the key Ford buildings, all the locks can be changed within an hour. GM's technical center has an electronic device that "listens" for the approach of any plane or helicopter and automatically draws all the curtains in the building when it "hears" one.

If Detroit sounds as though it had been invented by Eric Ambler, the world of fashion looks like the home of *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves*. Commissioner Jacques Besson of the French Surete National has estimated that Paris *couturieres* lose $12 to $15 million a year through theft of their designs.

Fashions and automobiles are the businesses in which spying is practiced most openly. But it goes on everywhere. Geological maps have been stolen from Gulf Oil, chemical secrets from Monsanto. Lederle Laboratories was recently looted of $10 million worth of drug secrets, including both plans for new antibiotics and actual germ cultures. Eight men, among them three former Lederle employees, a doctor and an Italian count, were indicted, accused of stealing the secrets for the purpose of manufacturing the new drugs in Italy. The Lenkurt Electric Co., of San Carlos, California, sued General Electric for $4 million, charging that GE wrongfully hired away an employee with secret information about a new system of sending many telephone messages simultaneously on the same wire. GE denied the charge, but settled out of court for an undisclosed amount.

Hiring away a rival's employees to learn his secrets is common enough, but it is considered unethical. And not only may it open a firm to successful suit, but it has still another danger. Clarence Randall, retired board chairman of Inland Steel, who once got stung, described ruefully his experience:

"Inland hired from another steel company an employee who brought with him that other company's 'Black Book.' This book gave the discount off list prices for volume purchases of that company's products.

"The following year, the same man was hired back by his former employer. He took along with him Inland's 'Black Book.' "

Even more dubious methods—as well as downright illegal ones—have also been used. Some years ago a business spy named John G. Broady was hired by Charles Pfizer & Co. to find out whether employees had been leaking secrets about the firm's version of a highly successful new antibiotic drug, *Tetracycline*. Broady tapped Pfizer's wires to listen to employee conversations (an act which, however unethical it may have been, was at least legal, since anyone may tap his own wire), but in his enthusiasm he also tapped the wires of two competitors, E. R. Squibb & Sons, and the Bristol-Myers Co. (which was highly illegal). And in another case, he tapped the wires of Hazel Bishop Inc., a cosmetic firm. Broady subsequently earned the distinction of being the only man in United States history to go to prison for the crime of wire tapping.

This is the world in which Monty Cumming operates, and because he has an understandable desire to stay out of prison he doesn't—amongst other occupational inhibitions—use illegal wiretaps.

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He has no compunction about using legal ones, however.

"I've got a case right now," he told me. "One of my clients found out that every time he bid on an engineering job, a certain competitor would slip in a few days later with a slightly lower bid. Always the same competitor. Naturally he got suspicious, and he called me in.

"Now, he's located in a suburban area and most phone calls from his plant have to be toll calls. I got hold of the toll slips and went through them. And I found out that calls were going from the client's plant to the competitor—and the calls were being made weekday mornings between 8:30 and 8:45 and on Saturdays, both times when almost nobody was around.

"On my suggestion, we tapped the client's own line. We found that he was being betrayed by an executive who had been with him for more than 30 years—and who had been selling him out for the last 10.

"This man and the president of the competing firm were committing crimes in New York State—commercial bribery and conspiracy. Right now, my client is letting them go on while he collects enough evidence to take action.

"But imagine—an employee of more than 30 years! My client says, 'Everytime I see the man he makes me so sick I could hit him with a baseball bat.' "

Cumming got started in his business almost by accident. A native of North Carolina, he was raised in Virginia and served in France for two years as an artilleryman in World War I. In the Army he got interested in horses, played polo and won some jumping competitions. Though he hasn't been a horseman since, his office is still adorned with aging photographs, silver cups and other mementoes of those days.

After the war he became a salesman of securities and, he says, "made $25 a week and lived on coffee and doughnuts." Once, while he was selling bonds of United Cigar Stores, it occurred to him that the president of that company ought to buy some of his own paper. Cumming dropped in to see him.

"You've got a real nerve, trying to sell me my own bonds," the executive said.

"True," Cumming admitted, "but I need a living."

Monty grins at the recollection today. "That man bought fifteen or twenty thousand dollars' worth," he says. "I ate for a week."

But such customers were few and far between, and scouting around for an extra buck, Cumming observed that many of the businessmen he saw were trying to find out things about other businessmen, such as how many widgets they sold and what stores were carrying them. He began to undertake little commissions at modest fees until, in 1927, he gave up securities altogether and went into business for himself as a full-fledged spy.

He soon discovered an exciting and well-paying branch of the business—patent infringement work. If a competitor steals your patented idea in a *product*, you may find out about it when the product hits the open market, and then be able to take action. But if your idea is in a *process* of manufacturing, he may use it in the privacy of his factory for years without your ever knowing it.

Cumming became an expert on tricky methods of getting inside factories. Now he boasts, "There isn't a plant in the country I can't get into." Some of the stories he tells appear to bear him out.

One of his most effective tricks is simple misrepresentation. A manufacturer of razor blades was worried about a competitor who turned out blades of consistently higher quality. The worrier suspected his rival had obtained new machinery which made this superiority possible, and he hired Cumming to find out. By the simple device of calling at the rival factory and saying he was a writer for a trade paper who wanted to do an article on the company, Cumming was taken on a guided tour. He found out that it was not a machine, but a special heat treatment which made the blades so good.

A textile company stamped its trade name on its diapers with a special ink that didn't wash out, no matter how many times the material went to the laundry. A competing firm hired Cumming to find the secret. He just drove up to a branch plant in Illinois and announced he was a stockholder who happened to be passing and who had often wanted to know more about "his" company. The plant manager personally took him on a tour, and Cumming got his information.

Many firms hire private detectives as industrial spies, but Cumming jeers at them. He thinks they waste too much time talking to employees in lunchrooms and bars or, even worse, make the mistake of trying bribery, something Monty declares he never does. Not only is commercial bribery a crime in some states, but, Cumming points out, the employee is all too likely to report the attempt to his boss, hoping to be rewarded. Then, with the enemy alerted, it becomes tougher than ever to get information.

"I had one client who suspected that a competitor was infringing on his patents in a certain machine," Cumming told me, by way of illustrating his opinion of his own competitors. "He hired a couple of ex-FBI men who had set themselves up as private detectives, and they spent two or three months talking to employees. Nothing.

"So he called me. I flew to California, went to the competitor's plant one morning at 8 a.m., and by noon I was in my client's office, giving him a full report on what he wanted to know."

Since many of the machines and processes he observes are extremely complex and highly technical, you might think Cumming would have to be an engineer to understand them and make a useful report to his client. He is not an engineer, but he more than makes up for that by the most careful preparation for each job. Most of his time is spent, not in actual investigation, but in preparation. He begins in the plant of his client and he may spend days there, studying the machinery and processes until he understands every detail and knows precisely what he will be looking for when he gets into a rival plant.

In one of his cases, though, he had to examine a complex piece of machinery cold. One of his clients told him he had heard that a competitor had replaced 250 women employees with a machine costing $300,000. Were these rumors true, and if so, how was the new equipment working out? The client had nothing resembling the machine for Monty to study, but Cumming was able to get into the competitor's plant and learn enough to report back:

"The machine is there, all right, and it's true that it has replaced 250 employees. But don't buy it. It's got a lot of bugs in it. Let the other guy get them worked out before you invest in similar equipment."

On the other hand, in some cases Cumming doesn't even have to look at a device. One client who made package-tying machines suddenly found his market flooded with competing equipment which infringed his patents. The manufacturer of the rival machines was in Japan and beyond his reach, but Cumming found out who was importing them. The client was able to stop their sale here by threatening suit against the importer.

In one of Cumming's cases some years ago, his client was Standard Brands, Inc., which operated a plant in Milwaukee. One Friday afternoon the plant superintendent, a substantial group of engineers and four or five foremen quit. The following Monday they all started working for a competitor, also in Milwaukee. Not only did Standard Brands suspect that its former employees had taken secret processes with them, but it faced the possibility of having to shut down its own plant because of the absence of so much key personnel.

Cumming found out that the competitor's plant had a locked front door, opened only from the inside after a visitor had been inspected through a peephole, and that it also had an iron portcullis guarding the loading platform. The result, he said, was one of the toughest plants to get into that he ever saw. But he managed to crack it—though he won't tell, even now, how he did. He learned that the competitor had indeed adopted Standard's processes, and that one of the engineers had brought with him a number of vital drawings.

"They were stealing that plant lock, stock and barrel," Cumming says, indignation still flashing after all these years. "It was wholesale theft. But on the basis of my information, Standard sued and collected."

Cumming works today out of a comfortable, but not luxurious, two-room office suite in midtown New York. Solid, red-leather chairs sit against the green walls, which are adorned with various insignia from commercial airlines in recognition of his valued patronage. He estimates he has flown 3 million miles in the course of his work and, at an age when most men are retiring, he's still at it.

He has a full-time staff of two: a woman who acts as secretary, typist, file clerk and receptionist, and a male assistant who does research, handles less important cases and generally helps out. Cumming

also has a list of stringers around the country, men whom he may employ from time to time as jobs come up. "Bunch of private detectives," he snorts contemptuously. "Most of 'em are lousy."

Monty has a tough time getting help he respects. He has been married twice and he has two grown sons by his first wife. One is an advertising salesman, but the other started to learn the spy business under Monty with a view to taking over when dad retired.

"It didn't work out," Cumming said. "He worked for me for two years, but I don't believe in playing favorites and he felt he wasn't making enough money fast enough, so he quit. I guess it had to happen. His mind wasn't really on the job and I'd have had to fire him anyway."

Cumming says he isn't getting rich at his profession, but he admits to earning a comfortable living. He won't tell what his fees are, except to say they are stiff, but he charges by day or hour for his services, plus expenses. (It has been rumored that top industrial spies won't work for less than $200 a day.) He lives in a Manhattan apartment with his second wife, a lovely blonde Frenchwoman. And when some nose-pusher at a cocktail party asks him what he does for a living, he prefers to avoid discussion by saying he's a "business consultant," which usually suffices.

It should be clear that Cumming is extremely secretive about some aspects of his business. He will not give away the finer tricks of his trade. And since so much of his work is confidential, he revealed to me the names only of those clients whose identity has become a matter of public record, as from lawsuits based on his work. He does not permit himself to be photographed, and he requested that no detailed description of his appearance be published because he doesn't want to take a chance on being recognized by the people on whom he's spying.

For a similar reason he also asked that neither his street address nor the innocuous company name on his office door appear in this article. He does a good deal of investigation by mail and does not want his address to become familiar to correspondents unaware of his purposes. With a supply of about 15 different letterheads in his office to draw on, he writes to companies in various guises.

One of his clients makes a certain type of factory machine. The client wanted to know how many similar machines a competitor was selling. Using one of his phony letterheads, Cumming posed as a prospective customer and wrote to the competitor about its machines. The rival company sent him specifications and other sales material.

This was all very well, Cumming wrote back, but how did he know the machines really worked in practice—he'd like to check with some satisfied customers. The company replied by giving him a list of the firms using their machines—exactly the information Cumming's client wanted.

When there's no easier way to get a piece of information, Cumming has even employed his wife as a Mata Hari. One manufacturing company used to offer the public guided tours of its plant. When one of these tours arrived at a certain machine, the equipment happened to be broken down. Sweating mechanics were trying in vain to fix it.

"Men!" said a pretty lady tourist contemptuously. "Why, I bet I could fix that with a hairpin."

"Sure, lady," said the complacent guide. "Go ahead and try."

She tried. No, Mrs. Cumming couldn't fix the machine—but she got a first-rate closeup of how it worked.

"For some reason," Cumming says, with a chuckle, "that plant doesn't offer guided tours any more."

Does Cumming worry about the legality of the ethics of his profession? The worst crime he could be charged with, he says, is trespassing. He won't go into defense plants doing secret work because that might open him to charges of real espionage. He won't tap wires illegally. He won't put on a cop's uniform and risk arrest for impersonating an officer.

When I asked about ethics, his answer was aggressive: "Look here. I'm employed by some of the most respected law firms and some of the biggest businesses in this country. If they're not worried about the ethics of the job, why should I be?"

Has Cumming ever been caught spying? Ruefully he admits he has—just once.

He wanted to get into a certain factory, and he gave a city fireman $50 to take him on a phony fire-inspection tour of the place. Before the tour came off, however, the fireman changed his mind and returned the money.

Cumming found another fireman willing to do the job, but when they showed up at the factory, there was the first fireman waiting for them with the president of the company. They gave Cumming an extremely rough grilling, trying in vain to find out who his client was, and eventually they threw him out. Cumming was so mad he could hardly talk—a most unusual condition.

The very next morning, at 7 a.m., a truck drove up to the factory loading platform. The driver said he'd come to pick up a load, but he was told it was too early—he'd have to wait a while.

His assistant, an ordinary-looking driver's helper, hopped out of the cab, walked calmly through the employees' entrance, picked somebody's time card out of the rack, punched the clock and joined the stream of workers walking into the production room. There he made a leisurely tour.

As he was leaving, a foreman stopped him. "Hey," the foreman said, "you don't belong in here."

"No," the stranger answered, "I'm in Packaging. I just came in to see a fellow." He winked. "Baseball pool."

"Oh," the foreman said. "Well, next time get permission."

"Sure thing, Chief," the stranger said as he walked out.

A few moments later the truck, still without a load, was rolling away. In the cab, the driver's "assistant" was busy making sketches in a notebook.

Monty Cumming had wasted no time in getting even for his only failure.

—Jay Nelson Tuck

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The Fishing Day I'll Never Forget

[*Continued from page* 38]

of big fish were——

"*Look!*" George was pale.

I leaned farther. Then I saw the clear form of one and it seemed big as a bed.

"Stand by to cut loose the anchor!"

The mate leaped forward.

George examined the bagged bait with shaking fingers. He tossed it overboard. He shoved me toward the fighting chair and the shove woke me to my imminent, potential duties. I buckled on the heavy harness. George payed out the slack line coiled on the gunwale and checked my reel to make sure it was on free spool and, further, that my hand was in place to keep it from backlashing in the event the now-sinking bait was taken.

Soon the reel spool spun slowly, then faster and faster. George ran from me to the main-deck controls.

I watched my reel accelerate as yard after yard of line ran into the heaving sea. This was one of the moments few men experience, the brief span of a sports thrill that approaches panic because it's your first experience of it.

George bellowed, "Drag on!" and I shot the brake lever.

Then came the real crisis command: "*Strike!*"

I heaved back on the rod—once, twice, a third time. But even before I lunged the second time to set that hook I'd learned the shoulder-wrenching power of the goaded fish and my reel had begun to go slightly berserk.

I know what happened after that and know it as vividly as if I'd just finished taking part in it all. The *Beachcomber* gathered speed, both engines roaring at full throttle in a direction opposite to the fish, the engine thrust intended to help me—if need be—drive home the hook and also to get clear of the anchor line. Such lines had often fouled other just-hooked tuna and lost them to anglers as eager as I. George also had a gadget ready to enable us to clear the anchor line quickly and completely.

That first run was a dazzler. Or perhaps intimidator is more accurate. For a just-hung bluefin tuna can and likely will run a quarter of a mile or even more than half a mile, straight, hard and nonstop. The line on my reel was melting faster than a keg of butter under a blowtorch.

George, up topside at the controls, saw that and cut the *Beachcomber* around in a fast 180° arc. After all, I had only 1,000 yards of line, only 120 yards more than the half a mile a tuna can exceed. We came about and chased the fish while I frantically cranked in the increasingly great belly of slack thus created in the line.

When George had reached a place near where the tuna presumably would have stopped to rest and meditate, he throttled down.

"Gone!" I called in a tragic tone.

"Reel in!" George yelled back.

I wound and kept winding until my entire world was a mere ache of turning muscles. And just as I was about to give up this futile-seeming effort—wham!—the line came tight, the fish got the message and took off. In careless balance, I was all but lifted to my feet and for a split second threatened with being hauled overboard. But I reared back, sat hard, and the reel recommenced its sky-rocket sound.

That was the second run.

There were others like it—maybe scores. I did not try to count. It was taxing enough to brace against those titan-hauling runs and then, as they concluded, to crank in line when the fish permitted. My spirit was anything but dejected, however. Here I was, after all the years in the Gulf Stream and all the days over the Mud Hole, hung at last to a whopper.

The mate behind me kept swiveling my fighting chair to face the embattled fish. I got thirsty and he held a cup of water for me.

Then something really *did* happen.

On my 50th or 60th recovery of some of our line, I realized the direction of pull had changed and I could see a distant turbulence and an occasional fin flash where my fish tore around on the surface. Then the tuna did something I've never seen one do since, even though I've seen two monsters of the breed leap clean of the sea. It stood on its tail and tried to "walk" in the way hooked marlin often do. It wasn't very good at this and managed to rear no more than halfway out of the wave crests. Moreover, its balance was bad and with one of my heaves I tipped it smacking back

TRUE

"George always keeps a taxi waiting in case I decide to go home to mother."

into the water. But we *saw* half of it plainly, so we knew it was big.

It tried, after being dumped over by me, to sound. But the water over that part of the continental shelf is not deep. At 200 or 300 feet the tuna hit bottom and had no way to go but out to sea. Other tuna I've since caught off the Bahamas thought nothing of plunging straight down for one or two *thousand* feet and then daring me to pump them back to daylight. That first one merely ran—10 feet down, 20 or 50. But how hard and how ceaselessly he ran!

In due course someone said, "You've been on it three hours."

The sun had slanted down the sky. The wind had steadily risen so that the seas were now rolling at us in 10-foot heaps, green as golf bunkers but meaner. And, under George Fizell's staccato coaching, I'd begun to master a rough-water angling tactic of infinite value: how to make the waves fight your hooked goliath.

Usually the big-game fisherman whips his opponent by main strength—braking and slowing the creature until he can lift his rod slowly without losing line, bring the fish inches or a foot toward the boat, and then, by swiftly lowering the rod and reeling frenziedly, take in the trifle of slack line thus gained. Several thousand such "pumping" rod swings will weaken any fish the angler's line can hold without snapping.

In rough seas, however, the rise and fall of the angler's boat can be used toward the same end. As the boat lifts on a wave the angler holds his line firm on his reel. When the vessel shoots into the valley of a billow the angler swiftly winds his reel to snatch whatever briefly created slack may be gained. The power of the seas is employed to replace, somewhat, the enormous power outlay required of the fisherman . . . .

Four hours and going into the fifth.

Muscles not before used are called upon for ceaseless and titanic effort. Many a man—many a proud athlete, even—has surrendered under such conditions. I must have had the strength lent by some near madness. For, somewhere beyond Hour Four, I became aware that my tuna was tiring. The runs shortened. We could even see flashes of the fish as we crested waves. And those blue-bronze-silver glintings were visible only 75, then 50 yards from the plunging stern of the *Beachcomber*. The tuna was coming in, and no longer fighting much. Indeed, as it neared, we could see the great fish was no longer able to maintain a vertical attitude; it lay struggling half on its side.

"Swivel's out of water!" The mate cried.

"Pour it on!" George bellowed. "Soon be too rough even to try gaffing it. *Now or never!*"

Now or never? I brought it up, mouth bushel-basket open, ready for the great prong of the gaff. It went home. The tuna threw a few tubs of water at us and drifted astern till the heavy gaff rope came taut. Up topside, George was already lowering his powerful derrick. I sat gasping in the fighting chair, reel levered down to a light drag, watching.

George made the double boom fast at a 45° angle and then began heaving on the other rope. My tuna raised its head from the tumultuous seas. Soon its gill plates emerged. Then George bellowed for the mate: he needed more manpower on the second block and fall than he'd estimated. Together they presently hauled the great fish clear of the sea so that it hung, immense, almost incredible, directly in front of my gaze.

The huge fish, all 10-feet-plus and several-hundred pounds of him, began to pendulum in rhythm with the mighty seas. Yelling and probably blaspheming, George and the mate struggled now to raise the crane in the final step of his planned boating method. But they couldn't get the peak of the derrick levered up a single inch in spite of their block-and-fall advantage. So for some time the *Beachcomber* wallowed in sluggish reaction to a lashed helm and slow engines while the fish swung higher and higher until it must have traversed more than 150°.

And then it happened.

I thought for an instant we'd been struck by something like a destroyer at full speed. There was a colossal crash and a subsequent rending followed by the sounds of scattering glass and the *wheek* of mahogany coming apart.

The weight of the penduluming tuna had sheared both heavy bolts on which George's crane pivoted. Both steel-pipe arms had then come free and, driven by the down-flop of the tuna, they had thrust forward with locomotive-piston force. On their way, they'd ripped out both sides of the cabin. Before we could move, the great red-painted steel limbs buckled anew, reared up, took out some of the canopy and then they vanished overboard.

We spent a minute making sure nobody had been hurt. And only then did we realize that my tuna from which the hook had not been removed, was still on though dead and dragging out line behind us, along with sundry elements of the now-scrambled derrick. So with a gasp of unbelieving hope, I plopped back into the fighting chair and, setting drag up again, went to work. It took a few minutes to bring the deceased horse mackerel alongside.

Then the mate and I somehow boated him by virtually dragging the giant *down* and aboard from a heavy sea, rather than up and into the cockpit. He was about a 600-pounder!

Now I could look around at our surging environment. Wind, tide and fish had brought us in the past five hours from Ambrose Light to a place in New York City's Lower Bay from which—in the obscure light of late afternoon—we could plainly see the skyscrapers of lower Manhattan.

Soon after that, it became dark. But by then, jubilant in spite of the shattered condition of our boat, we were well embarked on the long voyage home to Brielle, New Jersey, where we arrived hungry and exhausted after midnight.

That was my greatest single day. And my first monster. —**Philip Wylie**

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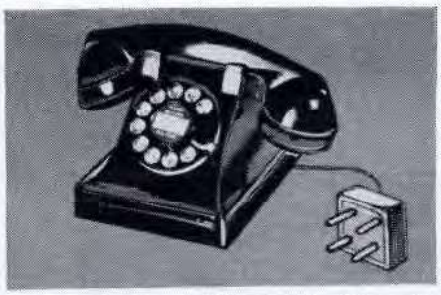

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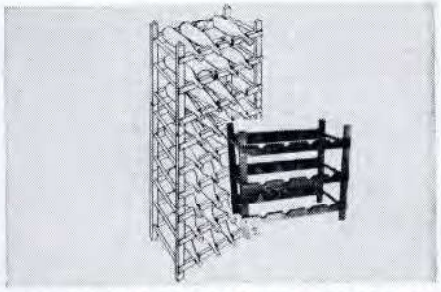

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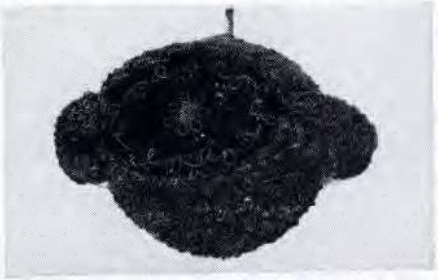

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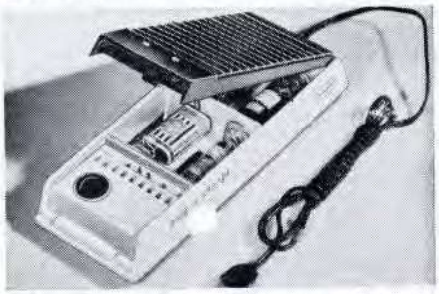

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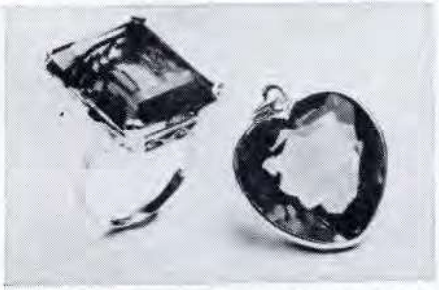

20 CARAT smoky topaz quartz heart and ring. The ring and charm are set in 14K gold. Be sure to send the size for the ring. The heart charm is for her bracelet or is worn as a pendant. You get a gold-filled chain with it. Charm is $10 and ring is $25. Big gifts for special females. Order from Jeweler's Bench, Box 491-T, North New Hyde Park, N. Y.

ISOMETRIC EXERCISER helps you increase strength while you develop a trim figure. Use it just 60 seconds a day but do it regularly and you will be in tip-top physical shape. No sweat, no strain, no exhaustion. Can be used at home or office. Weighs just a few pounds so it can travel with you. $5.88 plus 42¢ P.P. King, Dept. A, 51 W. 35 St., New York 1, N. Y.

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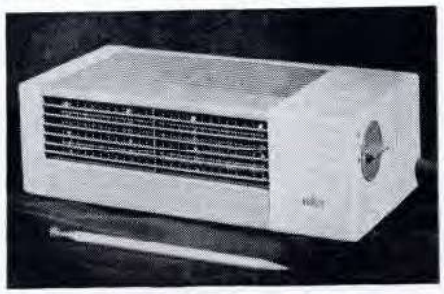

HEATER-VENTILATOR is small, yet is powerful enough to heat large rooms. "Thermo-Blower," is thermostatically controlled to maintain preset room temperatures. 3 stage heating and 2 step summer cooling. Only 5½ pounds, easily portable. UL approved, can never overheat. AC only. $39.95. Gay Gifts, Dept. T, 430 Teaneck Road, Ridgefield Park, N. J.

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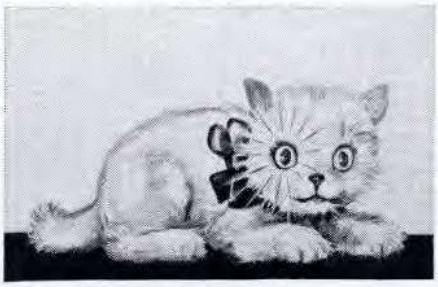
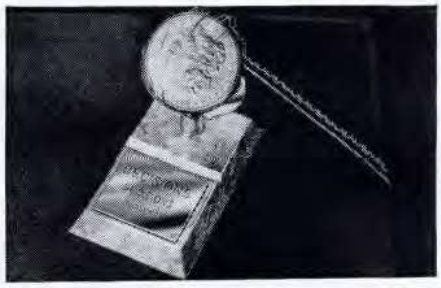
AVIATION PRINTS are highly detailed in color and markings. There is a set of four prints including the Bristol Scout, Fokker D-VII, Boeing PW-9D, Boeing F4B-4. Each print is 11 x 14" and printed on fine paper, suitable for framing. In full color, the complete set of 4 prints is $1.95. Classic Aircraft Prints, Department T2, 3418 Heresford Drive, Parma 34, Ohio.

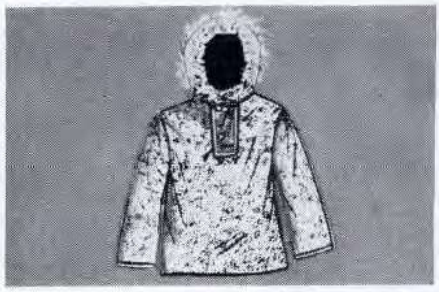
POKER PLAYERS—If you must gamble, then at least hedge your bets—read "How To Play Poker and Win" by expert Sidney Radner. Tells how to play your cards, bet, when to bluff, when to draw, etc. "How To Spot Card Sharks" exposes schemes, marked cards, stacked deals, play used by gamblers to win. Both, $2.25. Gerard, Dept. TR-2, 333 East 50th St., New York 22, N. Y.



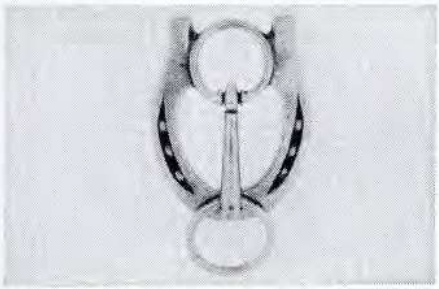
WINKING CAR CAT TURN SIGNAL. Perch this pet on the rear of your car for fun and safety. Left eye winks off and on for left turns. Right eye winks for right turns and both light up when brakes are applied. Made of high pile white angora, the foot long Car Cat is installed in minutes. Fits all cars. $4.95. Greenland Studios, Department T-2, Miami 47, Fla.



THE DECISION MAKER is a paperweight for a harried executive. A flip of the coin and another brilliant decision has been made. 3" x 2" golden ingot has a felt backing to prevent desk scratches. Made of cast ingot, it holds a real silver dollar which is included for the price of $4.95. 1818 House, S-11 Breck Building, Boston 10, Mass.



NEW U.S.A. ALPACA PARKA with wolf-trim hood is worn for warmth by Arctic-based troops under their white cloth windbreakers. Brand spanking new all wool O.D. alpaca pile (finish is like a velour). Has zipper front with button over-lap closing. Medium size fits all from 36 thru 44. Price is $14.95. K. D. McLean, Dept. TR-2, Box 991 Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.



HORSESHOE DOOR KNOCKER. 6" high, 3½" wide, made in solid polished brass, adds distinction to your home. May bring you luck, too. Designed like a real horseshoe with bridle bit as knocker. Striking conversation piece. Simple instructions furnished with single screw attachment. $9.95, 2 for $18.00. Pollux Products, Dept. TR, 735 E. State St., Westport, Conn.

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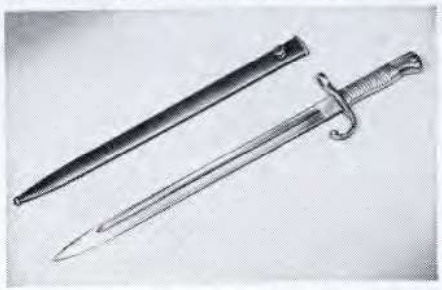

1891 ARGENTINE SWORD-BAYONET, a full 21", was made in Solingen, Germany, in 1891. Real workmanship; a fine steel edge; chrome (or brass) dress-finish spiral handle, etc. Clear a camp site, bush out a trail, etc. with one (or hang it in den). In original metal sheath. Chrome handled, $3.95; brass handled, $4.95. Davis Co., Dept. TR-2, 887-2nd Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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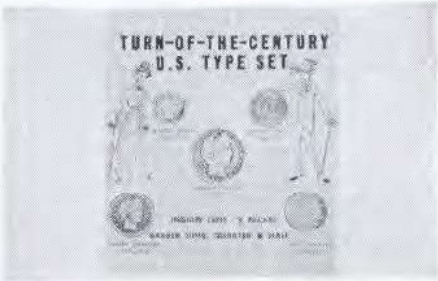

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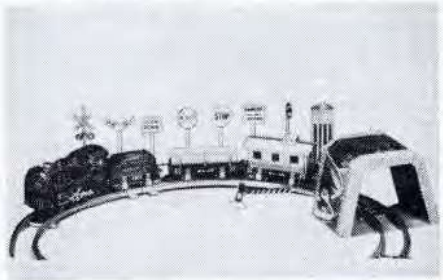
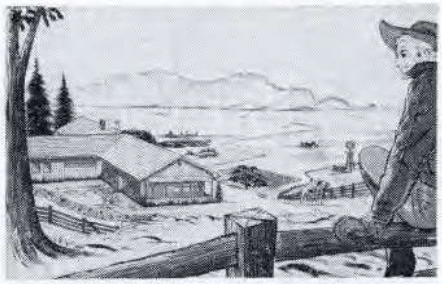


TWENTY-ONE PIECE TRAIN. This all metal train comes complete with punch out signs. This battery operated beauty also comes with locomotive, coal car, log carrying car with logs, caboose and a complete circular track, as well as numerous other accessories. Everything complete, only $2.98. Bargain Trains, Department T, P.O. Box 50939, New Orleans 50, Louisiana.



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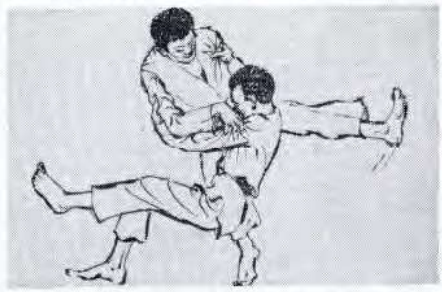

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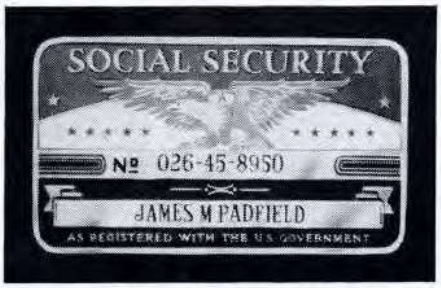

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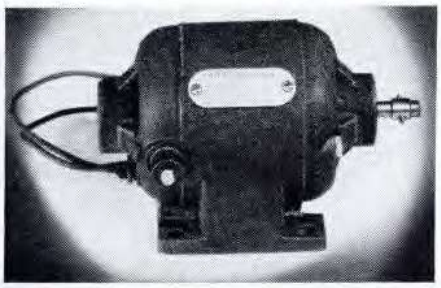

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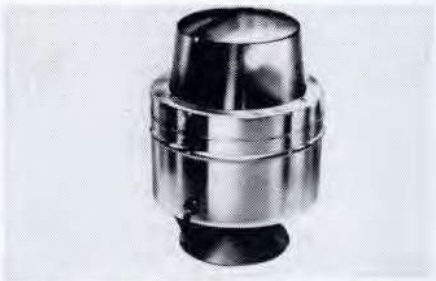
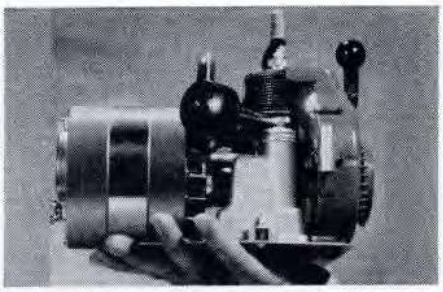
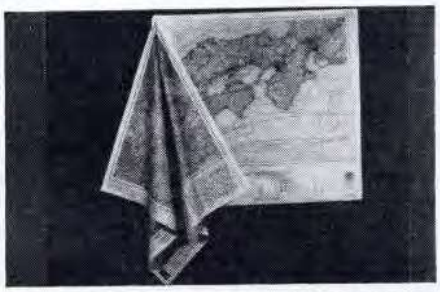


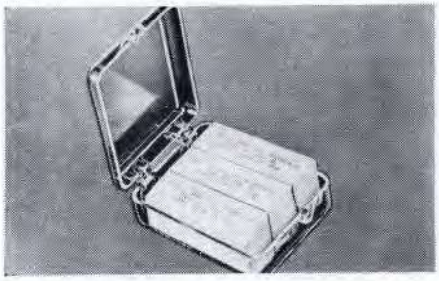
REVOLVING TURRET safety light plugs into car cigarette lighter and rotates like a lighthouse beacon. The light can be seen for miles. Acts as an emergency signal to bring help or to let other cars know you are coming. Suction cup mounts light on car top, any smooth surface. Price is $12.95. Order from Alexander Sales, Dept. T-2, 140 Marbledale Road, Tuckahoe, N. Y.



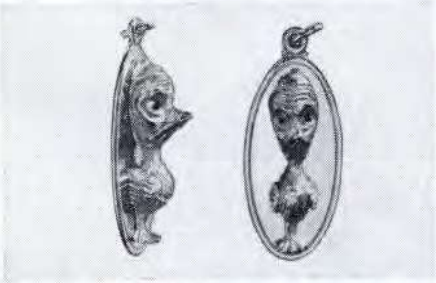
TINY TIGER GIVES INSTANT ELECTRICITY. Gasoline motor-driven power can be carried in one hand. 2 cycle ¾ horsepower motor runs 8 hours on 1 gallon. For emergency power—to run small appliances, light home or camp, etc. All metal construction. No batteries. Brochure on request. $99.50. Marine Industrial, Dept. T-2, 645 W. Anaheim St., Long Beach 13, Calif.



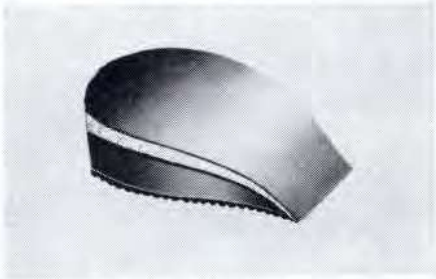
WW II ESCAPE MAPS—Detailed U.S.A.F. waterproof maps (printed in 6 colors on both sides in 1942-1945) were in airmen's WW II escape kits. Cover 4 to 5 sq. ft., make ideal scarves, shirts, are handsome framed. Unusual, rare. 3 maps: Japan-S. E. Asia; Russia-China; Indochina-Central Asia. $1.50 each. All 3, $3.98. Kline's, Dept. TR-2, 333 E. 50 St., New York 22, N. Y.



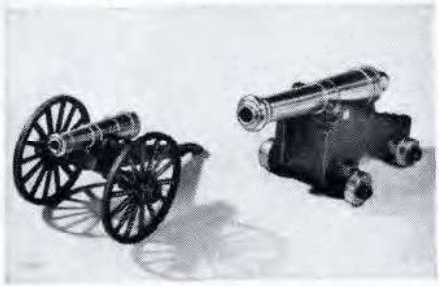
GUMMED LABELS are printed with your full name and address. Labels are used for identification and can be placed on envelopes, stationery, packages, cards, books, etc. They are sent to you in a good-looking plastic box that keeps them neatly together. $1.00 brings you the box and 1,000 labels complete. Tower Press, Inc., Department TR, P.O. Box 591, Lynn, Mass.



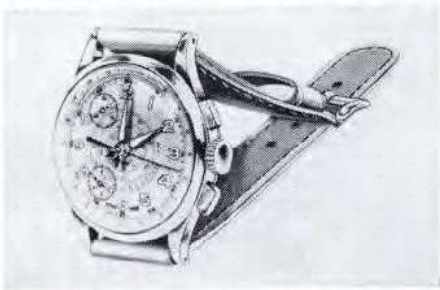
WORRY BIRD CHARM makes a telling gift and may be appropriate for your girl. Worriers merely talk to the bird who then takes the burden from the female. The back of the charm reads "Who's Worried." It's a handsome and fine charm. In Sterling Silver for $10; 14 Kt. Gold for $33. Jamaica Silversmith, Dept. T-2, 50 Delancey Street, New York 2, N. Y.



HEIGHT INCREASE PADS give you a two inch boost. Simply slip pads into the shoes you are now wearing and you'll feel high but comfortable. Pads are made of foam rubber with a soft felt material. You can be a real big man and gain confidence as you gain height. State shoe size. $2.95 a pair. Hudson Industries, Department T-24, 550-5th Ave., New York 36, N. Y.

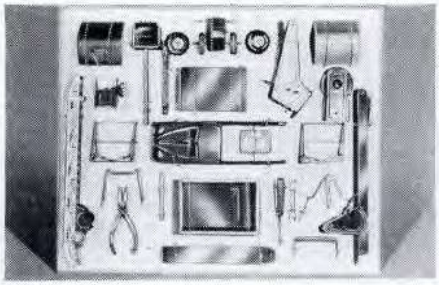


FAMOUS AMERICAN CANNONS are in exact scale, solid iron with heavy brass barrels complete to touch holes, re-enforcing rings, etc. Left: Revolutionary War howitzer, 5". Right: Civil War naval cannon on brass-wheeled "broadside" carriage, 5¼". Each $4.95; pair $7.95. Order from ADF Company, Department TR-2, 125 East 41st Street, New York 17, N. Y.

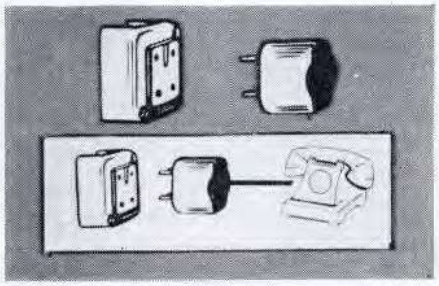


STOP-TIME SPORTS WATCH. This Swiss beauty is a stop watch as well as a standard time teller. Four dials on the face record 60 second, 45 minute and 6 hour intervals plus standard time. It's a telemeter, tachometer and watch all in one. Anti-magnetic watch has a radium dial, a strap, sturdy steel case. $12.95. Greenland Studios, Dept. T-2, Miami 47, Fla.

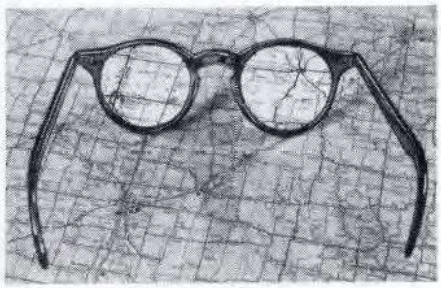
TRUE goes shopping



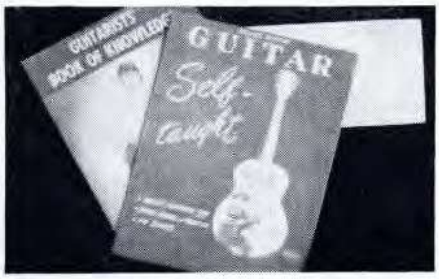
6-IN-1 TRUCK KIT—Everything needed to assemble 6 different sturdy metal trucks is contained in this remarkable kit imported from West Germany. Tools, instructions and parts are included for: dump truck, logger, fire engine, scoop, side-loader and crane. All models work. $7.95. Lincoln Model, Department TR-2, 887 Second Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



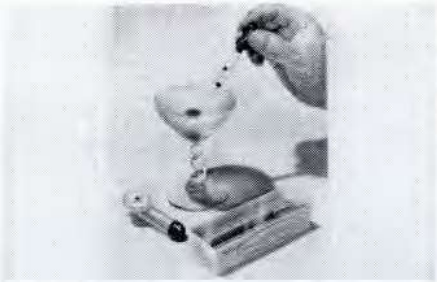
MAKE PHONES PORTABLE—it takes 5 minutes (and a small screwdriver) to transform any "tied down" telephone into a portable one you can carry room to room. 4-prong plug attaches to phone, jack to wall. Set, with 20 ft. extension cord, $4.95; extra jacks, $1.95; plugs, $1.95. Telephone Supply, Department TR-2, 380 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



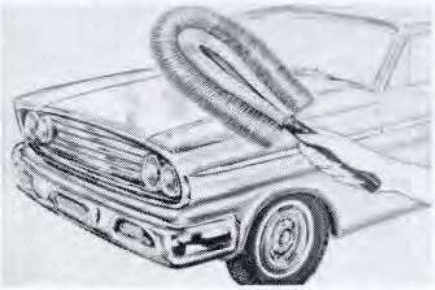
SEE CLEARER with these magnifying reading glasses. Plano-convex lenses magnify fine print, make it easier to do close work. Stylish smoke-color frames, metal hinges for long wear. Especially helpful for folks over 40 without eye disease or astigmatism. $2.98 for glasses and carrying case. State age, sex. Nel-King, Dept. T-246, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 5, Mo.



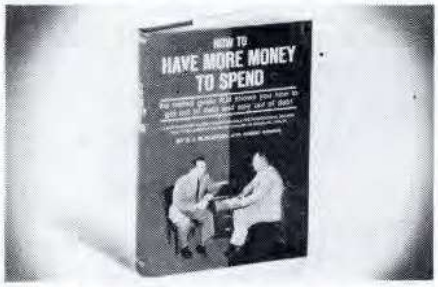
LEARN TO PLAY GUITAR IN 7 DAYS. Famous Guitarist, Ed Sale, teaches you how to play a song the first day, and any song by ear or note in 7 days. You get Instruction Book, 110 Songs (Words and Music), Chord Finder of all chords used in popular music, and Special Guitarist's Book of Knowledge for $2.98. Order from Ed Sale, Studio T-2, Avon-By-The-Sea, N. J.



MARTINI TESTER is scientifically accurate. Looks like a large eye dropper with 3 colored balls inside. Fill it with a sample of any Martini. If one colored ball falls to the bottom, it's a regular Martini; if 2 drop, it's a dry Martini; if all 3 fall, it's the ultimate—extra, extra dry. Clips on to shirt or jacket. $2. Thexton Mfg., 1000-T Lyndale Ave., Minneapolis 13, Minn.



SPARKLING CLEAN YOUR CAR WITHOUT WATER. Forget the sponge and bucket and old clothes. New Dry Car Brush works with impregnated silicone formula that takes off dirt with absorbent action. Specially designed flex-grip handle lets you brush off dirt. Adds a handsome polish. No fuss, no mess. $1.98. Greenland Studios, Dept. T-2, Miami 47, Florida.



ARE YOU IN DEBT? If you are, and want to get out of debt, this book shows you 71 ingenious (but perfectly legal) ways to do it. Called, "How To Have More Money To Spend," it's written by a famous New York credit banker. You'll be amazed. Profitable reading. Price is $4.95. Order from Triboro Book Stores, Department TR-2, 380 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

PAINT YOUR OWN WALL MURAL!

Enjoy the beauty, creative satisfaction of painting a lovely 5 to 14 Ft. wide mural directly on your wall! New "paint-by-number" method is fun, incredibly easy. Takes just 3 to 5 hours. Artists charge up to $350; wallpaper scenics cost $100 and more. Our complete kits, $12.95 up! Also fabulous "black light" mural kits. Many exquisite modern, provincial, oriental, etc. designs. A stunning prestige touch! Send for FREE Color Catalog. "How to" details (encl. 10c for postage handling). **MURAL ART CENTER, 1038 So. La Brea, Dept. J 202, Los Angeles, Calif.**

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An ideal memento or gift, sure-fire conversation piece. Guaranteed to provoke a laugh every time. Beautifully brass plated on genuine oil finished walnut base. Etched brass caption plate. 4½" wide. Keep it on desk, mantel, etc. The perfect "ice breaker" for salesmen, businessmen, etc. *Send check or money order no cod's please ppd.* $3.00

FEDERAL Dept. 106, 6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago 45

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Facing The Caribbean

Own Your Private **BEACHETTE**

with Free Membership in Our Own

GOLF COURSE & CLUB

Of all the islands in the Caribbean Sea, there is none more ideally the dream of the true island-lover than a little 32 square mile gem of gently sloping mountains and beach-framed coves discovered by Columbus and named by him MONTSERRAT . . . Montserrat, the greenest of islands, and to those who have seen it, perhaps the loveliest, most healthful of them all.

Montserrat is in the leeward British West Indies. Our close neighbor is booming Antigua with 30 hotels. Antigua is non-stop by jet from New York and **Montserrat is only 27 miles from Antigua—a 15 minute hop by regular scheduled airline.**

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To N.Y. State residents: Sale of this property is by Offering Statement only. This Statement has been filed with the Dept. of State, N.Y. Copy available from subdivider upon request.

MONTSERRAT BEACHETTES, Dept. N-9
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☐ Enclosed **$15** down-payment on a **40 acre** parcel and 6 monthly payments of $15. Total cost **$105.**
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You must be a citizen of the U.S.A. and over 21 years of age.

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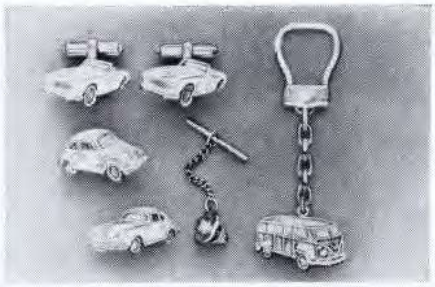
TRUE goes shopping

ADD-A-DRAWER gives you extra drawer space in seconds. Attaches under table, workbench, cabinets—anywhere—to give you a 12"x12"x-3½" sturdy steel drawer. Comes complete with 2 slide brackets and 4 screws for easy installation. The color is black only. $3.98 plus 42¢ postage and handling. Order from Alexander Sales, Dept. T, 140 Marbledale Road, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

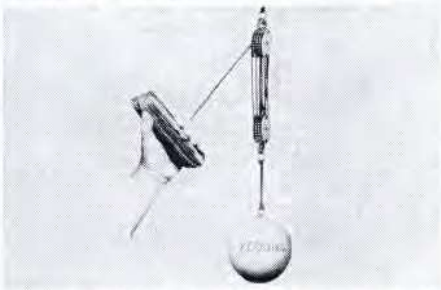


SPORTS CAR ACCESORIES are available in all foreign or American models. In Sterling Silver or 12 Kt. Gold-filled: Cuff Links are $7 a pair; Tie Clip or Tack, $4; Set, $10; Keychain, $5. In 14 Kt. Gold: Links, $40; Clip or Tack, $20; Set $55; Keychain, $25. State car model and metal desired. Wayne Silversmiths, 546-T South Broadway, Yonkers, N. Y.

U.S. PROOF COINS are valued by collectors. Every year the mint issues proof coins (cent through half dollar) in a limited quantity. An investment in a proof set today may pay off in later years. 1961 proof set with a lucite holder is $5. Included is Hobby catalog. Centre Coin Co., 13831 Ventura Blvd., Dept. JS-11, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

"AFTER TAXES" MONEY CLIP is designed for those who moan the "Internal Revenue Blues." Silvery rhodium plated money clip sports a real copper penny and the legend "AFTER TAXES." It rubs just a bit of salt into the wound. 1"x2" clip holds a large or small wad of bills. Order for yourself or your crying friends. $1.00. Breck's, S-10 Breck Bldg., Boston 10, Mass.

FREE CATALOG from Hudson Vitamin and Drug now offers savings on more than three dozen drug products. Formerly devoted almost entirely to vitamins and food supplements, the new 64 page edition of the Hudson Catalog now lists such products as buffered aspirin, cold and allergy remedies, non-caloric sweeteners, laxatives and many other reliable household drug products for daily use, all at special prices. (For example, one brand of buffered aspirin is nationally sold in some areas at $1.29 per 100. Hudson's price is just 49¢.) The Hudson Catalog also continues to list over 100 Hudson Quality vitamin formulas. For your free copy, write to Hudson, Department V-186, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.



PORTABLE BLOCK AND TACKLE weighs only 15 ounces, operates with one hand, but lifts up to 2,000 lbs. Best grade aluminum, steel axles. Hoists have 2 lifting slings with heavy welded steel rings. Complete with 100 ft. nylon cord, instructions, carrying case. Price is $6.95 plus 55¢ postage and handling. King Enterprises, Dept. T-2, 51 West 35th Street, New York 1, N.Y.

POWERFUL 5X MAGNIFIER is self-illuminating and excellent for stamp and coin collectors, doing close work on fishing and hunting gear, tie-flying, laboratory study, etc. Imported; ground lens; uses standard batteries. Useful item. Price is $2.95 and you can get it by ordering from Charles Company, Department TR-2, 10 East 81st Street, New York 28, N. Y.

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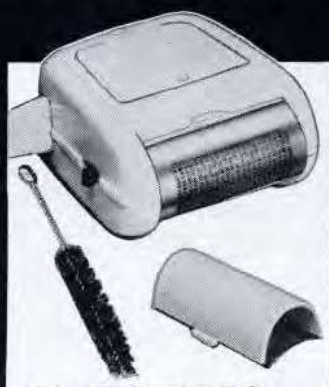

ELECTRIC RAZOR $1.70

Product of Swiss craftsmanship . . . Shaped to shave the heaviest beard. Maker guarantees for 2 full years. With cord, head guard and brush.

JEWELED

CALENDAR WATCH $2.33 WITHOUT BAND

Swiss movement. Beautiful styling. Tells time and date, too. Sweep second hand, gift case, stainless steel back, water resistant, and antimagnetic. METAL EXPANSION BAND 11¢.

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Complete with powerful built-in dynamic speaker. Records—Plays Back—Erases—Rewinds. Includes microphone, battery, tape, reels, etc. $6.70

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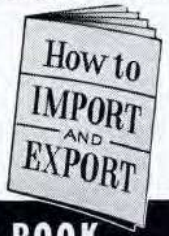

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this funny Life

After being seated in an airplane ready for take-off at Philadelphia International Airport, I was watching a well-built stewardess pick up tickets. I noticed one man sneak a glance down the young lady's blouse—and his face turned a deep crimson.

I couldn't help taking a peek myself when she got to me, and I had to chuckle. When she leaned over, I could see a small piece of tape which she had placed in a most conspicuous spot; the tape had the word "Boo!" written on it.

Frank Bertrand
Holland, Pa.

A short time ago a neighbor of mine asked me to check over his income tax return. Married only a few months, he was proudly proclaiming the fact that he was entitled to claim a $600 deduction for his wife.

I scanned his return and everything seemed to be in order until I came to the section reserved for listing dependents. There he had written in bold letters: KEEP WATCHING THIS SPACE!

Thomas E. Oetzel
Philadelphia, Pa.

Marines temporarily attached to a naval base traditionally trade friendly insults with the old salts. At our particular base the Navy is ahead.

Leaflets were printed and circulated throughout the base: *"Help Stamp Out Segregation! Take a Leatherneck Home to Dinner."*

Jack Dublin
Hollywood, Calif.

When I was on Navy duty in the Far East, during the Korean war, I was invited to lunch in the wardroom of Her Majesty's Canadian ship *Crusader*, a beautiful destroyer. The skipper said to me, "As you may remember, Prince Philip and the Queen took a honeymoon cruise in this ship. A special head was installed in this cabin for the Queen . . . would you care to use the same facilities?"

"I am honored," I replied, seeing the twinkle in his eye.

When I returned to the wardroom for a drink before lunch, all the officers wore a smile of pure lese majesty.

"You probably observed," the skipper said, "that it makes absolutely no noise. We call it the Royal Flush."

A.R.B.
Roanoke, Va.

One of the more elaborate touches added to the White House decor is an elaborate crystal chandelier which was purchased in Paris by Thomas Jefferson. For years it hung in the President's office, virtually unnoticed, until Theodore Roosevelt arrived. Roosevelt was an outdoor type who loved fresh air and usually worked with the windows open; the breeze caused the chandelier's prisms to tinkle annoyingly.

Roosevelt endured it as long as he could, and finally ordered the chandelier removed. This was easily enough done, but it left the problem of where to put the offending decoration.

Roosevelt solved the problem with his typical directness. "Put the thing in the Vice-President's office," he told the workmen. "He has nothing to do—maybe it will keep him awake."

The order was carried out. And the chandelier hangs in that office to this day.

Charles V. Mathis
Wildwood-by-the-Sea, N. J.

As I pulled up to a red light one day I noticed a sign painted on each rear side of a trailer in front of me. The sign did not seem funny until I read it several times. It read:

"FAST DRIVERS" "HALF FAST DRIVERS"

Norman Woodburn
East Meadow, N. Y.

Despite his minor ailment, Mr. Grump made things very difficult for the doctors and nurses in the hospital where he was a patient; he was arrogant, crochety and impossible to satisfy. Having completely buffaloed the floor nurses, Mr. Grump was attempting the same tactics on the head nurse.

She listened patiently to his unreasonable requests and petty complaints and quietly agreed with Mr. Grump that he was not getting the care he required. She assured him that this could be easily remedied by having him moved to the fourth floor.

"How does the care on the fourth floor differ from the miserable care I receive right here?" roared Mr. Grump.

"The fourth floor is our Nursery," the head nurse replied sweetly.

John Giesregen
Los Angeles, Calif.

In a well-known Los Angeles bistro it is the custom for the condiments tray to be brought to the diner's table by a scantily clad young damsel, who prepares the dressings to the customer's taste.

I was dining there recently with a bachelor acquaintance, who was obviously impressed with this exhibition of personal service.

While the young lady was engaged in grinding pepper for his salad, she said softly, "Say when."

To which he replied, "How about when you're through grinding the pepper?"

Hilary J. Burton
Huntsville, Ala.

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